

Y EXPLORERS SEE CATALINA.

the Welkin Ring With
Their Merry Din.

Barbecue and Tour of
Marine Gardens.

of Rain Proclaimed
Liquid Sunshine.

Two shiploads of Imperial
representatives and their
1100 strong, stepped upon the
beach at Avalon from the
and returned shortly after
Monday, the hills of San
Island were wreathed in mist
soon descended on the hills
the form of a light shower.
between the welcome of the
of Avalon and the local com-
mittee was not a wet
and the jolly crowd
to enjoy the many attractions.
Imperial Potentate Hines
and A. G. F. M. Mattison, chairman
of the committee, steered the
to the tent city where a
of fish barbecue luncheon was
served. Many of the Shriners
had time to eat breakfast, but
the fish, crisps and coffee, and
disappeared with mar-
velous rapidity. A few raindrops fell, but
the joyous crowd for the
of fish and crisps was an
umbrella.

was made for the
after the barbecue
very boat of that description
and was put into commission,
and "babe" were waited on
of the bay as the Shriners
of the beauty of the marine
Hotel Metropole the visitors
an opportunity to visit
to friends and send Calisto
a chance of which was
themselves. Jolly groups
on the veranda and dining
room and future Imperial
gatherings, while some
the hills and winding roads
of the town. Since the
renewed of many Shriners
arrived. The golf links were
a short game. Fences were
very visible, and where the
and cap there was laughter.
Imperial Potentate Hines
was very attentive to the
of his friends. Chairman
of the Entertainment Committee
from his labors in making
happy to express his plea-
sures provided for the

LY LIQUID SUNSHINE.
rain to only liquid sunshine
and "babe," he said as he
on group to group.
Famous Zuhrah Temple, Min-
neapolis, added to the
of the Nobles. The pot-
of the playing was re-
gardless and again. The Nobles
arrived are Dr. D. D. De-
W. R. Heath and W. A.
all representatives.

Imperial Council officers
Imperial and Imperial
and officers who represent
of the island are: J.
Stevens, Imperial Master,
Frederick, Portland, Im-
man, Mace Temple, Im-
man; William Brown, Im-
man; Imperial Master,
Fred R. Smith, Imperial
Hahban, Damascus Temple,
married by Mrs. Smith.
Young, Alha Temple, Im-
Imperial Potentate, Im-
Richardson, Va.; Charles
Imperial First Council,
Imperial, and Frank
Imperial, General Hahban
Imperial, Galveston.
W. A. Off and Mrs. W. A.
by, constituting a body
were in general charge of
of furnishing the Shriners
their concert with songs
and they were joined
Mrs. Sarah Robert of the
legation proved a
visiting women.

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GARLAND-CROWNED PASADENA GRACIOUS HOSTESS TO MIGHTY CARAVAN FROM A HUNDRED TEMPLES.

Six Thousand Shriners and Their Ladies Spend a Glorious Day Amid the Rose Bushes and the Orange Trees—Famed Sunken Garden, Gargantuan Barbecue, Ostrich Farm, Sports and Games Contribute to Programme of Unalloyed Joy.

ED by a Missouri "houn' dawg" of golden pedigree, 1600 Shriners and their ladies formed a mighty caravan to Pasadena Monday to revel in the fragrance of her roses and participate in the brilliant programme of festivities arranged in her honor.

The Crown City, nestling in the shadow of the hills, opened wide her arms and extended a true California welcome to the hosts from all parts of North America. Pasadena was never more radiantly beautiful. Her streets were decked in gay garb, and nearly every residence and business house was draped in the shrine colors, yellow, red and white.

Thousands of Shriners and their ladies changed the Pacific Electric Monday morning. From 7 o'clock special cars were waiting them away to Pasadena every five minutes.

Thousands left Los Angeles in automobiles and there were continuous streams of moving vehicles on the different highways between the two cities.

At the Sunken Garden, the visitors were welcomed there by a Reception Committee of Alhambra Nobles of Pasadena, headed by Dr. F. G. R. Mattison, chairman of the Reception Committee.

The famous Sunken Garden, rivaling the gardens of old, were seen in honor of the city's visit. For hours the visitors roamed about the eighty acres of rose, orange and lemon, beautiful in its incomparable floral setting. In the garden the brilliantly costumed nobles, wearing their red and white robes, sang Shriners hymns and popular songs and trailed through the upper

of the Imperial Council officers, Imperial and Imperial officers who represent the island are: J. Stevens, Imperial Master, Frederick, Portland, Imperial man, Mace Temple, Imperial man; William Brown, Imperial Master, Fred R. Smith, Imperial Hahban, Damascus Temple, married by Mrs. Smith. Young, Alha Temple, Imperial Potentate, Richardson, Va.; Charles Imperial First Council, Imperial, and Frank Imperial, General Hahban Imperial, Galveston. W. A. Off and Mrs. W. A. by, constituting a body were in general charge of of furnishing the Shriners their concert with songs and they were joined Mrs. Sarah Robert of the legation proved a visiting women.

THE KING PIN. Colding, Assistant Imperial Temple, one of the arrivals, said he had a dozen Imperial Temple, and the crowd every way.

Imperial Potentate of the island was one stream of any kind. "Jim" McCaskey, the nobility, proved the collection every man saw more than and more men expressed their boat trip.

Striking Scenes from the Shriners' Great Day at Pasadena. Wilhelmina of Hawaii (right), watching an exciting chariot race from the Tournament Park grounds. Seated here is Miss Rose, Queen of the Honolulu Fiesta, and one of the most beautiful women in the world. In the center Walter Dooley, of Los Angeles, won the first two heats and the 1100 prize in a heart-stopping chariot race. In the center Walter Dooley, of Los Angeles, won the first two heats and the 1100 prize in a heart-stopping chariot race. In the center Walter Dooley, of Los Angeles, won the first two heats and the 1100 prize in a heart-stopping chariot race.

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In the long lines with paper plates to be loaded with delicious barbecue delicacies by 100 cooks and chefs, in charge of Noble John Breiner of Pasadena.

Seated were at a premium and hundreds picked out soft spots on the ground, and in real picnic fashion made away with amazing quantities of the Spanish dishes. Over 10,000 persons were served altogether.

While the great horde of fest-wearers were consuming barbecued beefs, mutton, veal, beans, salads and steaming-hot coffee a score of uniformed Shrine bands played popular music.

Shortly after 1 o'clock, the various patrols lined up in military formation, each headed by a band, and marched to the richly-decorated grand stand facing the field, where the carnival of sports, patrol drills, and chariot races were held. Thousands followed in their wake and in a few minutes, the huge grand stand was filled with a brilliant array of uniformed nobles and prettily-gowned women.

ATHLETIC PROGRAMME. Twenty thousand persons witnessed the carnival events. The first event on the programme was a match polo game between two teams picked from the Pasadena Polo Club, Pacific Coast champions. The players were cheered and cheered again, as they raced up and down the big field on their fractious ponies. The teams were called the Reds and Whites and the Reds won, after thirty minutes of play, by a score of 5 to 3.

Following the polo game the crack patrol from several temples marched on the field and gave a remarkable series of exhibition drills. Medinah Patrol of Chicago, headed by a band, was the first upon the field and received a veritable ovation from the assembled throng. Ararat Patrol, of Kansas City, followed Medinah and made a fine showing. The crowd went wild when one of the Kansas City Nobles appeared on the field with a real "houn' dawg," the patrol's mascot. The hands all played "You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dog

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Monday.
SIREN SHRINERS' SOFT SERENADE.
GORGEOUS PATROLS PAY PRETTY TRIBUTE TO "TIMES."
Crack Drill Teams, Splendid Bands and Even Painted "Injuns," Block Traffic on Broadway With Their Skillful Marching and Melodious Musical Repertory.

While cheering crowds jammed the sidewalks and held up traffic in the street in front of The Times office Monday, bands and crack Shrine patrols, numbering some of the best musicians and most notable men in the country, lined up as though on a compass-drawn chalk line and serenaded the newspaper men with the choicest selections of the repertory of Shrinedom.

Never was siren's song more effective in distracting the serenaded from vocational cares. The business of getting out news went by the board for the time being and with startling unanimity. Every man who could by any possible exertion get to a window did so and applauded vociferously. Those who could not, by reason of limited linear dimensions of window space, got as close as possible and applauded anyway.

The pretty compliment of the visiting Shriners was echoed until about every car running on Broadway was anywhere from five to fifteen minutes behind its schedule by reason of the traffic blockade. Neither conductors, motormen nor crossing-officers minded that in the least, however. They got as close to the big hands as possible and clapped as loud as anybody.

First came the famous "millionaire band" of Islam Temple, San Francisco, which has the distinction of having sent the largest single delegation—over 700 nobles—to the convocation of any temple in North America. At the head of the brilliantly-clad aggregation marched L. A. Larsen, one of the Bay City's big men—figuratively and literally—swinging a leader's baton five feet long and with every inch of his seventy-eight brilliant white bright velvet of many hues. Accompanying the band were twenty members of Islam's drill team, who executed maneuvers on the



Well, Who Wouldn't Be Pleased?
Miss Nora McPherson, a Pasadena society girl, pinning a rose on Edward C. Davies of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, at the Sunken Gardens Monday. Noble Davies is the tallest fest-wearer to attend the Imperial Council meeting. He is six feet, eight inches.

SHRINE GIRL-SONG SETS ALL BROADWAY ON FIRE.

BROADWAY went crazy Monday night. As though the very Spirit of Carnival, long-pent, had suddenly burst her bonds and dignity and swept the jostling throngs with a madcap, merry, magic spell, the great lane of lights almost in a moment became the abiding place of unleashed glee. Only the snowstorms of confetti, the spitting crackle of fireworks and the implish faces of harlequins were needed to make of it a reincarnation of the old-time Mardi Gras.

It was Al Malaikah that did it. Or rather, it was eighteen red-fested, scarlet-jacketed, white-trousered Bedouins, in the garb of Al Malaikah's patrol that swept away the remaining vestiges of staid Broadway's soberness and turned it into a seething scene of mirth.

From end to end of the long grandstand of Chinese lanterns they marched, chanting. They chanted in an undertone but what they chanted became swiftly apparent to the first pretty girl who crossed their path. In a twinkling the leader, his shoulders carrying the hands of the next behind, swung at right angles across the sidewalk and in another the girl was the center of a close-drawn ring of fiery faces, circling round and round her like distracted whirligigs. As they whirled their chant swelled louder and louder in the now famous words of the Shrine girl-song. At its end, where the chorus rises in crescendo from a soft appeal to a stentorian demand to "Smile," the whole circle knelt about the poppy-red maiden and bowed their faces to the pavement. Then they opened ranks and let her go, blushing furiously but with lips still doing the sovereign bidding of Al Malaikah.

The crowd caught on like a train of powder. When the performance was repeated, a dozen steps further on, with a girl whom the Shriners cut out from a crowd of companions as a rangeman cut out a steer, there were 400 spectators around to applaud them. In five minutes there were a thousand and in ten the joyful throng that followed the patrol had overflowed both sidewalks and choked the streets from curb to curb.

Traffic simply stopped. It had to. When the Shriners spied a pretty girl passing in an auto they danced in front until it stopped, the circles formed about it and not until its occupant had obeyed the melodious hehest at the end of forty bars of music was she allowed to proceed. At Fifth and Broadway Al Malaikah surrounded a girl in the center of the street car tracks and bent to her in the wake of a street sprinkler imploring her to smile. Where there was any doubt about the smile, the entire programme was repeated. Cars piled up on each other for a block on either side. Automobiles by scores, facing in every direction, all but locked wheels with each other and stopped dead in the street, unable to move an inch backward or forward. No one minded, however. Chauffeurs, motormen and policemen alike simply leaned against the nearest available support and laughed themselves weak. The blockade might have continued till morning had not Al Malaikah espied a pretty girl on a side street and started after her, with about 10,000 people in pursuit.

After the drills a noble seated himself at a piano and made it talk rag-time until all the audience felt a tickle in their feet. He at the piano was Howard Patrick, wizard of rag-time. Marguerite Torrey danced classic dances in a classic manner, and was forced to do several of her dances several times. Hazel Bryson showed that she was not untruthfully billed when she was announced as a "veritable entertainer."

"A Tip on Mazuma," a comedy racing sketch, with Miss Louise Glau in the principle role, held the audience for twenty minutes. The sketch was good, and several of the Shriners were heard to remark that they had played "sure things" on the race and the author of the sketch knew what he was talking about.

The programme was concluded with songs by the Imperial Quartette—a really good quartette—an acrobatic turn by the "Flying Alberts" and moving pictures.



The Scotch Patrol of Khartum Temple, Winnipeg. With the skirl of bagpipes and the even more melodious song of more American instruments, the canny-garbed patrol arrived in the city yesterday as part of the escort for the Imperial special.

New Garden of Allah Opens Wide Its Arms to Welcome the Red-Fezed Hosts.

Monday.
ALL HERE AND ACCOUNTED FOR.

Thousands Cross Hot Sands,
Last to Come.

Sightseeing Is Begun and
Visitors Delighted.

Twenty Thousand Visit the
Fair Crown City.

Like the "wolves from the fold," except that they changed their wolfish raiment for sheep's clothing, the last of the great advance guard of the Shriners who have captured Los Angeles swept down upon the city Monday, 1912 strong, and the reinforcements made it imperative upon the city to surrender unconditionally.

With the coming of the last of the vast horde of Shriners came a series of entertainments that showed Los Angeles has used every resource to provide amusement for the great army of visitors gathered within its gates. There was an excursion to Pasadena, where 10,000 visitors were shown the homes of the millionaires of the Crown City; an excursion to Catalina, where hundreds viewed the famous marine gardens and other beauties of the Pacific, and numerous automobile rides about the city.

When the thousands of excursionists returned, tired, hungry and fatigued, but mighty enthusiastic about Southern California, a unanimous vote was taken which recorded the fact that Los Angeles is one of the most hospitable cities in the world and its residents the most open-hearted and unassuming.

The Shriners declared they had never been entertained more thoroughly in all their lives and that if there were a vote taken as to what city should be the "perpetual city" of the Shriners' conventions, Los Angeles is leading by a full lap and breaking the record at every turn of the wheel.

The most perfect turnout of Shriners and the most perfect arrangement for the entertainment of the nobles that I have ever witnessed," was the way Imperial Potentate Tress expressed his sentiments.

GRAND RAPIDS.

SALADIN TEMPLE.
With their own publication on board the special train, the Grand Rapids and Los Angeles Times of Saladin Temple, Wolverine Shriners pulled into Los Angeles Monday morning and proceeded to their respective hotels. They brought a patrol of thirty men, nine officers and a band. The officers of the temple include William E. Elliott, Clark L. Lane, William C. Hoertz, Horace L. Lake, Ralph A. Mosher and Guy Johnson. Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate, was expected to come with this temple, but because of sickness, was detained at his home, Reed City.

PHOENIX.
EL ZARIBAH TEMPLE.
The depths of a copper mine, even to the crushed rock and the smell of powder after shooting a drill, are shown at the Alexandria, by El Zaribah Temple, headquarters at Phoenix, but really of all Arizona. It is one of the most realistic exhibits of the kind ever shown here. Two small entrances leading from the west half of the main lobby are the entrance and the exit.

The tunnel runs down to the level of a 600-foot slope of the Ray Consolidated—at least, that is the supposition. Here a larger chamber of ore is exposed and the underground ore car, filled with ore of bluish hue, is encountered. It is real ore and a real car, while the walls are canvas reproductions.

In a little chamber off to one side is located a special ore exhibit which has been brought from the way from the State capital. The illuminations here and through other portions of the mine are of the regular mining can-



Scenes at the Great Barbecue in Tournament Park, Pasadena, Monday.

Ten thousand persons enjoyed the feast. Special provision was made for the Arab patrol in the large tent. It was a happy, lively gathering.

the type, stuck into the wall on a steel holder. Another chamber of the mine contains the semi-set of the place, which in this instance is not real camel's milk, but a distillation made famous through Arizona by the Apaches and other Indians, best known by its native name of "tupai." Frank Crandall, internal revenue collector of Arizona, through whose efforts the Indians were weaned from their favorite headache producer, is the importer of the juice, which is doled out in small earthen pots of real Indian manufacture.

From there the chambers drift off to a boarded slope, through the chimneys of which the damp underground rock and water seep through, and then out into the open.

ROCHESTER.

DAMASCUS TEMPLE.

Damascus Temple, Rochester, which played the host to the Imperial Council last year, came to this oasis in one of the finest equipped and most original trains of any of the pilgrim caravans.

One hundred and twenty nobles, their wives and families, came in eight cars. In the assembly car a vaudeville performance was given every evening on the road. Eight days were consumed in crossing the hot sands, and many interesting junkies to oases were taken.

Accompanying the pilgrims is Dr. Frederick R. Smith, assistant Imperial Rabban, who will become Rabban at this session of the council. Several Past Potentates accompanied the party, including E. A. Fletcher, who will act as marshal of Division Three in the parade today.

The nobles and their ladies in the Rochester party are: Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Allen, Charles Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bernhard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bigelow, O. F. Bellows, Fritz Block, Charles Block, J. M. Burdick, A. B. Corwin, Mrs. M. S. Crawford, R. F. Church, George Chrichton, John Calder, O. A. Chadde, William Corbett, Mrs. J. W. Castleman, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac DeMalle, Owen D. DeWitt, Mrs. C. Ender, Mrs. and Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Frank, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Frey, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gottry, James Gass, C. V. Glider, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Harpende, Mrs. H. R. Howard, P. K. Hill, Miss Emma Haller, Miss Rose Haller, J. D. Henry, G. L. Hackley, O. W. Hoffman, T. C. Hodgson, Mrs. Thomas H. Husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. L. Kell, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kohlmeier, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lord, Mr. and Mrs. R. Muller, R. S. Nagle, Mrs. Elizabeth Norden, C. S. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Petas, Miss Besse Priem, Mrs. Martha Priem, Miss Marie Penoller, Abraham Price, Miss Irene Price, R. C. Pierpont, W. J. Parker, James B. Pierce, H. M. Phelps, William Rodenbeck, George Rullison, Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sallier, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sage, A. W. Scofield, W. C. Smith, Miss Anna Squires, Miss Emily Suter, Miss L. C. Sells, Miss I. M. Schlegel, J. E. Smith, H. J. Schaad, Chris Schnackel, Fred Swartz, Mrs. Emma Tennant, T. H. Taylor, Miss Eleanor Taylor, J. S. Vick, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Van Tuyl, J. Fred Weber, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wedel, Mrs. E. Wilson, R. E. Wilson, Mrs. Harriet Whitlock, C. R. Webster, Sidney E. White, Mrs. W. Young, L. Young.

ST. LOUIS.

MOOLAH TEMPLE.

The Moolah patrol and the Chanters El Koran of the St. Louis delegation were no more than registered at their hotels Monday afternoon when they were hurried over to the Jonathan Club to be the guests of F. B.



Part of the Imperial Potentate's Special Escort.

Arab patrol of Aad Temple, of Duluth, one of the finely trained organizations which participated in the magnificent fetes in the brilliant programme of Shrine Week.



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ment, greetings and welcome to the land of sunshine. The officers of the temple included Potentate Walter S. Ashton, John R. Parsons, G. T. Mathew and G. H. Bahrenberg. Headquarters of the Moolahs will be at the Hayward Hotel.

SIoux CITY.

One of the last temples to reach Los Angeles was that of Abou Bekr, headed by John E. Garver, Potentate and Imperial representative.

El Malda has the distinction of publishing one of the few Shrine dailies in the Shrinedom. It is the Tiger Claw, and is issued from a multi-graph whenever the editors have a printable idea. The first edition, a Los Angeles number, was run off Monday afternoon and a morning edition will appear Tuesday morning.

El Malda is the highest Mason in the United States and his present visit is the first that a Grand Commander in his official capacity, has ever made to Southern California. The full ritualistic exercises of the rank were observed in the reception of the distinguished guest. Los Angeles Knights who were in charge of the affair were Deputy Grand Commander Hamel, Grand Captain Weidner, Capt. Wankowski, Eminent Commander No. 4, A. J. Copp, and Commander No. 43, A. S. Abbott.

Grand Commander Melish was formerly Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine, and has held practically every office in the gift of Masonry in its various forms. On his arrival here from Cincinnati, he was met by a special Reception Committee, and escorted to the Alexandria Hotel, where he will be at home during the week.

ALOHA SHOWERS GIFTS.

Honolulu Temple Entertains Lavishly at Hotel Headquarters—Native Music Delightful Feature.

Half a hundred temples, represented by fully 1000 Nobles and their wives, partook of the generous hospitality of Aloha Temple of Honolulu at the Lanikim Kona night. The Aloha delegation, the largest ever sent from that temple to this country, stood in line more than two hours greeting their visitors and dispensing with lavish hand samples of the products of their homeland.

The tuncful Hawaiian quartette, which was brought over with the delegation, delighted the immense crowd, which packed the lobby to overflowing, with native songs and instrumental selections. Below in a large basement room Potentate Hodge and his brother Nobles made the visitors welcome while Kona coffee, sliced pineapple, pineapple juice, coconuts and other Hawaiian products were served. The visiting ladies were the recipients of native ilima leis or floral wreaths, several hundreds of which had been made for the occasion.

On the second floor, where are located the headquarters of Aloha delegation, the members of Aloha patrol,

from the editorial rooms, Nos. 753 and 756 Hotel Alexandria.

It has been the annual custom of El Malda Temple to take a burro patrol to each meeting of the Imperial Council. But because of the revolution in Northern Mexico, entering in the State of Chihuahua, the Shriners across the border were unable to get a sufficient supply of burros to mount the patrol. However, El Malda Temple Shriners will appear in Shrinedom, which abates and zepes as their distinctive dress during Shrine week.

HONOR GRAND COMMANDER.

Knights Templar Conduct Ritualistic Ceremonies in High Official's First Visit Here.

Several hundred Knights Templar of Southern California and nearly an equal number of visiting Knights, gathered at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on South Hope street Saturday evening to honor the Very Eminent William Brownell Melish, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of the United States, who arrived in Los Angeles yesterday noon.

Melish is the highest Mason in the United States and his present visit is the first that a Grand Commander in his official capacity, has ever made to Southern California. The full ritualistic exercises of the rank were observed in the reception of the distinguished guest. Los Angeles Knights who were in charge of the affair were Deputy Grand Commander Hamel, Grand Captain Weidner, Capt. Wankowski, Eminent Commander No. 4, A. J. Copp, and Commander No. 43, A. S. Abbott.

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On the second floor, where are located the headquarters of Aloha delegation, the members of Aloha patrol,

twenty-six in number, did the honors. Aloha Temple has made it an annual custom to give a reception and dispense refreshments and the visiting Nobles were unanimous in voting them ideal hosts.

Representative McCandless, speaking for Aloha, said: "We consider that Los Angeles is taking care of us magnificently and for our part we should like to make the journey here every year. We think we have a pretty fine country of our own, but we are greatly impressed with the beauties of Los Angeles and more especially with the resources of the city in the way of hospitality and entertainment."

CHICAGO.

MEDINAH TEMPLE.

It required three sections to bring the 400 Chicago Shriners and their wives to Los Angeles. This was probably the largest delegation to come from any distant point.

Medinah Temple brings one of the largest patrols, as well as its own band, to take part in the week's festivities. The patrol was escorted through the downtown streets by the special Los Angeles guard of honor of Al Malakhan Temple to the Alexandria. From there they debarked for their various hotels.

JACKSON, MISS.

WABABI TEMPLE.

Potentate Walter A. Scott and Nobles E. S. Middleton, W. A. Lewey and O. B. Taylor, representatives of Wababi Temple, Jackson, Miss., arrived in the city Sunday and are quartered at the Alexandria.

These Imperial representatives are distinguished in that they represent the youngest temple in Shrinedom. Wababi is the baby temple and Nobles all over the country are interested in

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Potentate Walter A. Scott and Nobles E. S. Middleton, W. A. Lewey and O. B. Taylor, representatives of Wababi Temple, Jackson, Miss., arrived in the city Sunday and are quartered at the Alexandria.

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Monday.
FUNNY THINGS AND PLEASING.

VAUDEVILLE FOR PILGRIMS AT THE AUDITORIUM.

Comely Senorita Slugs from Songs and Typists' Culture, Creating Big Sensation—Arab Patrols Drill for Audition Good Programme.

A rose-lipped face, shadowed by a mass of blue-black hair, a pair of dark, unfathomable eyes, a perfect grace, a dainty foot, an elegant that poured forth seductive words and there you have a picture of vaudeville at the Auditorium today night.

And the East, the after hour, and went away and came back and had seen something typical of California. As far as grace and beauty went, it was.

There were 1700 Shriners and their wives, relatives and friends in the Auditorium when the curtain went up on a splendid programme of vaudeville. The Shriners were, of course, the main attraction, and the programme was an excellent one. There were rag-time dances, music by two crack Shriners' bands, a dainty little farce comedy and other features.

The dance of Senorita E. de W. which was supposed to create a sensation, took the entire audience by surprise. The Senorita danced a series of Spanish songs and proved to be one of the real hits of the evening. She is graceful and comely, and that are here used advantageously.

One of the first numbers on the programme was an overture by the Shrine orchestra, under the direction of Edward Kammerer. The second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The third number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The third number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The fifth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The sixth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The sixth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The seventh number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The eighth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The eighth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The ninth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The tenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The tenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The eleventh number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twelfth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twelfth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The fourteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The fourteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The fifteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The sixteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The sixteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The seventeenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The eighteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The eighteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The nineteenth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twentieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twentieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-first number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twenty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-third number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twenty-fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-fifth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-sixth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twenty-sixth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-seventh number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-eighth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The twenty-eighth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The twenty-ninth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirtieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The thirtieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirty-first number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The thirty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirty-third number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirty-fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

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The thirty-eighth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The thirty-ninth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The fortieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

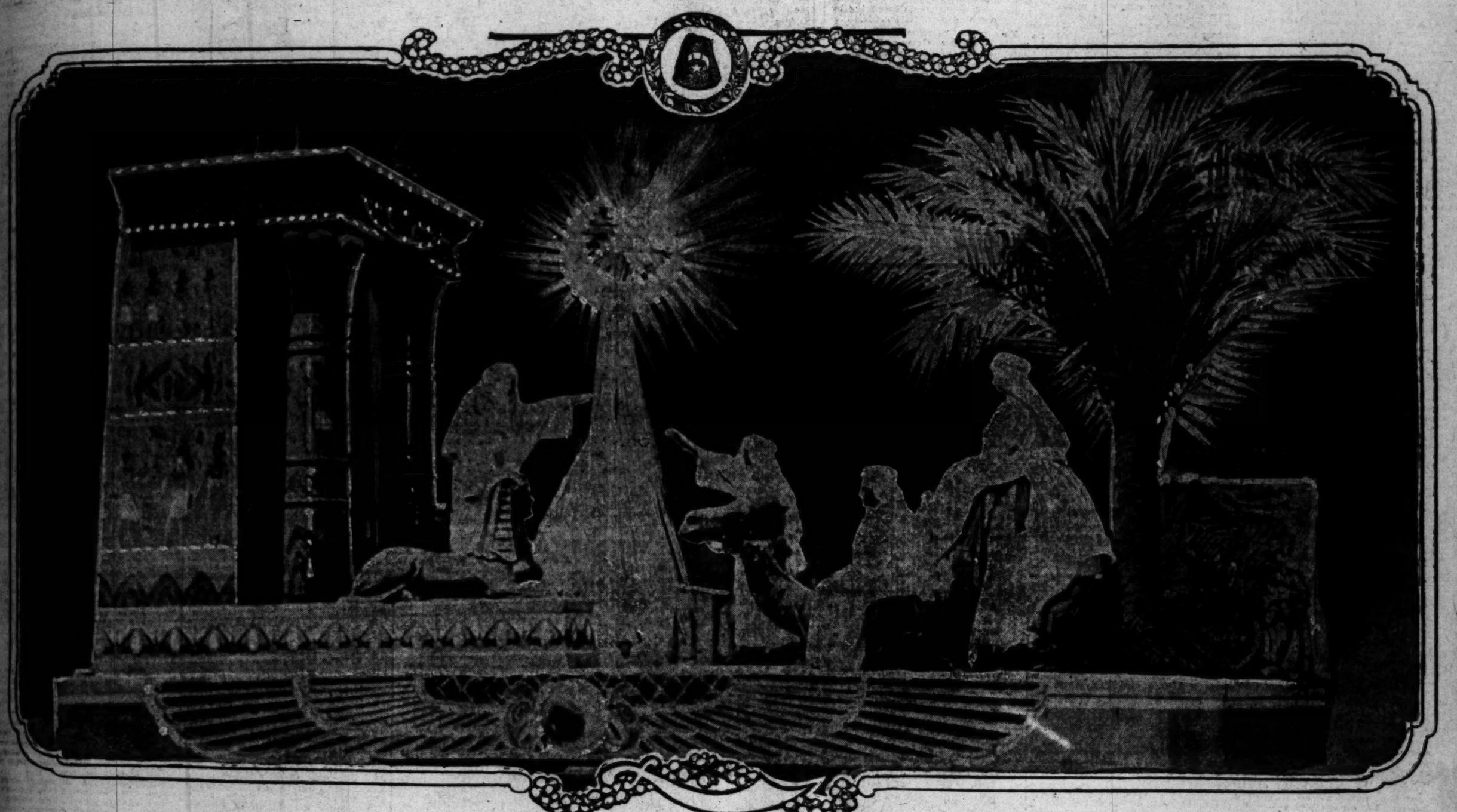
The fortieth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The forty-first number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The forty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The forty-second number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The forty-third number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one. The forty-fourth number was a band solo by the Shrine band, which was a very good one.

The forty

THROUGH FIVE-MILE LANES OF DEEPLY-MASSSED HUMANITY COURSES GREATEST PAGEANT LOS ANGELES HAS EVER SEEN.

Crowning Effort of the Mystic Shrines of All the World Staged in Two Perfect Parts Each Requiring More Than Two Hours to Pass a Given Point---Electrical Display Wondrous in Its Scintillant Beauty and Embodying Lesson of Triumphant Progress---Parade of Nobles, Patrols and Bands of a Hundred Temples Completes Spectacle of Surpassing Beauty.



Masterpiece of the electrical pageant Tuesday, the imposing Shrine Emblem, an oriental classic that was cheered all along the line of march.

THROUGH living lanes of massed humanity a hundred feet wide and more than five miles long, sparkling in a myriad of colors reflected from millions of incandescent lights above and ablaze with other millions that were part of itself, there passed last night the most gorgeous and spectacular pageant ever witnessed in this city. In two perfect parts, each requiring more than two hours to pass a given point, the crowning effort of the Mystic Shrines of the world was staged in the business thoroughfares of Los Angeles. Wondrous in its scintillant beauty and to the last degree impressive in the mighty lesson of triumphant progress it embodied, the electrical parade was magnificent and all-surpassing. Including in itself the women's march of a hundred temples whose membership spans more than half the globe, the parade of Nobles, patrols and bands was an ultima thule of the spectacular. The ensemble was well nigh beyond description.

At half o'clock Tuesday night the city streets, jammed to the last inch of possible standing room, were so filled in expectant hush that the throng there of a parade marshal's hand, which passed through them as from liquid walls. Between the packed ranks of men, women and children, the space was clear and brilliantly illuminated. The asphalt shone under the floodlights, and only the olive-vested traffic officers were to be seen moving slowly up and down as they kept the parade in line. A sharp whistle, as the impatient throng swayed back and forth, suddenly the throng on Broadway, passing down that great caueway, saw the leading lamps of a great motor car and came rushing madly down the middle of the street. Next, a line of showy of that thoroughfare, Shrines parading the steps of the temple and calling to the traffic officers, came at every hundred feet: "They are coming. Keep the crowd in line." Then around the corner of Ninth to the crash of martial music, came the sound of the great parade of all the Shrines. In the lead was Grand Marshal Henry H. Washington and his aides, followed by an automobile carrying Imperial Potentate Treat. The first glimpse of the real parade came with the sweeping march of Le Temple of Philadelphia, its beautiful white horses drawing a chariot and an exact replica of the Liberty Bell hanging from a great gun carriage. CHEER THEIR COMING. A mighty cheer went up as the van-guard came into view. It rippled and eddied from hundreds of thousands of throats up Broadway and down Spring and up Main and all along the route of the parade. At each turn of the streets the same mighty shout went up. From the brilliantly-lighted windows of towering skyscrapers leaned far out other thousands who cried almost hysterically as they saw some familiar patrol come swinging by with the exact tread of seasoned soldiers. It was the nobility of North America passing in review before the greatest throng that has ever witnessed a Shrine parade in the history of that organization. Like a serpent came the weaving of the parade into Broadway, and as the bands reached it they burst into music, and the patrols began their evolutions. The long stretch of gorgeously-colored street with its canopy of red Japanese lanterns, under which the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

EL PASO'S "REVOLUTION."

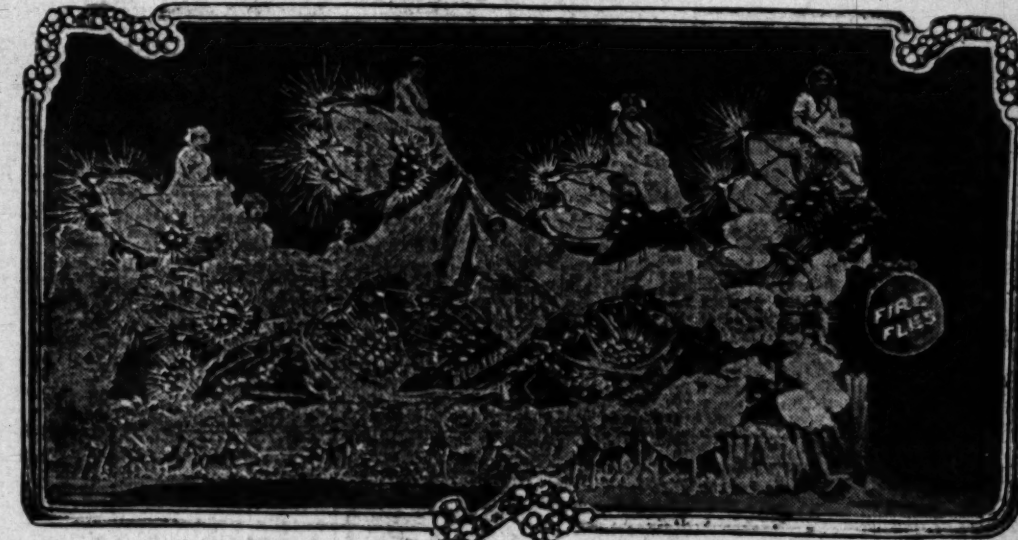
El Maida Nobles Give Away Mexican "Feszes" and There's a Scramble at the Alexandria. A young Mexican revolution broke out in the Alexandria yesterday afternoon when the El Paso Shriners started to give their high-crowned Mexican sombreros away. These hats were worn by the El Paso delegation during the day as a part of the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Juarez. When the Texas Shriners had finished wearing the Mexican style of "feszes" they distributed them among their friends in the lobby and on the mezzanine floor of the hotel. The

resulting scramble exhausted the supply before half of the souvenir-hunters had been supplied. During the afternoon the members of El Maida Temple from El Paso distributed special souvenir editions of the Tiger Claws, the Shrine paper published at El Paso headquarters. The Texans, wearing the thatched hats and brilliantly-colored serapes over their shoulders attracted much attention. They sang the Spanish songs in front of all the headquarters and distributed the Tiger Claws to all they met. The bands at the various headquarters played Mexican airs when they approached, and at one place they staged a miniature bull fight with one of the El Paso Shriners acting as the bull.

Tuesday Night.

QUARTER OF A MILLION CHEER MIGHTY PAGEANT.

Greatest Night Crowd Los Angeles Ever Saw Jam Curbs, Streets, Windows, Stairways and Rooftops to Witness Shrinedom's Most Magnificent Effort—Jam of Humanity Is Joyous but Orderly.



Fire Flies and Pretty Girls made up this dazzling float.

IT WAS a mighty throng that swarmed the streets and filled the buildings along the route of the parade Tuesday night, a gathering of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, massed together under scintillating electric lights, or under scintillating electric lights, twisted and turned into myriad of shapes. Even a slight drizzle at the start could not dim the brilliance of the scene, as the greatest crowd that has ever gathered in this city jostled and pushed, merrily squabbling for a place in front. Sidewalks could not hold the vast mob and it surged over the guide lines and out into the street itself, while policemen shouted themselves hoarse and perspired freely in an effort to keep the army of jolly, jostling, chaffing spectators in their places. All the high buildings and the lower ones, too, had every window filled, even up to the seventh and eighth stories, and from 6 o'clock on, the curbs furnished seats for the earlier comers. Comparatively few appreciated what a jam was to come later on, but comparatively few in a throng of what is estimated to have been at least 150,000, meant a gigantic crush in itself, and those who arrived after 7 o'clock furnished customers for a small rabble of boys

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



Photo by Western Panamatic Co. San Jose.

Le Lu Patrol, of Philadelphia, one of the handsomest and best-drilled of the many splendid organizations here, photographed after Tuesday morning's parade.

HOME BUILDING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Results of Three Hundred and Seventy Years of Advertising

Whisper Started By a Far-Seeing Captain of Industry in 1542 Is Now a Triumphant Thunder That Echoes Around the World

CO-OPERATIVE LAND BUYING

The First of a Number of Home Buying Syndicates Giving the Small Buyer Wholesale Prices

We hold an option on 480 acres of land situated in San Bernardino county, Cal., between Victorville and Barstow and about two miles southeast of Cottonwood station on the Santa Fe Railroad.

Legal Description: The south half and the northeast quarter of Section 16, Township 8 N., Range 3 W., San Bernardino Meridian.

See enclosed memorandum for general description.

The purchase price of this half section is \$9600, or \$20.00 per acre. Terms Cash. IT IS A WHOLESALE PRICE.

The land has been planted into 32 ten-acre subdivisions, reservation being made so as to give each tract road frontage. See plat on file in Company's office.

We are organizing a syndicate to purchase this land. Subscriptions will be accepted in amounts of \$200 and upwards. For each \$200 subscribed, allotment of a duly specified ten acres will be made upon completion of syndicate purchase.

Southern California Home Builders will subscribe for a part of this acreage, considering it an excellent investment.

Purchasers of the land will be invited to join together in the development of irrigation on this land. It is estimated that \$1600 will sink a well and install a pumping plant on each 160 acres—or \$4800 to water the entire 480 acres. This means irrigation at installing cost of \$10 per acre. SUCH IMPROVEMENT SHOULD MAKE THE LAND WORTH FROM \$60 TO \$100

OR MORE PER ACRE, based on production.

Acreage in this tract, even if held undeveloped, should prove to be a big money-maker to the holder, as it is reasonably certain that all good land in the Victorville-Barstow region will rapidly advance in value.

The land will be a still better investment if developed. With water developed and planted to alfalfa it will pay handsomely, while as orchard land it would produce a very heavy revenue.

Applications for syndicate membership will be filed in the order of receipt.

\$2.00 per acre should accompany application.

\$18.00 per acre would be payable upon acceptance of subscription, to be placed in escrow on or before June 15th, 1912, pending delivery of title.

Syndicate to be completed on or before June 15th, 1912, or all money returned.

Subscriptions are invited subject to our offer to show the land (at our expense) to any two men selected by majority vote of syndicate interests, and if the land should prove to be not as good as represented, subscriptions will be cancelled and all money returned.

Prompt action is necessary to participate in this purchase, as it is well nigh certain that the syndicate will be over-subscribed. Write Co-operative Land Buying Department, Southern California Home Builders, 410 West Sixth street, Los Angeles, or call if at all possible.

Transportation has never created population. It has only located it. Although the first captain to discover this beautiful coast sailed into San Diego Bay in 1542, it was sixty years before he was followed by another. And it was one hundred and sixty-seven years before the next far-seeing investigator arrived—on foot—over the mountains—across the cactus deserts—all the way from Mexico City, clear from the wonderful tropics—thousands of miles, to see if the whisper was true. He built the missions—the Franciscan Father Junipero Serra.

Years have rolled around to the tune of almost one hundred and fifty more, other promoters have come and gone, and only today is Southern California obtaining the transportation that locates population.

When the little boys of today are young men, the wonderful coast cities of Southern California will have millions of residents in the valleys and on the uplands there will scarcely be a foot of uncultivated soil.

Now is the time to take advantage of this knowledge. The opportunities are boundless. None is more so than home building. A new industry peculiar to Southern California—new because it is operated on original lines, and new because of the conditions that brought it about.

Several years ago it became apparent that the efforts of the individual builder and contractor could not keep pace with the demand for homes by the newcomers. The arrivals were endless. They kept coming and coming, and all wanted

homes—real homes, with plenty of room and the flowers and other outdoor things that brought them here.

Only skillful organization on a large scale could hope to cope with this situation. The outcome is the greatest, most systematic, most satisfactory to buyer and seller, and the most profitable home-building industry the world has ever known.

Southern California is becoming more and more the mecca for the people of the whole world who want its climate and life, and who have money. They come to Southern California because it has what they cannot get elsewhere—a climate that is unequalled elsewhere in the world, coupled with opportunities that while incidental, are even beyond the imagination of the best day dreamer of a winter-bound town in farthest East Maine.

It is this feature that has made absolutely sure the permanency of the growth of these wonderful coast cities, and the certainty of the cultivation of every available acre of ground in Southern California. It is this feature that enables home-building companies to pile up great profits and assets running into the millions of dollars within a few short years.

The movement has only just begun. San Diego alone must have fifteen thousand new homes within the next two years to accommodate the natural increase in population, not taking into account the great flood of people from all over the earth who will come with the

opening of the Panama Canal. Los Angeles will be a city of a million long before the date set by the most enthusiastic partisan. The mere momentum of present growth alone assures this with-out the influx that will come from the Atlantic Coast States and the near Atlantic States the moment the Canal is open and the railroad journey unnecessary. If you doubt this, canvass your friends. The outcome will be a revelation to you.

This is the time to buy a home, to plan for the future, to buy a tract of land, little or big, and to plant the seeds of investment in Southern California, that will reap a harvest equal to its reputation. There is no more profitable opening than home-building itself. We are engaged in this business. It is the wholesale building and retail selling of homes—beautiful bungalows. We save on the cost of materials, the cost of building, the cost of selling and the cost of the land. We make greater profits than is possible by the old methods. Yet the buyer of a home gets from us far more for his money than if he built his own home. Small builders cannot compete, not being able to buy in quantities nor build in quantities.

Every house we build increases the value of the balance of our lots. We get the benefit of the values we create—small builders do not. Volume enables the maintenance of an expert organization. This means superior houses. Our home-buyers are our friends. Most of them are our partners. As home-buyers

they get the best possible value. As stockholders they help make dividends for themselves. Their profits are capital, safe and conservative, and the profits are mutual. The security is real estate—the very safest of security. The homes of the prudent and the thrifty. Our company was organized under very good auspices, there was absolutely no promotion stock, and we are operating in San Diego and Los Angeles, as well as handling and controlling citrus and other fruit lands, and tracts suitable for alfalfa and other farming. If you want a home built, a farm or a ranch, a business property investment, have mortgage money to loan or want to borrow, we can serve you well, promptly and safely and at the lowest cost consistent with such service.

If you have some idle money we invite an investigation of our business, our banking and other references, as a basis for a small investment. We will not accept more than \$2500 from each investor, for this is a company where the majority of stockholders control; no man or set of men being permitted to obtain stock control. It is a principle that works out very successfully in this business.

Fill out this coupon for a copy of "The Whisper—Centuries Old." It tells you why nearly SIXTEEN HUNDRED INVESTORS have become stockholders in this company in the last eighty days. Send for it any way. It is free, and will afford you a few minutes of as interesting reading as you have met in many a year.

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OPERATING FORCE.
W. H. Packard, Manager Real Estate Department. Nine years in California, with a broad, general experience. Formerly with C. Wesley Roberts, and came to us from Robert Marsh & Co.
A. S. Falconer, Architect. Formerly Milwaukee Building Co., and other well known concerns.
O. M. Packard, Building Superintendent. Forty years' experience. Eleven years in Southern California, in many important developments from Los Angeles to San Diego. Thoroughly familiar with building in all its lines.

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James A. Corrie, Accountant. Graduate London Institute of Accountants and Royal Institute of British Architects. For many years Accountant and Secretary of many large concerns, and Chief Engineering and Architectural draftsman for U. S. Corps of Engineers in Hawaii. Six years in Los Angeles.

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M. W. Connor, Rentals. Successfully handling a large line of rental business.

Leigh Saunders, Ranches. Practical fruit rancher, and for many years with the J. C. Ainsley Packing Co., and the Cured Fruit Association. Has a large experience in buying and selling properties.

NOTE—None of these gentlemen receive salary except the Accountant and the Building Superintendent. All are on a strictly commission basis, and have been carefully selected for this company. This is the practical testimony by practical men of the opinion of the Company's future.

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Pay \$1.25 Monthly on Each 100 Shares for 18 Months
Table of 18 Payments at 22 1-2 Cents Per Share

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3.75 Monthly buys	300 shares, total cost..	67.50
5.00 Monthly buys	400 shares, total cost..	90.00
6.25 Monthly buys	500 shares, total cost..	112.50
12.50 Monthly buys	1000 shares, total cost..	225.00
18.75 Monthly buys	1500 shares, total cost..	337.50
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Mexico.
VICTORS
RETREAT.

Rebels Repulsed by
the Federals.

Madero's Troops Fall Back
After Having Worsted
Orozco's Men.

Leader of the Insurrectos Is
Enraged by Failures of
His Forces.

Transport Buford Arrives at
Alhata and Takes Ameri-
cans on Board.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ESCALON (Mex.) May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] For the first time since Gen. Orozco's troops moved south of Escalon, the Federals assumed the offensive last night and early this morning at Zaramora, a small village east of Bermejillo, the rebels were not only repulsed, but repulsed both times. The rebels, however, captured eight prisoners. The rebels lost twelve killed and forty wounded. The insurgents were commanded by Gen. Campo and Col. Morales. During the engagement the officers successfully advanced to a point where the whole Federal camp was exposed to their view. A general advance of the rebels was then ordered, a case of bringing the soldiers up to the colors. The Federal volunteers fled before a withering rifle and machine gun fire.

Two Americans whose names it is

Flash and Kermack.

The News in The Times

CONDENSED AND CLASSIFIED

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THE GREAT FIESTA WEEK

In Three Parts Complete—44 Pages.



BY THE YEAR, \$9.00. One Month, postpaid, 75 Cents. Three Months, postpaid, \$2.25. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1912. PRICE: 1 Single Copies, on Streets and Trains, 5 Cents. Per Month, 1 Per Copy, Delivered, 2 1/2 Cents.

VICTORS RETREAT.

Rebels Repulsed by the Federals.

Madero's Troops Fall Back After Having Worsted Orozco's Men.

Leader of the Insurrectos Is Enraged by Failures of His Forces.

Transport Buford Arrives at Alhata and Takes Americans on Board.

Impossible to obtain are in charge of Orozco's machine gun detachments. They are undoubtedly former soldiers of the United States army and capable machinists at that. Wherever it has been possible to put these machine guns into action the Federals have invariably suffered defeat and the effect of their fire has contributed a large measure of success to rebel troops.

In this last engagement, while the Federals retreated after assuming the offensive, neither side seems to have gained any decided advantage and news of this fact reaching Gen. Orozco this afternoon did not please the commander.

"If we can repulse them when they attack, why can't we capture the whole command, or force them to surrender?" he asked his staff officer who made the report.

In answer to his own question, Orozco went to the point where the rebels had struck the Federal flank and it is believed he will direct a new attack in the morning.

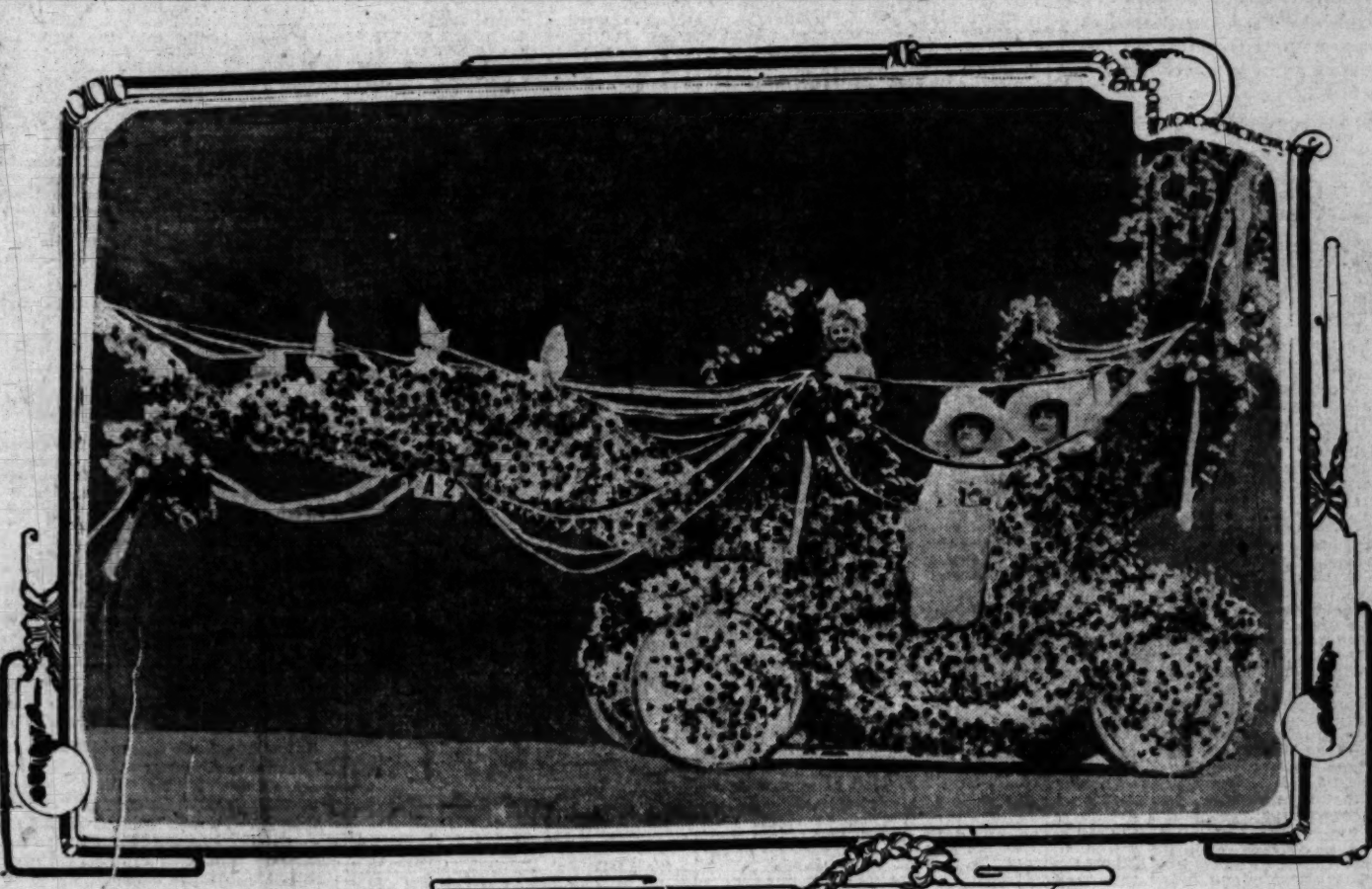
Following his failure to reach Piedras Negras because cut off by Federal reinforcements, Gen. Salazar sent word today to Orozco he was coming here for a conference. Orozco ordered him to remain where he is and hold the rebel territory already captured in that part of the State of Chihuahua, Nuevo Leon and Coahuila.

From both Federal and rebel sources, Orozco had learned that Salazar's losses were insignificant. The insurrecto chief is evidently working out a fixed line of campaign and that seems to be the reduction of Torreon. It is his belief that if he can force the surrender of Gen. Huerta, or defeat him, he will have won the revolution. Torreon certainly is the key to Mexico City from the north, and if Huerta fails to hold Torreon, Orozco will be free to form a junction with Gen. Zapata's forces in the south.

TRANSPORT BUFORD RESCUES AMERICANS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] MEXICO (Mex.) May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] For the first time since Gen. Orozco's troops moved south of El Paso, the Federals seemed the offensive last night and only again this morning at Zarzamora, a small village east of Bermejillo, the rebels were not only repulsed, but routed both times. The rebels, however, captured eighty prisoners. The rebels lost twelve killed and forty wounded. The insurrectos were commanded by Gen. Campo and Col. Salazar. During the engagement, the rebels successfully advanced to a point where the whole Federal camp was exposed to their view. A general attack of the rebels was then ordered, a mass of bringing the soldiers to the colors, and the Federal soldiers fled before a withering fire of machine gun fire.

Two Americans whose names it is



An electric car all in roses and carnations—Mrs. Dwight Hart and Mrs. W. B. Corwin.

JEWELLED BRIDE TAKEN AS HOBBO.

FASHIONABLY DRESSED BUT PENNILESS.

Daughter of Millionaire Quits Husband and Starts Pluckily to Walk from Indiana to Parental Roof in New York—Wearied, She Climbs on Freight Train.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] KNOX (Ind.) May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Fashionably dressed, wearing many jewels, but penniless, Mrs. Vincent J. Mearl, not quite 17 and the daughter of a New York millionaire, started on a self-enforced tramp from Valparaiso back to her home in New York City. At South Whitley, weary and desperate, she climbed into a box car and fell into a deep sleep. When she awoke, the car was in motion.

When the train neared Knox a brakeman found her lying upon the floor and weeping bitterly. The train reached this station near midnight and she was taken to the police headquarters and placed in the care of Sergeant Collins. The sight of the weary, tear and travel-stained child touched a tender spot in the officer's heart. He took her home and his wife tenderly cared for her and put her to bed.

Little by little she told of her wealthy father, George E. Mearl, of No. 1275 Morris avenue, New York, from whom she had become estranged when she eloped with his chauffeur.

The girl's mother made every effort to induce her to leave her husband, finally telling the girl she had seen the chauffeur in company with another woman. The girl wife took what money she could find about the house and purchased a ticket for Chicago, intending to visit a friend. When she reached Chicago she failed to find her friend. Her money was exhausted and she started to walk home.

WHITE HOUSE STIRRED BY ROOSEVELT'S STATEMENT.

His Declaration, "I Typify Great Cause Which Can Only Be Furthered by Supporting Me," Is Accepted as Proof of Repeated Charges With Respect to "Overwhelming and Ridiculous Egotism."

BY SUMNER CURTIS. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) WASHINGTON, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] None of the many statements from Col. Roosevelt since he became an active candidate for the Presidential nomination this year has stirred up White House circles as much as one given out in the form of a letter, dated at New York today. In this latest statement Col. Roosevelt declared that "at this time I typify and embody the great cause, which can only be furthered by supporting me." He also declares that "I became a candidate only when I became convinced that no other progressive could, by any possibility, be nominated against President Taft."

These two statements in the letter—which was addressed to the chairman of the Minnesota Roosevelt Committee—were especially the latter, have been deemed worthy of special comment from close friends of the President.

It may be said, in fact, that the hold on the people he gained by seven years in the White House, for the purpose of gratifying his ambition for power at the expense of the man whom he supported to succeed him.

The hub of the comment is that Col. Roosevelt, declaring himself to be the only person who has a chance of defeating President Taft for re-election, admits that he is using the hold on the people he gained by seven years in the White House, for the purpose of gratifying his ambition for power at the expense of the man whom he supported to succeed him.

It is expected, indeed, the fact is practically established already—that these statements from the former President will make the text for more bitter attacks from the Taft side than any that have preceded since the re-election campaign opened.

The declaration that "I typify and embody the great cause which can only be furthered by supporting me," is to be exploited as proof of the charges so often made by enemies of Col. Roosevelt, with respect to "overwhelming and ridiculous egotism."

The Taft managers will lose no time in voicing their opinion of this so-called egotism, and matters are appraised as a passing phase of the Taft campaign, in person, is likely to dwell on the suggested phase of Col. Roosevelt's candidacy when he returns to Ohio next week, and later on the stump in New Jersey. It was settled tonight that almost immediately after the Ohio primaries he will go to New Jersey, spending May 24 and 25, and May 27, in touring the State. This will carry him to the eve of the New Jersey primaries, which are to be held Tuesday, the 28th.

Both of the great national conventions to be held this year will have important matters to attend to, aside from the nomination of the Presidential tickets and the cancellation of party platforms, and matters are appraised as a passing phase of the Taft campaign, in person, is likely to dwell on the suggested phase of Col. Roosevelt's candidacy when he returns to Ohio next week, and later on the stump in New Jersey. It was settled tonight that almost immediately after the Ohio primaries he will go to New Jersey, spending May 24 and 25, and May 27, in touring the State. This will carry him to the eve of the New Jersey primaries, which are to be held Tuesday, the 28th.

CLOUDS BURST OVER THE FLOOD.

CONDITIONS GROWING WORSE IN LOUISIANA.

Place Winds Lash the Torrent of the Mississippi Over the Tops of Dikes that Threaten to Break at Any Moment—Southerners Killing Off Their Pet Livestock.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] NEW ORLEANS, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Rains of cloudburst proportions falling in the Mississippi River country late today and winds of high velocity caused a series of reports of broken levees. Most of these proved erroneous, but at several dangerous points it was admitted that the fight was practically hopeless. In Baton Rouge the high winds washed a considerable amount of water over the top of the dyke there, but men battled heroically with the elements and word was sent to New Orleans that the dam around the capital still holds. Engineer T. D. Wardill of the United States army, reported that Gardere, ten miles south of Baton Rouge, probably could not last through the night. The people of that section were warned to flee and lose no time in the going.

During the early part of the night the terrific storm put most of the levees and shortly after of grave doubt whether or not all the levees held. If they are standing tomorrow morning, it is admitted they probably will be in five minutes, streets were flooded to a depth of two feet, lights went out and cars stopped running. In half an hour the river gauge jumped from 21.2 to 23 feet, half a foot above the highest predicted stage and a foot and a half higher than it ever has before.

GLOOMY DAY.

Another very gloomy feature of the day's developments was the break at Vidalia. That place is just opposite Natchez, Miss., and was considered comparatively safe. It has a population of nearly 2000. Back waters from the Atchafalaya crevasse undermined the protection levee guarding the town and shortly after the actual breach was reported a section of the protection levee fifty feet wide went out. The town was almost the only place in Concordia parish not flooded and quick work was needed to get the people out. Water in Vidalia tonight at no place reached in depth of more than five feet, however. Water has been seeping over the main levee and fears are entertained that the great mud wall in

JUDGE IN BUSINESS.

Witness Tells of a Really Deal.

Archbald as "Silent Party" in Negotiations With the Erie Railway.

Commerce Court Official Is Under Investigation by House Committee.

Williams Tells Why He Enlisted the Aid of Jurist to Promote Enterprise.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON, May 10.—Edwin J. Williams of Scranton, Pa., chief witness against Judge Archbald, Robert W. Archbald of the Commerce Court, virtually denied today before the House Judiciary Committee some of the testimony he had given against the judge on Wednesday.

Williams was a partner with Judge Archbald in negotiations for buying a culm bank from the Erie railroad to sell at a profit of \$12,000 to the Lackawanna and Wyoming Railroad. The judge at that time had the Erie's so-called lightering cases in his court.

A. S. Worthington, counsel for the accused jurist, undertook the re-direct examination of Williams, and called his attention to the copy of an assignment of the culm bank property that he was alleged to have made to W. P. Boland and a "silent partner."

Previously Williams had admitted having made such an assignment before he procured options on the Erie culm banks, and had explained that the "silent partner" was Judge Archbald. Today, however, upon reading a copy of the assignment, Williams said it was not the paper he had signed. He admitted that the signature attached was his, but repudiated its contents.

This admission led Attorney Worthington to ask the witness if he ever drank. He said he did and admitted it was possible he might have signed the papers that he could not now recall.

REPUUDIATES THE LETTER.

Williams repudiated the letter introduced in evidence Wednesday, in which he related having told W. P. Boland that if he had discounted on Judge Archbald's notes, a case, he had before that jurist, which was decided against him, might have resulted differently. The witness admitted having said something like that to Boland, but he denied that the language used in the letter in evidence, signed by him, ever came from his lips.

It also developed on cross-examination that Judge Archbald paid Williams's fare from Scranton to Washington that the latter might resist to the subpoena from the Judiciary Committee to appear before it.

The committee may start its examination of an alleged transaction between James R. Dainty, Judge Archbald and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. It involved the Eberhart Coal property.

Williams was asked if he and Dainty did not regard Judge Archbald as the real negotiator for the lease of the Eberhart property by the Lehigh Valley.

WILLIAMS'S TESTIMONY.

"I thought Judge Archbald might be able to swing it," replied Williams. "I thought he could try it anyhow."

"What part did the judge have in that transaction?"

"Nothing, except to ask the Lehigh Valley if they would pay the price asked for the lease."

"Is it not a fact that the Lehigh Valley road, after Judge Archbald came into the matter, was willing to pay more for the lease than they were before?"

"I do not know. I never heard any more about it."

"Was Judge Archbald to receive

THE NEWS IN THE TIMES THIS MORNING.

CONDENSED AND CLASSIFIED.

REBELS: TITLES - PAGES - PARTS

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ANGELINO MAY BE CALLED.

Rev. Arthur S. Phelps of Central Baptist Church Is Delivering Lectures in Kansas City.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] KANSAS CITY (Mo.) May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Rev. Arthur S. Phelps gave an illustrated lecture on "A Trip Through the Holy Land," at the First Baptist Church tonight. Dr. Phelps is pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Los Angeles. He will spend three weeks in Kansas City, speaking to several congregations and societies here. He is a Yale graduate with three degrees. William Lyon Phelps, his brother, is professor of English at Yale.

The First Baptist Church has not had a pastor since last September and may ask Dr. Phelps to become its pastor.

BRANDT LOSES HIS CASE.

Schiff's Former Valet Is Ordered Sent Back to Dannemora Prison by Court Decision.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] NEW YORK, May 10.—Folke E. Brandt, former valet to Mortimer L. Schiff, was ordered sent back to Dannemora prison by the appellate division of the Supreme Court today. The court was unanimous in dismissing the writ of habeas corpus granted by Justice Girard to Brandt, who had served five years of a thirty year sentence for burglary in the first degree.

STORMS ASSAIL PORTIONS OF THREE CENTRAL STATES.

KANSAS CITY, May 10.—A heavy rain storm which did damage of nearly \$75,000, visited Western Missouri and Kansas as far west as the town of St. Joseph. In New county the rain amounted to almost a cloud-burst.

In Eastern Kansas, Parsons reported that streets were flooded and that a high wind had done damage amounting to more than \$50,000. One man was reported killed south of Parsons. The storm struck Kansas City shortly after dark and for two hours the downpour continued. At Joplin many small buildings were damaged.

DES MOINES SUFFERS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] DES MOINES (Iowa) May 10.—Des Moines was visited by a severe rain and electrical storm tonight which caused damage running well into the thousands. Lightning struck the five-story warehouse of the Davidson Furniture Company and the flames threatened to get beyond control. Hundreds of basements in the downtown districts were flooded during the downpour.

MADE STREET
company in MALDEN
SEVEN
SISTERS
and THURS. 25c and 50c

THE
VIRGINIAN
Best selling NOW.

THEATER—Near 8th St.
NOW NIGHT—Giles and Muriel
MERELY
MARY ANN
10c to 15c

Green
Stockings
on Wednesday Mat. 5c to 15c

FACTS:
Took Three Years
Taken in Spain
Captured by
America. 25c per
seat in cast. 1st
ballet. 2nd
to man. 3rd
to woman. 4th
to child. 5th
to dog. 6th
to cat. 7th
to bird. 8th
to fish. 9th
to insect. 10th
to plant. 11th
to mineral. 12th
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to stone. 14th
to wood. 15th
to earth. 16th
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to fire. 18th
to water. 19th
to light. 20th
to sound. 21st
to heat. 22nd
to cold. 23rd
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to cool. 27th
to fast. 28th
to slow. 29th
to quick. 30th
to hard. 31st
to soft. 32nd
to strong. 33rd
to weak. 34th
to rich. 35th
to poor. 36th
to healthy. 37th
to sick. 38th
to young. 39th
to old. 40th
to male. 41st
to female. 42nd
to single. 43rd
to married. 44th
to free. 45th
to slave. 46th
to master. 47th
to servant. 48th
to lord. 49th
to peasant. 50th
to king. 51st
to queen. 52nd
to prince. 53rd
to princess. 54th
to duke. 55th
to duchess. 56th
to count. 57th
to countess. 58th
to baron. 59th
to baroness. 60th
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to gentleman. 99th
to lady. 100th
to gentleman.

CLER
No one seated

PROSMAN
ING

Day at 2:30
night and
morrow Night
Walker

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7th—
Standard of Value
Phone 1215; Main 111

USE ME
MATTRESS DAILY
MONDAY AND FRIDAY

San Gabriel
PLAY

OSTRICH
FARM

PLAY

PLAY

PLAY

PLAY

PLAY

Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

What Themselves Out.

THOUSANDS ARE DISFRANCHISED.

Withhold Party Affiliations Upon Registering.

Unable to Vote at Primaries as a Consequence.

San Francisco Republicans Have Large Majority.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Nearly 20,000 people of San Francisco, according to the registrar's head statistician, have disfranchised themselves at the primaries by declining to give party affiliations. The total registration for the election is 115,490. Of these 88,653 are Republicans and 26,837 Democrats. The balance of 29,640 being either labor unionists, Socialists, Progressives or "decliners."

Decliners. Zerkow said today: "Almost all the women registered are from the districts where the wealthiest homes are situated, as in the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-third. From the restricted districts in the city, where the people are poorer or more moderate circumstances live, the registration is only 1117."

There are women who came here to register in cars and automobiles. Some were brought, of course, by club women. But there was a very large proportion of women who came in private autos and carriages. The rich women are turning out heavily, but the workingmen's wife seems so far from neglecting her opportunity.

There are now four men registered in this city to every one woman. On the other hand, the registration here January has been heavier for women than men, and women, if they were to vote, would undoubtedly vote in greater numbers. We must admit the men had the start. They had over 100,000 men on the rolls January 1 and only 314 women.

TO NEAR CORPORATIONS. TAX CASES TO BE GONE OVER. (BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SACRAMENTO, May 10.—The State Board of Equalization will give during next week to representatives of several kinds of corporations which are protesting against the assessments made by the State on the corporations under the new law. The law requires that the corporations appear in the week to threaten out the assessments between the corporations and the City Assessor.

THE HEARING OF THE BANKERS IS TO determine the question of whether the banks are to be assessed for the part of the undivided profits.

BAD DOGS BITE CHILDREN. LITTLE ONES ARE VICTIMS. (BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SACRAMENTO, May 10.—That little ones are unable to protect themselves from the majority of vicious dogs, was the subject of a meeting today by Dr. W. F. Snow, in proof of the assertion he has made from several places around the city. Dr. Snow, who is a veterinarian, showed that three and four dogs, who were bitten by the dogs, were children.

One dog, after having bitten a child, was proven to have had rabies in its advanced stage, attacked and killed in five children.

Another child dog, recently killed, was shown to have rabies in its blood.

FIRST INFANTRY SAILS. LAKE STATION IN HAWAII. (BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.) PORTLAND (Or.), May 10.—The first Infantry, United States Infantry, under command of Col. George K. McGinnis, has sailed today for Hawaii. The ship, the USS Albatross, is the first of the new type of transport ship to be sent to Hawaii. The ship is the first of the new type of transport ship to be sent to Hawaii.

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In addition to these honors Mr. Whitehouse was an honorary member of the Masonic Veterans' Association of the Pacific Coast. He assisted in organizing Al Kader Temple of the Mystic Shrine in Portland.

LIFE SAVERS' FEAT. SWIM IN ROUGH SEA. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) BAY OCEAN (Or.) May 10.—Capt. Farley and seven members of the crew of the Garibaldi life boat abandoned their boat at the entrance to Tillamook Bay today and swam half a mile to shore through a heavy sea. The men had been attempting to reach the scene of the wreck of the schooner "Youghie" which was grounded last week. They reached shore only after a desperate struggle in which all were exhausted.

HERB DOCTOR KILLED. SAN JOSE MURDER MYSTERY. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN JOSE (Cal.) May 10.—Considerable mystery surrounds the killing of Dr. Lee Wal, a local herb doctor, in this city yesterday, a story having become current that the doctor was shot by a white man and that two white girls were mixed in the affair, having lived with the Chinese doctor and his partner. Two or three days before the shooting two young girls were arrested by the probation officer. One of them confessed to the killing of the doctor's partner and she was sent to White by the Juvenile Court.

PRINCESS MAY BURN INCENSE. Member of Italian Royalty Obscure Smoking From Losing Cigarette Case at Santa Barbara. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SANTA BARBARA, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] When Princess Marie Rospigliosi of Rome, who is touring the coast, came to Santa Barbara two weeks ago, she had the misfortune to lose her jeweled cigarette and match boxes. "They were fastened to a solid gold chain to which I was wearing a link," said the princess, "and until I find it, I can not smoke, for that would be tempting fate."

The princess, who now is in San Francisco, can continue her tour for the articles were found today. They are valued at \$100 and are the best specimens of such work ever seen here.

FORESTERS' CONVENTION. The Foresters of America of California tonight concluded their annual convention with a grand ball at the Hotel. This afternoon they accepted Marysville as the city for next year's convention. The following officers: Grand Chief Ranger, James G. Quinn, Oakland; Grand Sub-Chief Ranger, William Klingner, San Francisco; Grand Treasurer, Frank Conklin, San Francisco; Grand Secretary, James B. Rebell, Oakland; Grand Recording Secretary, Ernest P. Miers, San Francisco; Grand Senior Woodward, G. B. Sheehy, Watsonville; Grand Junior Woodward, Milton Davis, Los Angeles; Grand Senior Beadle, A. J. Cronin, Santa Clara; Grand Junior Beadle, W. A. Clark, San Francisco; Grand Trustee, Joseph Licht, San Francisco; E. C. Sewell, San Francisco; B. W. W. Bayless, Oakland; E. Lutz, Bakerfield; David Koehler, Los Angeles; E. E. Samuels, Petaluma, and J. N. Kalk, Stockton.

Early this afternoon the officers were installed. Leo Kauffman acting as installer officer.

STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY. Stricken with apoplexy, B. Chandler Howard, former president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, died here tonight. He is survived by his wife, who was at his bedside, and two daughters, who are in Yokohama. The remains will be taken to San Mateo for burial. Howard was 64 years old and very wealthy. He lived for years in San Mateo, being prominent socially in that place.

CLASH IN NEW JERSEY. Two Policemen and Several Strikers Wounded in a Battle Fought in Newark. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) NEWARK (N. J.) May 10.—Two policemen and several strikers were wounded tonight in a clash. Several of the laborers also sustained injuries. One policeman named Cran was shot in the abdomen.

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PARAGUAY REBELS BEATEN. ASUNCION (Paraguay) May 10.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] A force of government troops today defeated a large revolutionary army under the leadership of the former President of the republic, Col. Alvaro Jara, in the neighborhood of the Tibicuary. The government troops were commanded by the Minister of War and started from here April 5 to meet the rebels. The rebels were engaged in fighting a carnation, about 170 miles to the southeast of the capital.

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Foreign Consuls Warned at Tientsin and Japanese Outposts Are on Lookout for Break. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) TIEN-TSIN (China) May 10.—The police have given warning to the foreign consuls here that they expect a mutiny among troops stationed at Han Chia Shu, seven miles west, who are dissatisfied because their pay is arrears.

Precautions have been taken by the authorities to deprive the Chinese troops of artillery and the Japanese outposts will give ample warning should the Chinese troops make toward Tien-tsin.

All the foreign troops in garrison here have been prepared for any emergency and the Chinese troops will not be permitted to approach nearer than the seven-mile limit.

They will be repulsed by the foreign soldiers in case they dare nearer.

THE TEXAS SITUATION. Under the State Law the Party Conventions May Either Reject or Ratify the District Delegates. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) DALLAS (Tex.) May 10.—Under Texas law and political party usage, the Democratic State convention at Houston, and Republican convention at Ft. Worth, both on May 28, may claim the power to reject or ratify district delegates, thirty-two of whom are yet to be elected by each party, in addition to the eight delegates chosen by the State conventions.

On the face of the returns from county conventions the delegates from Tarrant county returned to show a rule identical with delegates to district conventions. It will be impossible for Wilson's opponents to get strength among district delegates to Baltimore from this State.

The Republican result remains in doubt, as the returns do not show a majority for either Taft or Roosevelt.

Returns up to today show: Democrats—large majority. State convention majority, fifty to sixty votes; twelve districts assured to Wilson, one to Hargmon, one for Clark, one for Hargmon, one divided by county (eight), because the State convention meets at Houston.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Little's Seamy Side.

PRISONER SICK AND DEJECTED.

Stockton Man Goes Through Chicago With Officers.

En Route East to Be Tried for Alleged Murder.

Said to Be Planning Insanity at His Defense.

NEW YORK, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Broken in health and a pitiful shadow of his former self, William A. Dorr, dashing stockman and social favorite of Chicago, Cal., passed through Chicago today in the custody of two detectives, and under care of a trained nurse, on his way to Boston to stand trial for the murder of George E. Marshall, the millionaire soap manufacturer of Lynn, Mass., whose death was an absorbing mystery for several days.

There is no doubt Dorr is very ill, although some of his weakness may be feigned. When interviewed he refused to get a statement from him, and he was refused to talk. Following his arrest in Stockton, Cal., and had to be taken to a hospital. Miss Florence Thomas, a trained nurse, accompanied the man in planning to establish a defense of insanity, according to physicians in the West, and Police Inspector William H. Kane and Stacey E. Burke of Lynn, who have him in custody.

Dorr is said to have been the victim of the alleged crime of Dorr. George E. Marshall, on the death of the stockman, James Marshall, left a large estate of \$100,000, left by the latter to an adopted daughter, George Marshall. This sum was to pass to the woman only upon the death of George Marshall. Dorr is a nephew of the woman who also lives in Chicago.

Mr. Marshall Dorr sold his motor car in Chicago, took \$1200, and made out of the sale, and there he spent much of his time with Marshall.

On April 11 the body of Marshall was found with seven bullets in it on the boulevard, near the Narrows Railroad Depot, just outside of Chicago. It was learned that Dorr had been the victim of an automobile ride. A day later Dorr disappeared from Lynn.

NEAR SUGAR CASE.

Members Appointed by Circuit Court of Appeals to Take Testimony in Division Suit.

NEW YORK, May 10.—Judges Latham, Cox, Ward and Noyes of the Circuit Court of Appeals today appointed William R. Brice, a New York lawyer, as special examiner to take testimony in the government's suit to shut the American Sugar Refining Company. The taking of testimony will begin Monday next.

The suit was filed some time ago, but was held up pending the settlement of the criminal cases against the E. Parsons and other directors and officers of the sugar company. The trial resulted in a disagreement, and the fact that the dissolution suit is now being pressed is taken to indicate that another trial of the criminal case is not contemplated for the present at least.

DRIVE BABY FROM ENGINE.

Person Driven Head First from the Wheel and Rolls Down Bank With Child in His Arms.

CHATTANOOGA, Ga., May 10.—Lockett, freeman on the Georgia railroad, plunged head first from the engine of a moving train near here yesterday and saved the life of a baby girl. The child, who is the five-year-old daughter of John Lockett of this place, was seen on the track by Engineer Adair. Lockett, comprehending that the engine could not be stopped in time, threw the running board, dived from the train and rolled off the track with the child in his arms.

TEACHES.

Students Check for Nearly Two Millions, but Keeps Position in School for Girls.

NEW YORK, May 10.—Although Latham, Lockett, received a check for \$1,940,588.12, the New York State Board of Education, which is in charge of the school for girls, has refused to accept the check. Miss Charlotte B. Baker has been appointed to give up her position as principal of the school for girls, and is now on her way to the school and has no reason on earth for changing her mode of life, she says.

NEW CANNIBALS.

Steamer Taken on Petroleum and Dynamite for Trip to India.

NEW YORK, May 10.—With many barrels of crude petroleum and dynamite, the British steamer Ewa took on 1600 pounds of dynamite in Cebu, Luzon. The Ewa is bound for Manila, and is expected to arrive in New York in a few days. The Ewa is given a wide berth by the coast guard.

NEW "MAD" REGISTER.

Commissioners Plan to Keep Track of Immigrant Characters and Their Influence in Country.

CHICAGO, May 10.—Registration of immigrants in many cities is being undertaken by the Federal government as part of a country-wide plan to keep the "white-slave" trade out of the country. The plan was approved by the Immigration Commission, which arrived in Chicago yesterday.

LITTERS PIER WITH JEWELS.

Copper Magnate's Wife Leaves Them and Rushes Home to Baby.

NEW YORK, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Dropping her jewel case, which scattered \$100,000 worth of diamonds and pearls on the Hamburg-American line pier today, Mrs. F. Augustus Heinze, wife of the copper magnate, disdained to stop long enough to pick them up, leaving that task to her mother and a year-old daughter, while she rushed to her home to see the two teeth her 8-months-old baby had cut while the mother was away. Mrs. Heinze was quite unruffled by the smashing of the jewel box, saying she hit the wheel at a Madeira gaming palace and had won \$4000.

records in all cities of more than 40,000 population and by co-operation with the police keep a close record of the movement of this class from one city to another.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIES GROW.

Department of Finance Analyzes Exports and Imports of Empire for Last Thirty Years.

TOKIO, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Inasmuch as some Japanese publicists consider that the continued excess of imports is a matter of grave concern to the country, the Department of Finance instituted careful comparisons of the foreign-trade statistics for thirty years back. It was found that the exports of manufactured goods had increased largely and that those of raw materials had decreased slightly.

On the other hand, while the imports of fully-manufactured goods had decreased considerably, the imports of raw materials had increased tremendously. This state of affairs, the department concludes, indicates a healthy growth on the part of domestic industries.

Episcopal.

TO DANCE OR NOT TO DANCE.

METHODISTS WRESTLE WITH THE ISSUE.

Two Reports on the Subject Are the Basis of a Debate that Leaves the Matter Unsettled.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks Addresses the Meeting.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 10.—Paragraph No. 206 of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal church is undecided whether or not dancing, card-playing and kindred amusements are to be left only to the "conscience of the members of the church" or remain a contention in the committee. For three hours today members of the committee battled over the question, favoring the report of the subcommittee which favored the striking out of that portion of the discipline.

Immediately after the presentation of the majority report, the minority sub-committee presented a report opposing the adoption of the resolution, and it was this measure that was before the entire committee when a motion for adjournment until Monday was adopted.

Dr. Leander W. Munhall of Philadelphia, administered reproach to the college of bishops of the church, when he said in opposing the striking out of the sections that "the bishops duties are such that they cannot give full consideration to the spiritual affairs of the church, and their judgment in this case is for the best."

At the night session, which was given over to the report of the board of education of the church, addresses were made by Charles W. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, and Bishop W. F. Anderson.

Amid enthusiastic Mr. Fairbanks was introduced by Bishop Luther B. Wilson as the former President of the Senate, former Vice-President of the United States, but whether in the United States or in Italy, a Methodist.

In the last week the Episcopacy Committee, which practically decides the high elective positions of the church, in that it names the number of bishops to be chosen, has been holding executive sessions. At a meeting Wednesday night which lasted only a few, while the insurgent urged the retirement of a large number.

At an unannounced meeting held yesterday, it is said, practically it was decided that but one bishop should be retired and that only four had been elected and one of these may be a missionary bishop. There are approximately 200 candidates for bishop. Four bishops have declined the conference at Baltimore, and if his plan is followed, the church will have one less bishop than four years ago.

MOFFAT ROAD INVOLVED.

Court at Denver Renders Judgment Against Line for Two Millions in Favor of Holding Concern.

DENVER, May 10.—Judgment against the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railroad (the Moffat road), for \$2,340,588.12 was entered in the District Court here this afternoon in favor of W. W. Watson, receiver for the Denver Railway Securities Company, the holding company of the railroad. The amount of the judgment includes money advanced in interest on the \$4,000,000 secured from Hallgarten & Company of New York, and \$600,000 of the principal of the loan paid by the holding company.

Wholesale Hay.

Cartload lots. E. R. LONG, Baker.

WOULD ARREST BERLIN POLICE.

SOCIALISTS, SUPPRESSED, START AN AGITATION.

Dragged from Their Seats in the Prussian Diet for Obstructing the Oratory of Others They Babble of the Revolution of One Hundred Years Ago.

BERLIN, May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The riotous scene in the Prussian Diet yesterday, when two Socialist members were forcibly dragged from their seats on the order of the president of the Chamber have precipitated an agitation which promises to rival in violence, that attending the recent franchise reform demonstration. The feeling among the Socialists and progressives has been wrought to a high pitch.

"Vorwaerts" today compares the incident with the revolutionary proceedings in 1818, when Parliament was dispersed by troops. Even in certain liberal circles, the president's action is condemned as a breach of law and an unwarrantable effort to shut out duly elected representatives of the people, from participation in the government. The Socialists were nominally expelled for interrupting other speakers, but this, it is pointed out, is a practice common to all parties.

One almost certain result, will be the revival of a violent agitation for the reform of the election law. The Socialists, who have issued a call for numerous mass meetings in Berlin, declare that they will institute criminal proceedings against the police and the president of the Diet.

HAVANA PORT IS TIED UP.

Striking Dock Laborers Return to Work for a Time but Walk Out Again Later in Day.

HAVANA, May 10.—The stevedores, lightermen and coal handlers, who resumed work today, struck again later, and the traffic of the port once again was completely paralyzed. The longshoremen and lightermen signed an agreement last evening, but the objections of the Firemen's Union caused them to walk out again.

Agents of the American Steamship lines are conferring as to whether, under order from their home offices, in event of the continuance of the strike, all American vessels, except the Key West mailboat, shall be withdrawn from Cuban waters until the strike is over.

It is hoped that this action, together with pressure brought to bear upon the Cuban government, by reason of the suspension of the customs duties, will compel the government to make drastic action for the settlement of the strike.

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ESTIMATES ON TAFT MARGINS.

Assured Big Majority in California, Say Leaders.

One Forecast Places It High as Fifty Thousand.

"Roosevelt Did Nothing for Pure Food"—Dr. Wiley.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
SAN FRANCISCO, May 10.—As the Presidential preference campaign nears its close the claims of the leaders grow more confident. Taft headquarters issued a statement tonight that the President would carry the State by between 35,000 and 50,000 majority. Roosevelt headquarters, on the contrary, found that "the California situation could not be more promising," and predicted that the colonial would be nominated at Chicago on the first ballot. La Follette's managers made no estimate, but made public a letter by Dr. Wiley, the pure food expert, denying Roosevelt had aided the pure food movement to any extent.

Dr. Wiley's letter, dated Washington, May 2, and written in reply to questions addressed to him by Mrs. L. C. Daniels Thompson, is in part as follows:

"Mr. Roosevelt may have given assistance in the passage of the pure food bill, but not to my knowledge. He never consulted me about it, as far as I know, never mentioned it but once in a message, and then only in a perfunctory way. I am certain he had nothing to do with its preparation, as I was present with the committee when the final draft of the bill was perfected, and was with the committee in all the years that the pure food bill was considered. "I do not know the inside history of the appointment of the Remsen referee board. I have been told that it was begun by direction of President Roosevelt. The appointment of this board came near paralyzing the whole law, and knocked a hole in it so big that it has never yet been stopped, and will not be as long as the Remsen board exists. The appointment of the Remsen board was solely in the interest of the worst kind of manufacturers."

(Signed) "H. W. WILEY."

The prediction that the bill, purports to be made on the strength of the colonial's own forecast.

SOCIALISTS FAVOR DEBS.

Indications are That He Will Be Their Nominee for President if He Will Accept.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
INDIANAPOLIS, May 10.—Eugene V. Debs will again be nominated for President in the opinion of Socialist leaders, who gathered here today to prepare for the next national convention, which opens here Sunday. Others mentioned for the head of the ticket, if Debs should decline, were Emil Seidel of Milwaukee; John H. Parnis of Los Angeles; Max Hayes, Cleveland; Duncan McDonald, Springfield, Ill.; and Charles Edward Russell of New York.

Congressman Victor L. Berger, who presided over a meeting of the executive committee today, and Mrs. Berger were chairman of a conference of the Women's National Committee, which considered measures to be presented to the convention. A resolution to offer a woman as candidate for nomination for Vice-President was voted down. Extension of the Socialist campaign among women in equal suffrage States was advocated.

William D. Haywood urged the executive committee to call for volunteers to support the Socialist cause in San Diego. Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World alike, were being attacked by employers' organizations there, he said.

TAFT MEN TURN TABLES.

Republicans of County in Michigan Reverse Themselves on Roosevelt for Second Convention.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

GRAND RAPIDS (Mich.) May 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Results of the second Kent county Republican convention held here show a complete reversal of political sentiment within the past four weeks. Shortly before the Republican State Convention the Republicans held a county convention, in which the Roosevelt forces were easily victorious. They were so jubilant that they absolutely forgot to elect delegates to the district convention. This second convention held here shows a complete reversal of political sentiment within the past four weeks.

With Kent county in line for Taft the completion of the Fifth District convention, which will be held here May 15, will be changed, and two district delegates to the Chicago convention, which have been conceded to Roosevelt, will go to Taft. The county convention will be held next Tuesday.

This is the first test of the trend of Republican sentiment since the State convention, and the outcome is attributed to the attacks of Col. Roosevelt upon President Taft and to the vigorous tactics of the Roosevelt men at the State convention. The Third District delegates to be elected May 15 are conceded to Roosevelt, making the Michigan delegation to Chicago stand: Taft, 22; Roosevelt, 8.

JOHNSON DENOUNCED.

CALLED A DESETER.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
STOCKTON, May 10.—William E. Smythe, who is following in the wake of Gov. Johnson in the interest of La Follette, addressed a large audience here tonight. Denouncing Gov. Johnson for his desertion of the Wisconsin Senator, Mr. Smythe declared Johnson started East with good intentions, but could not resist getting into the Roosevelt bandwagon when he saw the game that was cooked up in New York. "Gov. Johnson got into the hands of some political sure thing men and they handed him a gold brick made of steel and he was trying to get rid of it by passing it off on the people," declared the speaker.

Finds New Vocation for Women.



Miss Dorothy Schunk,

A Berkeley lawyer who is making a specialty of defending in the San Francisco police court female culprits whose cases she says can be better handled by a woman than a man.

WHITE HOUSE STIRRED.

(Continued from First Page.)

Copper crowd in Montana; and in your own State they include Mr. Smith and Mr. Tawney. The fight is a nation-wide fight of the plain people against the trusts. There is just one candidate whom I propose to nominate against the bosses, and that is myself. Every vote for every other candidate from now on is in reality a vote for Mr. Taft. The fight is against the bosses in Montana as it is everywhere else. A vote for Mr. Taft is a vote for the bosses; it is a vote for Lorimer, for Penrose, for Guggenheim, for Gallinger, and for all the rest of them; and it is a vote for these men whether it is in Montana or in Massachusetts, or in Ohio, or New Jersey or California.

"I became a candidate only when I became convinced that no other progressive candidate could by any possibility be nominated against Mr. Taft. The contest has gone so far as to make it now evident that I certainly can be nominated against Mr. Taft and that either I shall be nominated, or else a reactionary will be nominated.

"It is evident that not only every progressive Republican, but every man who believes in decency and honesty in politics, who is in earnest for rule and for the genuine rule of the people and is for the elimination of special privilege and for efficient government as secure social and industrial justice, can achieve his purpose only by supporting my candidacy.

"My personal interest is of no concern one way or the other, but it happens that at this time I typify and embody the cause which I am fighting."

(Signed) "THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Most Famous Office Boy in the World.

There is in the May American Magazine an interesting article about the most famous office boy in the world. In the office of the Chicago Tribune he has been an universal encyclopedia, directory and autocrat for eighteen years. He is also something of a phrase-maker. His name is James A. Durkin. Of course, he is called Jim. Following is an extract from the story of Jim:

"Jim," says the city editor, "what is Blank's telephone number?"—referring to some city official, past or present. Jim never stirs from his chair, just chimes out the number and goes on stroking his hair and chewing gum, musically.

JUDGE IN BUSINESS.

(Continued from First Page.)

any portion of the profits from the probable sale of this land."

Williams testified that he knew Thomas Darling, a lawyer for the Lehigh Valley.

Chairman Clayton then read a photograph of a letter which introduced Williams to Darling. It stated that Mr. Williams was trying to get hold of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Williams said he had introduced Darling to Judge Archibald four or five months ago.

The witness said Darling told him the Lehigh Valley Railroad didn't give him the judge a half interest before he got the option.

"No, not until after I got the option."

"Did you know the judge knew Darling?"

"Oh, yes, Darling tried many cases before Judge Archibald. He tried cases before him when Mr. Archibald was county judge."

The witness said he asked for the letter to Darling and that the jurist had no other interest in the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Nothing came of the transaction.

"Why did not you offer Judge Archibald an interest in this deal?"

"I did not know yet whether I could get the property."

"Well, when you sought the option from the Lehigh Valley Railroad didn't you give the judge a half interest before you got the option?"

"No, not until after I got the option."

"DID YOU KNOW AN INTEREST."

"Did you intend to give the judge an interest in the Darling property if you got it?"

"That property did not belong to any corporation, but I did intend to give the judge an interest in it if I got it."

Mr. Williams was asked by Chairman Clayton whether on Wednesday he had said that Judge Archibald had offered to give him a half interest in the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Williams said he had offered to sell the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Judge Archibald for \$4500 for an option on the same property.

"Did Robertson tell you when this offer was made?"

"Yes, but I don't remember when."

Asked if the Lehigh Valley Railroad had increased in value, Williams said it depended on the amount of coal in such deposits. Whether the Lehigh Valley was worth more today than it was six months ago, Williams could not say.

The chairman asked Williams why

Capt. May of the Erie had refused to give an option to him when he first approached him if the Lehigh Valley was on the market. Williams said he had no idea.

"Why was it necessary for you to get a letter from Judge Archibald before you would give him the option?" asked the chairman.

"Well, I thought it wouldn't hurt me to have a letter from the judge. Judge Archibald and Capt. May were well acquainted."

"You knew Judge Archibald was a Federal Judge at the time, and handled railroad regulation in his court, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Mr. May was a railroad man and a corporation man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, you thought these circumstances would have an influence in getting the option of the Lehigh Valley from the Erie?"

"Yes, I thought so," Williams replied.

"Isn't it a fact that May declined to consummate the transaction, Williams testified that the Department of Justice was investigating the transaction?"

"I don't know."

"When did you first learn of the investigation?"

"I was called to Washington last February."

"Did you tell Judge Archibald that you were called to Washington by the Attorney-General in this matter?"

"Yes."

"Did you and Judge Archibald discuss why the deal had not been consummated?"

"Yes, we talked about it."

DEAL HALTED.

"Wasn't that deal halted on account of the investigation and didn't you and the judge talk about that?"

"I don't remember all that was said, but I remember the judge said it would be better not to try to sell the Lehigh Valley."

"The decision not to sell then was after you learned the Department of Justice was investigating the transaction?"

"Yes, we decided that about three weeks ago."

After Capt. May had refused to consummate the transaction, Williams said, he told Judge Archibald about it.

May previously had agreed to make out a deed to the property and he declined to carry out the agreement after the government had begun an inquiry.

The chairman referred to previous testimony relating to Judge Archibald's visit to General Counsel and Vice-President of the Erie Railroad after Capt. May's first refusal to give an option to the Lehigh Valley.

The chairman read from a statement by Williams to Asst. Atty.-Gen. Brown before a notary several weeks ago. There Williams was quoted as saying:

"When I went to Judge Archibald and told him that I had refused to give the option, Judge Archibald got very much excited and said:

"I'll go and see Brownell. I'm well acquainted with him and I might hurt him for refusing to give such a small thing."

"Did he say that statement, Williams, said he had."

"Did Judge Archibald say anything else?" the chairman asked.

"Well, he talked about the lighter case that was before the court."

"Did the judge tell you about more than one case?"

"He talked about cases that were before him. He had two briefs on his desk. I picked up the briefs myself while we were talking and he told me one of them was the lighter case."

"He talked through those influences he was negotiating to sell the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Mr. Conn of the Lehigh Valley."

"The judge talked to Conn before I did," the witness stated.

"The Lehigh Valley property was gone into by the committee. Williams admitted he had figured the Lehigh Valley bank could be sold for \$40,000."

"At whose instance did you first come to Washington to discuss this case?"

"William P. Boland," said Williams.

"Who paid your expenses on that trip?"

"Boland did."

Asked if he knew anything about a transaction in which James R. Dainty, Judge Archibald and the Lehigh Valley Railroad were interested.

Williams said he had introduced Dainty to Judge Archibald four or five months ago.

The witness said Dainty told him the Lehigh Valley Railroad didn't give him the judge a half interest before he got the option.

"Did not you say to Dainty: 'I'll tell you who can fix that deal all right?'"

"Yes, I think I told him that."

"And after you told him that you took Dainty to Judge Archibald?"

"Yes."

"What made you think Judge Archibald could help him?"

"It wasn't his position as judge at all. I knew he was well acquainted with all the parties interested. That was all."

WASHINGTON, May 10.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] President Taft today sent a message to Congress asking for authority to appoint a commission to recommend revision of the patent laws to meet modern conditions and provide a way to meet the recent patent monopoly decision of the Supreme Court.

You cannot afford to do without it—you will tone up your whole system by taking, in the morning,

Hunyadi Janos Water

Natural Laxative
Quickly Relieves
CONSTIPATION

Bladder and
Kidney Diseases

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY THAT
QUICKLY CURES WITH-
OUT DRUGS.

We Prove It To You Free.

J. C. Woodward, Sawtelle, Cal.

As I have taken a course of treatment at the Hunyadi Institute, 946 South Broadway, for prostate, bladder and urinary troubles, which I have been suffering from for more than two years, I can cheerfully recommend all sufferers to go and take the medicine that cured me. I am 78 years old and feel as well and strong as any man could expect at my age."

We have on hand hundreds of testimonials similar to the above. If you are afflicted and interested, you are invited to call and investigate.

Our treatment is applied directly to the neck of the bladder and prostate gland. This treatment is mild, soothing, healing and has immediate effect. Some cases are cured with one or two treatments—there is no shock, no pain, no harm from this treatment is guaranteed to be permanent.

Consultation, Examination and Advice Free and Invited. Call or Write.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 to 9 o'clock; Sunday 9 a. m. to 12 m. Phone 2118.

Therapeutic Institute

Ground Floor, 946 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SHOWING COURSE
OF STEEL PRICES.

WITNESS DESCRIBES RANGE OF
LAST FOURTEEN YEARS.

Fluctuations Were Marked Until
About Time Corporation Organized
and Since Then They Have Not
Varied—Government Contends the
Present Price Is Agreed Upon.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
NEW YORK, May 10.—It was expected that government counsel, in the suit to dissolve the United States Steel Corporation, would place witnesses on the stand today to prove the evidence lost to the government's case by the destruction of the papers in the Jackson wire pool prosecutions.

The evidence tends to show the American Steel and Wire Company's participation in the Jackson pool, and includes, it is stated, alleged letters indicating that James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation and formerly president of the United States Steel Corporation, was a member of the pool.

Testimony was given today to show the course of the prices of wire products, steel rails, steel beams, tin plate, etc., before and after the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in April, 1901.

A. I. Findlay, editor of an iron and steel trade paper, was called to testify as to the range of prices from 1898 to 1901.

Steel rails, for instance, he said, in November, 1898, were \$16.50 a ton; in November, 1899, \$35; in September, 1900, \$24; in December, 1901, \$25; since which date they have not varied. The price of steel rails, the government contends, was permanently fixed at \$25 by agreement among manufacturers at the time the steel corporation was formed.

On cross-examination counsel for the defense brought out that in the last few years steel prices had declined and as a general rule were lower now than when the corporation was formed.

Judge Dickinson then called Frank J. Newbury of John A. Roebling's Sons Company, who represented his company in the rubber-covered wire, the lead-encased rubber cable, and weather-proof and magnet wire associations.

Price-fixing allotments of business among the members guarantee funds and penalties for violations of rules were all features of the operation of these pools, the witness testified.

After Newbury was excused the hearing was adjourned until Monday.

Lest You Forget

Only
4 Days Left

May 15th, 1912
the stock of

F. H. Redpath Company

"Builders of Beautiful Homes"
Will Advance from \$1.00 (par value) to \$1.25 a Share
Buy Before the Raise and Make

25% on Your Investment

74%

Made by Our Original Investors
Since July 1, 1911

WHERE CAN YOU DO BETTER? OR EVEN AS WELL?

\$297,433.28 NET ASSETS

8% DIVIDENDS—PAYABLE QUARTERLY

You can get nothing better or safer in the city.

We will sell you 25 or more shares of the F. H. Redpath Company stock at \$1.00 a share (par value) for cash, or on easy terms.

Homes!

Talking about HOMES? We build the BEST HOMES in Southern California for the money, and sell them on the easiest of terms—AS EASY AS RENT. Let us prove it to you.

Call, write or phone

F. H. Redpath Company

"Builders of Beautiful Homes"

4308 Moneta Avenue

South 297. Phone 8. Home 2314.

References: National Bank of California, Home Savings Bank, Los Angeles Abstract & Trust Co., or any responsible firm, Members of Realty Board.

PERSONAL—WANTED—A MAN WATERS IS IN THE HYGIENIC RESIDENCE IN THE TIMES FOR COOKING. Price 25c, postage 5c extra.

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PERSONAL—WANTED—A MAN WATERS

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Classified Liners.

[illegible]

FOR SALE—

This image appears to be a dark, high-contrast scan of a document page, possibly a ledger or a form. The image is oriented vertically. The left side shows a lighter, textured area, likely the edge of the paper or the binding. The rest of the image is predominantly black, with some faint, vertical, and horizontal lines and markings visible, suggesting a grid or table structure. The overall quality is poor, with significant noise and artifacts.

It Beats the World The TIMES Illustrated Weekly

Ready for Readers Saturday and Sunday Forty Pages of Entertaining and Informing Literature. Bountifully Illustrated Following is a Partial List of the Contents of This Week's Number.

JUNK LEFT AT PANAMA BY THE FRENCH. By Frank G. Carpenter. UNCLE SAM'S NEW GAS PLANT. By William L. Alderfer. HOW A LOS ANGELES FAMILY SPENT A SUMMER. By Addie Hull Doer. UNITED STATES A WORLD POWER WITHOUT AN ARMY. By Capt. Haldane George. GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPH. By John Elfreth Watkins.

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF JOHN NORRIS. By Eunice Hodgson. "PORT OF MISSING SHIPS" OF THE NORTH. By Felix J. Koch. RUSSIA'S SECOND TAG DAY. By Christina Krystos. UNCLE SAM AS TRAVELING SALESMAN. By Carolyn Cross.

THE WAITRESS TELLS A STORY. By Benjamin Franklin Napheys. HEART OF GOLD. By Myra Nye. WHO'S WHO, AND WHY. GOOD SHORT STORIES. CITY AND HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR. BY THE WESTERN SEA. ORCHARD, FARM AND RANGE. INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS. MEN AND WOMEN. THE LANCER. RECENT CARTOONS. POULTRY CULTURE. GOOD POETRY.

The Human Body and Its Care and Health. The Problem of Assimilation. By E. B. Warman. Woman in the Home and in the World.

You are in the fresh water sea of Opportunity "You are in the Amazon—climb it up!" Welcome Findings For Your Friends and Kinsmen in the Old Home. A PREMIUM AND A PRIZE Los Angeles Times

40-Page Illustrated Weekly, The Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest. How You Can Secure it FREE (See list of rich CONTENTS every week.)

As a means of affording residents of Los Angeles and Southern California an opportunity to promote and exploit this Southwest Pacific land, and to keep their friends in the Middle West and East, as well as beyond seas, informed regarding the unequalled climate, wondrous beauty and remarkable growth and prosperity of this favored land, the Times will mail a separate free copy of its Illustrated Weekly, ON CONTRACT, FOR SIX MONTHS, postpaid, to any address in the United States, for every yearly subscription to the Daily and Sunday Times, costing \$5, the cash payments to be made quarterly in advance.

This high-class, intensely-interesting, carefully-edited California Weekly Magazine is under the editorial direction of Harrison Gray Otis, and is devoted to the development of California and the pregnant Southwest, to the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wondrous and beautiful. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, The Garden, The Farm and the Range, California in tone and color; Southwest in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and the life of the people; the mountains, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire." Foremost as a vehicle for the needs of prospective home-seekers on the Pacific side, supplying reliable information to all inquirers and to those abroad having kin beyond the Rockies.

Each issue (and there are twenty-six of them in six months) is the equal of a 50-cent book. Sample copies sent on request. Subscription price, \$5.00 a year, postpaid.

Spread the Alluring Story of Happy, Sun-Kissed California Del Sur. TWO REVISED OFFERS

FIRST OFFER: Send \$2.50 to The Times-Mirror Company, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal., for the first quarterly payment on a contract for one year's subscription to the Daily and Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly, delivered to your home or office, or sent by mail, an EXTRA COPY, FREE, of this issue.

Surpassing, Incomparable Weekly Magazine. Will be sent for six months, by mail only, to any given address, upon your order.

SECOND OFFER: Or, with a full year's subscription and \$5.00 cash in advance, an EXTRA COPY of the Illustrated Weekly will be sent, FREE, for 12 months.

These offers hold good for a limited time, but are not made in connection with any other Times Premium.

(See this form of Coupon, re-writing it on a separate sheet if necessary to insure legibility and accuracy.) To The Times-Mirror Company, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mail an EXTRA COPY of the Illustrated Weekly, FREE, for me monthly, for 12 months, for the sum of \$2.50, or for the sum of \$5.00, for a full year's subscription, including the Illustrated Weekly, for one year, to _____

NOTE: Where a full year is paid in advance, \$5.00 cash, the Weekly goes free for 12 months. In such cases change the terms of the coupon accordingly.

1912. [PART I] Classified Advertisements. Automobiles. For Sale. Wanted. Lost. Found. Real Estate. Legal Notices. Business Opportunities. Medical. Dental. Educational. Religious. Miscellaneous.

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Live Events in the Field of Sport.

DEALERS DIRECTORY

Grundy Motor Co., 115 E. Main St., Main 7034.
Leon T. Shetler, 115 E. Main St., Main 7034.
Motor Car Co., Broadway 2963.
Tenth and Olive.
ELECTRICS—R. C. Olive, 227 South Olive.
Firestone and Mobile Co., 1250 W. Wilshire 788.
California Electric Co., Los Angeles.
ELECTRICS—R. C. Olive, 227 South Olive.
E. M. F., 115 E. Main St., Main 5470.
1017-1019 Broadway 2967.
1012-14 S. Main 1947.
Mobile Co., 115 E. Main St., Main 2286.
Burkhard-Crip and Grand Ave.
Renton Motor Co., Main 1068.
1217-31 South Main 8680.
Company, 1501 10, Home 22813.
Trucks, Hawley South Olive 223.
Co. of Cal., 130, F5647.
Motor Car Co., 679, F2664.
Bush, 1227-9 1, Home 21183.
Ruess, Cor. Home F60173.
1140 South Home F2942.
1047-49 South 2 W. Pico St.
Motor Car Co., Main 2963.
RIO ELEC., South Olive 2206.
1142-44 Broadway 1344.
Co. of Cal., 1142-44 Broadway 1344.
Motor Car Co., Broadway 4180.

Baseball Results

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Cities and Towns of Los Angeles County.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

THIRTEEN IN NURSE CLASS.

Pasadena Training School Issues Diplomas to Girls.

Robert Burdette Was Commencement Orator.

Mining Broker Arrested on a Fraud Charge.

(Office of The Times, 52 E. Fair Oaks avenue.)

PASADENA, May 11.—A class of thirteen nurses was graduated from the Pasadena Hospital Training School last night. The commencement exercises were held at the Shakespear Clubhouse, and the auditorium was filled with relatives, friends and well-wishers. The nurses occupied the forward seats. They wore their uniforms and white caps. Dr. Robert J. Burdette made the commencement address, and Dr. James H. Moore also spoke, addressing the graduates upon the ethics of the profession and the purposes and high aims that should be those who received the diplomas. "In addition to money interests and pride," he said, "each one of you should be something of a missionary. That is rather a high aim, but not too high. Honest work makes honest men and women, and shabby work makes dishonest men and women. We owe it to ourselves and to society always to do our best."

Dr. Henry Sherry presented the diplomas. The names of the graduates follow: Miss Laura Julia Johnson, Miss Naomi Josephine Hoff, Miss Katherine A. Plimpton, Miss Beanie E. Stephens, Miss Mary W. C. Gibbs, Miss Irma A. Wood, Miss Jane H. Bueh, Miss M. Margaret Jack, Miss Violet Ferguson Hunt, Miss Margaret Sue Macey, Miss Anna Louise Sommer, Miss Hildah C. Hansen and Miss Dora Ellen Lamar.

MINING MAN ARRESTED.

On complaint of Harold Currier, a local real estate dealer, J. B. French, a director of the New Jersey Mining Company, which has offices in the Shavin building, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Constable Austin. The charges against him is that of obtaining property under false representation. Currier claims to be loser to the extent of about \$5000 as the result of the deal, which terminated in the other's arrest.

Currier alleges that he traded property to French for mining stock that he was led to believe he could exchange for other more valuable property, but claims that things were misrepresented to him.

BABIES' TURN TODAY.

The babies of Pasadena will hold the center of the stage today. Yesterday and the day before, it was small school children; today the babies-in-arms are to have their inning. All arrangements have been made by those who have charge of the Country Fair, to be held at Carmelita Playgrounds this afternoon and tonight, as a benefit for the George Junior Republic, at Chino. Little boys and girls will be exhibited at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and any under two years of age may enter the contest. The first prize, a handsome silver child's bank, will go to the "best all round baby," and the two "best all round babies," who each receive an order for a dozen photographs of themselves.

All of the judges will be bachelors and there is no appeal from their verdict. The executive committee of the fair has appointed Leigh Guyer, a local society man, as one and he is to name his colleagues.

The baby show will only be one feature of the fair, which prominent society men and women of the city have been working hard for weeks to arrange. There will be booths at the

Long Beach.

WILL EQUAL MARTIN'S FEAT.

Aviator Shaffer to Fly Sixty Miles Over Water.

Natural Gas Is Secured for Residents of Beach.

Qualifying Round in Golf Tournament Today.

LONG BEACH, May 10.—Unless some unforeseen event comes up to prevent, Aviator Frank Shaffer will leave Long Beach tomorrow morning on his flight to Catalina and return, a distance of sixty miles, carrying the United States mail. The programme is for Shaffer to rise from the waters in the inner harbor, pass out between the jetties and fly down in front of Long Beach; then, turning, fly to Catalina, alighting in the harbor there in front of the city, and then, soaring aloft, return to Long Beach. He will leave here at 10 o'clock and expects to return about noon. Shaffer has his aeroplane, the Elton Rodgers, in readiness and this afternoon was busy painting the pontoons which will support the airplane on the water.

A contract was signed today with the Los Angeles Motion Picture Company, which is to take films of the flight here and at Avalon. In addition to the mail, Shaffer will also carry a small silk flag on the trip, which, on his return, will be auctioned off for the benefit of the Rodgers' memorial fund. The local Shriners' Club has promised to bid it in at a price of \$1000 as a souvenir decoration of their clubhouse.

Shaffer is without a reputation as an aviator, being best known as chief mechanic for the late Col. Rodgers, but he made several flights at Dominguez and several side flights during Rodgers' transcontinental trip. He is cool and confident that the round trip will be made without accident.

NATURAL GAS SECURED.

President P. E. Hatch of the Long Beach Consolidated Gas Company said today that arrangements had been made by the company whereby Long Beach within six months would be supplied with natural gas from the Midway field, being brought here from Los Angeles by an eight-inch main.

Arrangements have also been made whereby if the natural gas supply is interfered with the gas of a Los Angeles concern can be turned into the pipes. This arrangement will enable the company to discontinue its plant at Seaside Park. The natural gas has 1000 heat units against 600 of the artificial product.

TO STUDY THE CITY.

To find out just what Pasadena needs in a spiritual way, rather than to conduct a series of meetings, or follow out the accustomed programme, is the avowed purpose of Rev. Henry Ostrom, an evangelist, who arrived in the city yesterday, accompanied by a staff of assistants.

He will speak at a meeting for men at the Young Men's Christian Association building tomorrow afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS.

Thaddeus Lowe of No. 250 South Euclid avenue, son of Prof. F. S. G. Lowe, left for San Francisco last night on receiving word of the serious illness of his mother following an operation there. Little hope is entertained for her recovery.

Lowe is now in the East.

W. E. Gratton, who is connected with the Hotel Green, will not go East this summer, as usual, but will remain in Pasadena.

The United British Societies of Pasadena will celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday with exercises at the Shakespear Clubhouse next Friday.

The Komik Knights of the Carnival are at work on plans for this year's Fourth of July celebration.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.

One-fourth of all woolen dress goods, except cream, for one week, at half price.

Suburban property in beautiful La Canada Valley. H. L. Hayman.

Whittier.

OFFICERS SEEK CLEW TO MURDER MYSTERY.

WHITTIER, May 10.—The body of Clarence Merrill, aged 28 years, was found at Burke Station on the Pacific Electric last night, about 12 o'clock, with a bullet hole in his abdomen. The body lay about 100 yards from the car tracks, and was still warm when found by G. L. Taylor, who notified the near-by neighbors and the Whittier police of the tragedy. Two shots had evidently been fired as another bullet hole was found in the sleeve of Merrill's coat. Neither shot was heard by those who reside in the immediate vicinity.

Mystery surrounds the case which is evidently a murder. The young man was not known to have any enemies, and robbery was evidently not the motive, as his watch and ring and the money he had in his pocket were untouched. There is no motive known for suicide, and the officers say that theory must be discarded as a careful search fails to reveal any weapon which he could have used, and the lack of powder marks on the young man's body would prove that the shots were fired from a distance.

Merrill, who was employed as an accountant for the Grundy Motor Sales Company of Los Angeles, returned from the city last night on the 11 o'clock car. He left the car at Burke Station and started down the road to where he had left his bicycle. The murderer evidently was in waiting, and from the condition of the grass near the roadside, had crouched down ready to take the life of the unsuspecting Merrill. Perhaps it was some one else for whom the shots were intended, but Merrill walked into the death trap and was killed instantly. This was shown by the fact that in his hand he grasped the copy of a motion picture which he had read while on the car.

Merrill, who had lived alone on his mother's ranch at Rivera, was known as a young man of splendid habits.

Pasadena.

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On complaint of Harold Currier, a local real estate dealer, J. B. French, a director of the New Jersey Mining Company, which has offices in the Shavin building, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Constable Austin. The charges against him is that of obtaining property under false representation. Currier claims to be loser to the extent of about \$5000 as the result of the deal, which terminated in the other's arrest.

BABIES' TURN TODAY.

The babies of Pasadena will hold the center of the stage today. Yesterday and the day before, it was small school children; today the babies-in-arms are to have their inning. All arrangements have been made by those who have charge of the Country Fair, to be held at Carmelita Playgrounds this afternoon and tonight, as a benefit for the George Junior Republic, at Chino. Little boys and girls will be exhibited at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and any under two years of age may enter the contest. The first prize, a handsome silver child's bank, will go to the "best all round baby," and the two "best all round babies," who each receive an order for a dozen photographs of themselves.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.

One-fourth of all woolen dress goods, except cream, for one week, at half price.

Suburban property in beautiful La Canada Valley. H. L. Hayman.

Whittier.

OFFICERS SEEK CLEW TO MURDER MYSTERY.

WHITTIER, May 10.—The body of Clarence Merrill, aged 28 years, was found at Burke Station on the Pacific Electric last night, about 12 o'clock, with a bullet hole in his abdomen. The body lay about 100 yards from the car tracks, and was still warm when found by G. L. Taylor, who notified the near-by neighbors and the Whittier police of the tragedy. Two shots had evidently been fired as another bullet hole was found in the sleeve of Merrill's coat. Neither shot was heard by those who reside in the immediate vicinity.

Mystery surrounds the case which is evidently a murder. The young man was not known to have any enemies, and robbery was evidently not the motive, as his watch and ring and the money he had in his pocket were untouched. There is no motive known for suicide, and the officers say that theory must be discarded as a careful search fails to reveal any weapon which he could have used, and the lack of powder marks on the young man's body would prove that the shots were fired from a distance.

Merrill, who was employed as an accountant for the Grundy Motor Sales Company of Los Angeles, returned from the city last night on the 11 o'clock car. He left the car at Burke Station and started down the road to where he had left his bicycle. The murderer evidently was in waiting, and from the condition of the grass near the roadside, had crouched down ready to take the life of the unsuspecting Merrill. Perhaps it was some one else for whom the shots were intended, but Merrill walked into the death trap and was killed instantly. This was shown by the fact that in his hand he grasped the copy of a motion picture which he had read while on the car.

Merrill, who had lived alone on his mother's ranch at Rivera, was known as a young man of splendid habits.

no time heretofore. In the past twelve years, has there been such a scarcity of fish. Today the fishing boats brought into the Redondo market 800 pounds of halibut, caught in the halibut beds north of here. The usual amount for this time of the year is about eight or nine tons. This scarcity has caused an increase of 100 per cent. in the price paid by the wholesalers to the fishermen. The largest halibut beds in this vicinity, in which the local fishermen have always made large hauls, are about seven miles north and three miles out from the land. Now, but few fish are caught in these beds. Fishermen are unable to account for the scarcity. Each day local fishermen go north on prospecting tours looking for new fishing beds.

The following officers have been elected by the Volunteer Fire Department for the ensuing year: Chief, John Keppel; first assistant chief, S. G. Lindsay; second assistant chief, D. N. Taylor; secretary, W. J. Coleman; treasurer, D. N. Taylor.

C-O-T-O-N-A-D-O spells comfort.

VENICE.

FOUR JOY RIDERS COME TO GRIEF.

ANGELENOS ARRESTED AT VENICE BUT BREAK JAIL.

Quartette Accused of Stealing Automobile Are Taken in by Officers for a Brief Period—Another Plan Proposed for Broadening the Congested Speedway.

VENICE, May 10.—A quartette of Los Angeles joy-riders came to grief here this morning, and shortly afterward regained their freedom by breaking jail.

The accused young men were L. C. Caswell, No. 1277 West Twenty-fourth street; Harry Hart, No. 927 West Twenty-fifth; Fred O'Dera, No. 2108 Main street; and John Jarney, No. 1013 West Twenty-third. One of them confessed to having stolen an E. M. P. automobile from the Vernon athletic park. This broke down on Washington road after they had completed a tour of the seaside cities and were en route to Los Angeles. They were placed under arrest.

TO WIDEN SPEEDWAY.

Plans are being considered which promise to solve the widening of the Speedway alley to the south of Center street, and converting it into a real street of sufficient width to entitle it to be listed among boulevards. The argument is advanced that, as the city owns the ocean frontage, an exchange of a fifteen-foot strip should be made with the frontage property owners. The effect of this would be to advance their titles fifteen feet farther in the direction of the sea.

The fifteen-foot strip to be abandoned at the rear of each lot, however, be decided to the city for street purposes. This would give the congested Speedway artery a width of a little more than thirty feet. Property owners are giving serious thought to the suggestion and the City Trust may soon be asked to take some action.

WOULD GET TOGETHER.

The directorate of the Good Government League is striving for the recommendation that a get-together banquet be held at an early date, the object being to bring together in friendly session, the several factions representing many sundry interests that have during recent months, been at odds. The desire is that all should harmoniously pull for the betterment of the beach, in entertaining visitors, securing picnics, conventions and pulling off big feats.

Entertainments planned for future dates are a memorial day celebration and a demonstration July 4, in honor of the birth of American independence, and in celebration of the birth anniversary of the birth of Venice of America. On the occasion of the banquet the women will be present by special invitation.

SEARCH FOR SUICIDE.

The family, police officers and friends of E. C. Douglas are prosecuting a search for him, but have been unable to discover any trace since he slipped out of his home on Queen avenue yesterday afternoon. It is feared that he has ended his life, as his mind has not been right since a recent severe illness. A few weeks ago he shot himself, with suicidal intent, and had since that time said he would end his life.

The new grammar school board has organized for the year by electing W. M. Kendall president and G. H. Nettleton secretary. The decision was reached that during the new year the schools should be headed by a man as principal, and that Thorburn of the Venice High Schools will be named to succeed Mrs. N. D. Tyler as principal.

SATURDAY OF NEXT WEEK.

Shriners will visit Coronado.

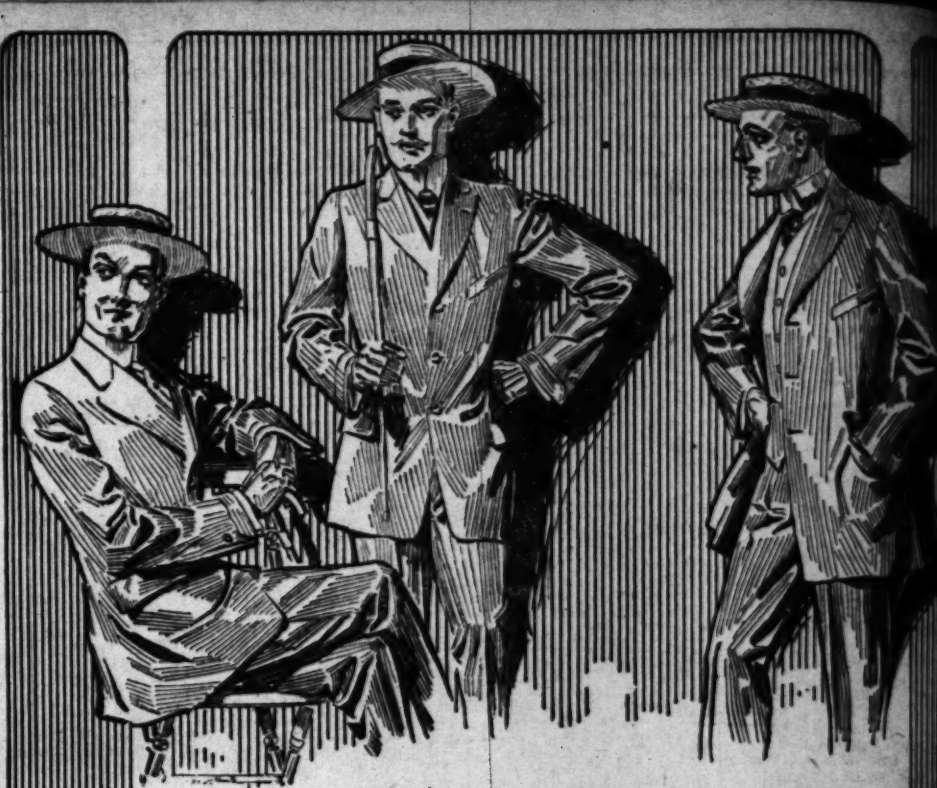
WORE THREE BOILED SHIRTS.

Man Arrested at Redondo Beach, Talks to Himself and Displays Extravagance in Dress.

REDONDO BEACH, May 10.—A man giving the name of Charles Findley, was taken into custody by the police today on account of his erratic actions on the streets. When found by Officer Guthrie, Findley was wandering about the streets muttering to himself, and was wearing several changes of clothing instead of carrying baggage. Three starched shirts were worn by the man, one on top of the other, while underneath these, he wore three suits of underwear. He first stated he lived in Los Angeles and later said he lived in Arizona. In reply to the officer's question as to his business or profession, he said he had "no business."

NEWS BRIEFS.

The local fishermen state that at



Glenn Martin MAKES AVALON.
Santa Ana Aviator Crosses Channel in Airship.
Makes Necessary Repairs and Flies Back Safely.
Not Daring Exhibition Ever Given by Birdman.

THE fabrics used for Adler's Collegian Clothes this Spring are the most exquisite that have ever been shown; rich colors and beautiful weaves of greys, blues, browns, tans, in plaids, stripes, mixtures or plain effects.
The tailoring, fit and finish are superb—in thorough harmony with the magnificent materials.
It will pay in every way to see these unusual clothes. \$15 is the lowest—\$30 is the highest.

DAVID ADLER & SONS CLOTHING CO.
MILWAUKEE CHICAGO



Have you ever had a cup of really delicious Ground Chocolate?
If not, make it this way:
The Proper Way to Prepare Ground Chocolate—One cup milk for each person, heated in double boiler. In a cup or bowl mix milk with Ghirardelli's ground chocolate for each person. With sufficient cold milk to make a thick liquid; add this to the hot milk. Lift top boiler out and boil up once. Stir well when serving—add sugar if desired.

from a tin of
Ghirardelli's
Ground Chocolate

High Grade Pianos
Continually received in exchange on
APOLLO PLAYER PIANO
and sold at special bargain prices.
J. B. BROWN MUSIC CO.
642 S. BROADWAY

VARI-VOX VEINS, PILES, FISTULA AND HERNIA
Cured in Five Days. Free Consultation.
H. J. Tillotson, M.D.
Entrance 214 S. Broadway.
Corner Third and Broadway.

TELL OTHERS LIKE TO USE
Los Angeles Gas Corporation

WHOM he surprised by swooping down from the clouds at 1:15 o'clock he rose from the face of Avalon Bay. He circled about the water ever more than Glenn Martin, who flew from the water at Newport Bay to the shore of Catalina Island. He left the water at 12:15 o'clock and headed for Avalon. He landed amid the shouting of people at the shoals of a multitude of people.

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MAY MORNING.

The Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

Glenn Martin Makes Avalon.

An Aviator Crosses Channel in Airship.

Necessary Repairs and Flies Back Safely.

During Exhibition Ever Given by Birdman.

[Special Wire to the Times.]

SANTA ANA, May 10.—[Exclusive.] In the greatest feat of aviation ever made Glenn Martin today flew from the waters of Newport Bay to the shore of Santa Catalina Island. He left the city at 11:15 o'clock and headed for Avalon. He landed amid the cheering of a multitude of people.



Glenn Martin.

WANT FARES REDUCED.

Citizens of Stanton Manifest Desire for a Station and Five-Cent Fare Within City Limits.

STANTON, May 10.—A petition signed by residents of Stanton has been prepared for presentation to the Board of Trustees, asking them to confer with the Pacific Electric Railway Company regarding a reduction of fares within the town. Stanton is a small town, a passenger station, a freight depot, and an equalization of fares between Los Angeles and various stations within the city of Stanton. It is understood that the Board of Trustees is going to make a vigorous effort to have the five-cent fare established between all stations in the city limits and are hoping, also, to have a depot built adjoining the electric company's powerhouse on Stanton avenue.

ARRANGING TRIP.

The Chamber of Commerce committee, having in charge the annual banquet, are arranging for a "boosters" trip through near-by cities in Orange county, next week, so as to call attention to the annual barbecue and festival, which is to be held on May 23. The "boosters" will go in two or three automobiles to Anaheim, Fullerton, Orange, Santa Ana, Huntington Beach, and possibly other places, distributing literature for the celebration and other literature regarding Stanton.

The Methodist Episcopal Church congregation of Stanton has purchased lots 15 and 16 in block 9 of the townsite, being the southwest corner of Clair avenue and Court street. These lots will give them a frontage of ninety feet on Court, by 137 1/2 feet on Clair, and the church edifice now located on the corner of Clair and Magnolia streets will be moved to the new location, and considerably improved by additions and general repairs.

F. B. Solida, a recent arrival from Oklahoma, has bought lot 7, in block 8, and expects to commence the erection of his home thereon in a few days.

Harry Halstrom of Los Angeles has bought lot 8, block 8, on Court street, and has come to Stanton to establish himself as a contracting painter.

Coronado—Mecca for Shriners.

WORK ON NEW CITY PARK.

El Centro Will Plant Pepper Trees and Provide for Further Elaboration of Breeding Spot.

EL CENTRO, May 10.—Work began this week on the beautification of the new City Park, along the lines suggested by F. W. Walte, who has drawn attractive plans for the improvement. The City Trustees have adopted these plans, and have decided to start the work of tree planting at once. Pepper trees will predominate, although many eucalyptus and palms will also be used.

Mr. Walte's plans are so drawn as to permit of much future elaboration, as funds become available. Only a portion of the work projected can be accomplished each year, but everything done will be a part of a definite plan. Playgrounds will occupy one section of the park. The center of another section will be reserved for a band stand, with eucalyptus trees to be planted closely about it in the semblance of a rustic grove. Curving walks will be bordered by pepper trees, and the same variety of trees will also be planted around the park.

The park comprises fourteen acres, half a mile in length, close to the business center of the city. This strip extends from the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks west to the Date Canal, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh streets intersect the park, providing convenient approaches.

SUPERIOR JUDGE WANTED.

Judge West of Santa Ana Asks Governor for Help But the Matter Is Delayed.

SANTA ANA, May 10.—No immediate relief for the Superior Court is promised in a telegram received by Superior Judge West from F. A. Griffin, Gov. Johnson's executive secretary. Judge West informed the Governor that the calendar of the court here is crowded, and a judge is needed to try some of the cases. Griffin's telegram to Judge West, reads: "Have made every effort to secure a judge, thus far without success. Will continue and wire you immediately upon being successful."

WILL PROBATED.

The will of Dr. M. A. Menges, who died on May 4, was filed for probate today. The estate is valued at \$68,000. The will turns the estate over to the widow and her son-in-law, Charles H. Taylor, to be held until the youngest child, now 15, is 18, when it is to be divided equally among the widow and five children. Money is set apart for the education of the minor children. Dr. Menges was a well-known real estate and oil operator.

NEWS BRIEFS.

Jose Borrego of Long Beach was today sentenced to ninety days in jail for stealing the wheel of a bicycle from Rafael Verdugo of Garden Grove. Borrego is a brother of Rafael Borrego, who is serving a seven-year sentence for killing Juan Orsco, a deputy constable of Los Alamitos.

E. M. Merrill, chief deputy of State Horticultural Commissioner Cook, spent two days in the orchards of this county this week as the guest of County Horticultural Commissioner A. K. Bishop.

Marriage licenses: Earl M. Hagwood, 33, and Ruth A. Stevens, 20, Harry Metzgar, 34, and Adabelle Harper, 44; Fay M. Pratt, 27, and Elizabeth Roelinas, 20; Edward Kunz, 46, and Mary E. Myers, 40, all of Los Angeles; George H. Thatcher, 21, of San Jose, and Estelle M. Bloom, 19, of Long Beach.

Hurt Dodging a Dream.

[New York Times.] A dream of his narrow escape from death several hours previously may prove fatal to John H. McAdoo, aged 50, general agent of the Maywell Railroad lines in Pittsburgh. He lies in a critical condition tonight in the South Side Hospital with a lacerated scalp and broken hip and leg sustained in falling to the pavement from his bedroom window while asleep.

Mr. McAdoo, who is one of the most widely known railroad men in Pittsburgh, was crossing Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon when an automobile passing behind him caused him to jump suddenly. His activity saved him, the machine merely grazing his coat, but when he reached his office he was suffering from severe nervous shock.

He retired at his usual hour but awoke from a troubled sleep. This is the last he remembers beyond dreaming that a big touring car was

Santa Barbara.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S WIDOW ROBBED BY SAMOAN.

SANTA BARBARA, May 10.—Misplaced confidence on the part of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the late author, resulted in the theft of \$10,000 worth of diamonds and money from her daughter, Mrs. Isabel Strong, who lives with her mother in a beautiful Montecito home. Happily the thief has been captured, and practically all of the stolen goods recovered.

The thief, who has confessed to San Francisco police who yesterday arrested him, is Keleloha Kawanahoa, alias Leo Sykes, who was a cook on Mrs. Stevenson's great Samoa Island plantation, and who was brought to Montecito to act in the same capacity for her. Last Monday he suddenly disappeared, and the same day Mrs. Strong missed her valuables.

A warrant was issued charging the theft to the Samoan, and it was learned he had gone to San Francisco. Local officers communicated with the police of the northern city, and they captured the young man before he had disposed of the jewelry. He had, however, spent the money. Before leaving her Kawanahoa had the diamonds removed from one of the rings, leaving the ring and sapphires with the jeweler. They also were recovered. One of the rings was valued at \$700, and the other at \$300. Sheriff Stewart will bring the culprit here for punishment.

LEFT LARGE ESTATE.

With the filing of the will of the late Robert Cameron Rogers yesterday it became known that he had left a large estate, his Santa Barbara holdings alone being valued at \$125,000. How much property he owned in the East is not known, but is said to have amounted to a large sum. The will bequeaths \$60,000 in cash to the widow; \$10,000 to her sister, Miss Florence Fernald; \$5000 to her

bearing down upon him. In his nightmare he remembers jumping in a desperate effort to save his life. Physicians suppose that Mr. McAdoo was walking in his sleep, while dreaming, and unconsciously raised his window and jumped out. He was picked up by a policeman who heard his fall, and was hurried to the hospital.

Ancient Luxury.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] During the investigation at Rome of the Domus Flava, on the Palatine, the pavement of the dining hall of Domitian, measuring one thousand square meters in area, has been discovered practically intact. It is the richest of all the pavements belonging to the imperial palaces of the first century, being of oriental granite with a border of Numidian marble and other African stones. Interesting evidence of the heating arrangements of the time is provided by the raising of the pavement from the earth so as to allow of the introduction of hot air from a special heating furnace.

Prayer Canceled Leg to Grow.

[Philadelphia Record.] Charles E. Martin, son of Rev. W. F. Martin of Reading, says he has been healed in a miraculous manner. He was suffering with diseases which puzzled the best physicians and caused the hospital authorities to gravely shake their heads, but today he is as spry as a rooster.

He says that the power of man did not come upon him in the People's Mission. One leg was shorter by nearly three inches, and he says he had four extra pieces of heavy leather in his shoe.

He went to the altar and began praying, and after praying for about five minutes the Lord spoke to him, he says, and there was a feeling as if his left leg was being pulled. When he got up it was as long as the right leg, and the leather was thrown out of the shoe.

A Great Speaker.

[Baltimore American.] An Indiana lawyer, whose eloquence was the "spread eagle" sort was addressing a jury at great length when his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Old Ironsides is making a great speech," said some one to the bored attorney.

"Old Ironsides always makes a great speech," said the other. "If you or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four we'd be just fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so, Old Ironsides; he would say—"

"If by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition we desired to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers we should find— and I assert this boldly, sir, and without fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion that I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four."

SUMMER HATS OF FELT AND STRAW

are ready for you here at Desmond's.

There is a summer atmosphere all the way through Desmond's store. There is a freshness, a lightness, a cheerfulness, that only summer brings along.

The Desmond Panamas are of the very best. Every Panama hat we carry is a guaranteed, genuine Ecuadorian Panama, woven under water as only in that way can the finer effects be produced. Pliability, lightness and effectiveness of such headgear as this can only be thoroughly appreciated on inspection. We shall be glad to show you these Panamas as well as other straws and summer, light weight felts ranging in price all the way from \$2 to \$40 each.



Buy That Summer Suit at Desmond's Now

BUY THAT SUMMER SUIT—That, of course, is an admonition which is almost unnecessary for summer weather is knocking so hard at every one's door that we all appreciate what time of year has slid in upon us almost without our notice.

BUY THAT SUMMER SUIT AT DESMOND'S — At Desmond's, yes, at Desmond's. And not for our sake but for your own. For the sake of your looks as well as for that of your pocketbook. Here is a combination where you save money and look better. Here is a combination of good material, high-class workmanship, and best of all, style and moderate price. Study the combination. It unlocks the future of a prosperous bank account.

BUY THAT SUMMER SUIT AT DESMOND'S NOW—Is there any very good reason for waiting until the very best is snapped up by the early buyers?

There is a very special shipment of suits just being unpacked at the time this advertisement is written. We priced it low—exceedingly low, and you will be well pleased the moment you see it. Come and look over the selection offered. You will find your taste and your pocketbook well pleased and your size and fit perfect. Here at \$20

DESMOND'S

Your Money Back Without a Question

Third at Spring Street

Spring at Third Street

Store Open Saturday Evenings

Palm Place

Villa Sites for Particular People

THE VISITOR to Los Angeles can have no better or more profitable remembrance of Los Angeles than one or more high-class villa lots in the right location. Palm Place fills the bill, answers the description and will make good in every essential. Located on the Venice Short Line, between the city and the sea, with increasing tide of population in each direction, values are sure to advance.

The improvements and restrictions complete, and round out the desirability of Palm Place as a residence location. The investor will be certain of good neighbors, whose presence and homes will enhance the value of his own property.

Don't merely "think it over," but act! Values in and around Los Angeles wait on no laggard minds and movements. Call for beautiful booklet, and make arrangements to see Palm Place. An automobile in readiness.

George J. Cote
Sales Manager
314 H. W. Hellman Bldg.

Best By Every Test

STANDS SUPREME



Los Angeles Brewing Co.

For Sale Everywhere

INGLEWOOD ACRES



LITTLE FARMS WITH CHARACTER.

A "Full Value Home" for you—35 minutes from Spring St.—between the City and the Beach, where combined advantages of city and country life are yours. Examine the rich, loamy soil of Inglewood Acres; there is none better. The water and other conveniences are there now.

5% DOWN HALF ACRES \$390 MONTHLY
Send for revised map of L. A. County and full particulars of what an acre will produce. This section is undergoing rapid growth right now, and savings invested today will make big profits for you. Take the Yellow "Hawthorne" Car on Spring Street. Get off at Rancho Station, and use our auto.

The JAMES R. H. WAGNER Co.

631 So. Spring St. 2nd Floor REALTY BOARD Bldg.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Commissioner Humphreys yesterday asked the Board of Public Works to request authority from the City Council to employ Rudolph Hering, expert on garbage disposal, to come from New York and make a study of conditions in Los Angeles, compile a report and prepare plans and specifications for a new system. The council will be asked to make an immediate appropriation for this purpose.

The Harbor Advisory Board yesterday discussed the plans for a continuation of work on the Huntington concession. Engineers Hamlin and McKinstry have come to an agreement as to plans for the proposed wharf.

The Los Angeles Aqueduct Advisory Board yesterday discussed plans for setting off a lot of the city's surplus lands along the aqueduct. Surveys and listing of the land will be recommended.

The Board of Public Works yesterday instructed City Engineer Hamlin to prepare plans for steel poles, which it is proposed shall be used for trolley and feed wires in the downtown districts.

A divorce asked for the prohibition of her husband's first will and attacked the second will in the Superior Court yesterday, although each provided that she should receive his property.

At the City Hall.
AN EXPERT TO A STUDY GARBAGE.

PUBLIC WORKS BOARD ADOPTS A NEW PLAN.

Will Ask Council for Authority to Engage Services of Rudolph Hering New York Authority on Disposal Systems, to Make Plans for Los Angeles.

Commissioner Humphreys of the Board of Public Works yesterday presented that body a report on the garbage situation that was adopted and that is reasonably certain to lead to decided advancement in the general plans for handling the vexing situation.

Humphreys stated in this report that a continued investigation of the subject of garbage has more and more impressed him with the difficulties that surround its proper disposal and with the necessity of obtaining the best possible information on the subject. For that reason he proposes that the board shall engage the services of Rudolph Hering of New York City, who is probably more familiar with the subject than anyone who could be named.

Hering, says Humphreys, has made this subject a study for forty years, and in various treatises dealing with garbage, frequently mentions the results of his views. He has installed a number of garbage reduction or burning plants in various cities of the United States and is thoroughly familiar with systems in vogue in European cities.

A request made to Hering as to whether he could come to Los Angeles and undertake the study of the situation, submit a report and prepare plans and specifications for a disposal plant, brought the following reply:

"I have no direct or indirect interest in any garbage or reduction furnace or company. Can undertake the work of studying local conditions, subsequently preparing report, plans and specifications, at New York office for \$15,000, necessary cash disbursements for trip and in Los Angeles, \$10,000.

"It has been the plan of Commissioner Humphreys to go East within a few weeks to make a study of methods of handling garbage in various cities, but the opportunity to secure the services of Hering would make this trip unnecessary, and he viewed this point in his communication to the Board of Public Works. The board decided to recommend to the City Council that Hering be engaged and that an appropriation for this expense be made at once.

Mayor Alexander yesterday heartily endorsed this action and declared that he believed a special tax levy should be made in the new budget for the purpose of providing funds as speedily as possible for the erection of a garbage disposal plant on the plans adopted.

CITY'S CLEAN STREETS.
HUMPHREY'S GOOD WORK.
Under the general supervision of Commissioner Humphreys of the Board of Public Works, Los Angeles each morning during the spring months has presented an array of streets almost faultlessly clean. The condition has brought forth comment from citizens and visitors. No matter what amount of litter was spread over street and sidewalk during the evening hours, not a vestige of it showed when daylight came.

This has been accomplished without an increase in the force of street employees, but by the adoption of a system of convergence. The preliminary cleaning in the outlying districts began a month ago, and gradually the street workers have been driven in until this week they have all been centered on the downtown work. The city has more than 100 miles of paved street to keep clean and ordinarily there are from seventy-five to eighty men kept on this task. Commissioner Humphreys gives special credit to inspectors Hansen and Lewis for the excellent work done this week.

WORK WILL PROCEED.
AT HUNTINGTON CONCESSION.
At the meeting of the Harbor Advisory Board yesterday, the subject of work on the Huntington Concession was discussed. It was stated that United States Engineer Hamlin and Chief Harbor Engineer McKinstry have come to an agreement in regard to plans for strengthening the proposed wall on the east side of the concession and lying south of the segment that it is proposed to exchange city land for, with the government, and also on a portion of the southerly or ocean end of the concession. McKinstry will be used to provide for the original plan.

The board has received bids for the proposed piling wharf to be used in constructing a service wharf at the northern end of the channel, to be dredged by the Standard American Dredging Company. The first filling will be done back of this proposed

service wharf and by the time this is completed, it is expected the people of Los Angeles will have voted to make the exchange of lands with the government, mentioned above, and that filling will then proceed southerly.

Will Recommend Sales.
The Los Angeles Aqueduct Advisory Board yesterday discussed the subject of the city disposing of a large lot of land located at various points along the aqueduct, and such action will be recommended to the Board of Public Works. The Chief Engineer will be authorized to make the necessary surveys and list these lands. When land was being purchased for the aqueduct right of way, in numerous cases it was necessary to purchase the entire realty, some of which is located in order to get the comparative small strip needed for the aqueduct. The work has progressed to the point where it is clearly shown just what land it is necessary for the city to hold and arrangements will be made for disposing of this surplus realty.

To Design Steel Poles.
As the culmination of the effects of a resolution introduced into the City Council by Councilman Andrews, the Board of Public Works yesterday instructed City Engineer Hamlin to prepare plans for steel poles for carrying trolley and feed wires. This will be considered at the meeting of the board next Friday afternoon. The Andrews resolution provides that the street railway companies be required to use steel poles whenever any of their wooden ones in the downtown district are replaced, and to use them on any new lines or extensions that may be made in this district.

City Hall Briefs.
The street department, under the direction of Inspectors Hansen and Lewis, has been strategizing up and down the city streets, cleaning up twice a day along Broadway, Spring and Main streets, from Ninth to First streets, to keep the crowds out of the streets during the parades.

F. J. Baum of the Baum-Miner Advertising Company, in the I. W. Hallman building, and Alexander McKelgan, who states that he is paying for twenty main line phones, each filed protests, yesterday, against a raise in telephone rates. These protests were addressed to the Mayor and have been referred to the City Council.

The Church of the Nazarenes on Scott avenue, yesterday applied to the City Council for a cancellation of taxes on its property, which it declares is used solely for church purposes. The church made a protest yesterday to the Board of Public Works against the proposed opening of an alley through the block bounded by Seventh and Eighth streets, Grand avenue and Hope streets, stating that this will be an invasion of the church property.

An investigation into the matter of the subject of the subject that anyone who could be named.

Hering, says Humphreys, has made this subject a study for forty years, and in various treatises dealing with garbage, frequently mentions the results of his views. He has installed a number of garbage reduction or burning plants in various cities of the United States and is thoroughly familiar with systems in vogue in European cities.

A request made to Hering as to whether he could come to Los Angeles and undertake the study of the situation, submit a report and prepare plans and specifications for a disposal plant, brought the following reply:

"I have no direct or indirect interest in any garbage or reduction furnace or company. Can undertake the work of studying local conditions, subsequently preparing report, plans and specifications, at New York office for \$15,000, necessary cash disbursements for trip and in Los Angeles, \$10,000.

CITY'S CLEAN STREETS.
HUMPHREY'S GOOD WORK.
Under the general supervision of Commissioner Humphreys of the Board of Public Works, Los Angeles each morning during the spring months has presented an array of streets almost faultlessly clean. The condition has brought forth comment from citizens and visitors. No matter what amount of litter was spread over street and sidewalk during the evening hours, not a vestige of it showed when daylight came.

This has been accomplished without an increase in the force of street employees, but by the adoption of a system of convergence. The preliminary cleaning in the outlying districts began a month ago, and gradually the street workers have been driven in until this week they have all been centered on the downtown work. The city has more than 100 miles of paved street to keep clean and ordinarily there are from seventy-five to eighty men kept on this task. Commissioner Humphreys gives special credit to inspectors Hansen and Lewis for the excellent work done this week.

WORK WILL PROCEED.
AT HUNTINGTON CONCESSION.
At the meeting of the Harbor Advisory Board yesterday, the subject of work on the Huntington Concession was discussed. It was stated that United States Engineer Hamlin and Chief Harbor Engineer McKinstry have come to an agreement in regard to plans for strengthening the proposed wall on the east side of the concession and lying south of the segment that it is proposed to exchange city land for, with the government, and also on a portion of the southerly or ocean end of the concession. McKinstry will be used to provide for the original plan.

The board has received bids for the proposed piling wharf to be used in constructing a service wharf at the northern end of the channel, to be dredged by the Standard American Dredging Company. The first filling will be done back of this proposed

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service wharf and by the time this is completed, it is expected the people of Los Angeles will have voted to make the exchange of lands with the government, mentioned above, and that filling will then proceed southerly.

Will Recommend Sales.
The Los Angeles Aqueduct Advisory Board yesterday discussed the subject of the city disposing of a large lot of land located at various points along the aqueduct, and such action will be recommended to the Board of Public Works. The Chief Engineer will be authorized to make the necessary surveys and list these lands. When land was being purchased for the aqueduct right of way, in numerous cases it was necessary to purchase the entire realty, some of which is located in order to get the comparative small strip needed for the aqueduct. The work has progressed to the point where it is clearly shown just what land it is necessary for the city to hold and arrangements will be made for disposing of this surplus realty.

To Design Steel Poles.
As the culmination of the effects of a resolution introduced into the City Council by Councilman Andrews, the Board of Public Works yesterday instructed City Engineer Hamlin to prepare plans for steel poles for carrying trolley and feed wires. This will be considered at the meeting of the board next Friday afternoon. The Andrews resolution provides that the street railway companies be required to use steel poles whenever any of their wooden ones in the downtown district are replaced, and to use them on any new lines or extensions that may be made in this district.

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from using costumes furnished by Fischer's Costume Company at the Lyceum Theatre. He asserts he is Fischer's partner in the business and has an interest in half of the stock. Fischer alleges he employed Hallinger to manage the costumes and of his business, and he alleges that Hallinger endeavored to prevent the opening of the Lyceum. Hallinger, according to Fischer, was to receive a salary based on the profits of the costume business.

MANS LAUGHTER CHARGED.
MCKINNEY'S PLEADING DELAYED.
O'Melveny, Stephens & Millikin and S. J. Parsons have been retained to defend J. G. McKinney, general manager of the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company, and his chauffeur, Lee Hawkins, against the charge of manslaughter.

They appeared for arraignment in Judge McCormick's court yesterday, and on the motion of Millikin, the time to plead was extended to Friday morning. The bonds given remain as they were.

Millikin intimated that he will file a motion to set aside the criminal charge, if the indictment, which will be followed by an answer, in which his clients will deny that they were responsible for the manslaughter of Richard J. Smith, a Compton rancher, during the recent aviation meet at Dominguez Field.

COURTHOUSE NOTES.
BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.
NAMES WIDOW. Electa A. Walker, widow of E. Walker, proprietor of Walker's Theatre, who was killed in a rooming-house on the first instant, was appointed administratrix of the estate by Judge Willis yesterday, sitting in the Probate Court in the absence of Judge Rice. Walker's estate is valued at \$50,000. The heirs are Mrs. Walker and her son, Clifford, who is a minor. The estate is valued at \$50,000. The heirs are Mrs. Walker and her son, Clifford, who is a minor. The estate is valued at \$50,000. The heirs are Mrs. Walker and her son, Clifford, who is a minor.

WILL PROBATED. The will of the late William Lamb Warren, former clerk of Department Two, was probated yesterday. He leaves his estate to his widow, Ida Warren, who was appointed executor.

IN THE INFERIOR COURTS.
Man Annoys Woman on Street, Is Sent to Jail for Fifty Days. Friend's Close Call.

G. Frasier was fined \$50 or fifty days in the Police Court yesterday for annoying a woman on the street. S. P. Simon, a deputy constable, investigated and arrested Harry Delano, who was also a party to the incident. Almost an hour after Police Constable Frasier had sentenced Frasier, Delano walked into the court room. "Your \$50 bail has been declared forfeited, and I've just sent you to jail for fifty days," said the court.

"How's that?" asked the young man. "Because I found him guilty, and if you don't get out of here in a hurry, perhaps I may send you to jail, too."

Delano made tracks out of the court room.

Alleged Murderer Bound Over.
Robert Emmet Boyle, a young cripple who shot and instantly killed George Coblentz in the Hyman Theater bar about ten days ago, was bound over to the Superior Court yesterday by Police Judge Frederickson, without bail. The examination was brief.

Boyle entered the saloon, demanded a drink, and when it was refused him, pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired at the man who had been his friend.

Can't Get Any Rest.
"I reckon there isn't any rest for the wicked," mumbled "Bill" Sykes as he resumed his seat in the dock. "Bill" had just been sentenced to 180 days by Police Judge Rose, who suspended sentence with the admonition:

"If you ever show that face of yours in this city again you'll go to jail for six months."

"Bill," who has a police record as long as the proverbial cat's tail, has spent the last several years weaving back and forth between this city and San Diego. When driven out of one city he goes to the other.

"Bill" has been arrested several times in both cities on suspicion of having committed pickpocket, burglaries and crimes of lesser import.

He Gets His Chance.
Tony Pfeiffer was haled before Judge Rose on a drunk charge. "Give me a chance and I will not be five minutes in walking out of town," he said.

"Won't wait for the parade?" said the court.

"Not a minute."

"Well, I don't think we need you."

No Waiting
Washington's
COFFEE

Made in the Cup
Absolutely pure coffee.
Dissolves instantly in hot water. Coffee uncertainty disappears. Any one can make it. Delicious flavor. Always uniform.
For Sale at All Grocers
G. WASHINGTON COFFEE SALES CO.
79 Wall Street, New York.

here, I'll give you a suspended sentence of 180 days. Never return to Los Angeles."

SAVED JUST IN TIME.
Patrolman's Wife Almost Asphyxiated by Gas Escaping from Basement Connection.

Mrs. Anna Green, wife of Patrolman R. M. Green of No. 115 West Thirty-sixth street, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation Thursday night when the basement connection leaked and gased the bedroom with gas. When Green returned home about 11 o'clock he found the house filled with gas, and with difficulty reached a window to let in fresh air. On the bed, unconscious, lay Mrs. Green.

It took Green half an hour of hard work to arouse his wife sufficiently to permit him to leave her long enough to arouse the neighbors and summon medical assistance. It was more than an hour before his wife was pronounced out of danger.

"Had I been delayed downtown ten minutes longer my wife would have died," said Green yesterday.

BOGUS CHECKS FLOATED.
Police Charge Contractor's Wife With Securing Money Which Did Not Belong to Her.

Mrs. Harriet Brown, wife of Harry Brown, a contractor, of No. 1179 East Twelfth street, was arrested yesterday by Detective Nick Harris on the charge of floating two fictitious checks. He also secured several letters written by the young woman to well-known citizens soliciting funds for an alleged "Little Orphan's Home."

When cross-questioned at police headquarters Mrs. Brown told a long and pitiful tale about being compelled to work hard at home and do a dozen errands. The sympathy this tale aroused among the police was quickly dispelled when Brown was heard from. He said that throughout their married life his wife had really not had enough housework to keep her busy, and not once had it been necessary for her to do washing.

Mrs. Brown declared that both the checks which she passed had been given her by a Mrs. L. L. Lane, No. 520 East Eleventh street. No such person has been known to live there, according to the police. One check was passed on J. Blanck, No. 1151 Central avenue, and the other on Fred Jaeger, No. 1221 Central avenue. Each was for \$30.

SECRETARY OF STATE LEAVES.
Does Not Again See Refugees From Mexico—State Department Handling Their Petition.

Secretary of State Knox did not see any Mexican refugees yesterday morning before leaving Los Angeles. His special car will be left at the Grand Canyon, where he expects to spend a few days before returning to Washington.

He spent the previous afternoon for the greater part in the company of Senator Frank P. Flint, who served in the Senate with him at Washington and who prior to that, as United States District Attorney, had become acquainted with Secretary Knox when Knox was Attorney-General of the United States.

It is said the refugees who are here were given assurances indirectly from the secretary that their cases will be looked after and that the matter is in the hands of the State Department. They stated their cases to the secretary when he passed through the city on his way to San Francisco, and it is now understood that he at least regarded that conversation as the final interview for the present. The refugees interested represent investments of millions of dollars of American capital in Mexico.

N.B. Blackstone Co.
Vanity Chains at Half

We are going to sell a hundred pretty neck chains today at half former prices. Truth is, our stock of these fashionable necklaces is too large, too heavy for this season of the year. No one will question their popularity or newness of style and we doubt their value would be ridiculous. Chains of sterling or oxidized silver; gunmetal, jet or gold plate; plain or beautifully jeweled affairs. Instead of \$1.25 to \$5.00. Today's prices are 63c to \$2.50.

New Black Waists

A number of new waist styles make their initial bow today. Styles some of our patrons have been waiting for. Black messalines, taffetas and crepes de chine. Open back, front, long or short sleeves, embroidered, lace trimmed or tucked. \$6.50 to \$8.50.

Exquisite Conformation Gowns

Our third floor section is making a specialty this season of dainty white frocks for Graduation and Confirmation. Everything of this character that is new and novel is here and the price range is all that any one could ask for. White Dresses of Batiste, Lawn or Marquisette trimmed with good laces, picturing styles that every mother will be interested in. Prices range all the way from \$9.00 to \$30.00 each.

Splendid "Onyx" Hosiery

Nearly every one knows "Onyx" stockings. But many have false idea that they are high priced, when in fact the contrary is the rule. Prove it by these at fifty cents a pair.

CHIFFON LISLES.
FINE SHEER GAUZE LISLES.
SILK LISLES, gossamer or medium weight;
all black or with white or lavender tops. All these are knit with deep garter tops, double heel, toe and sole—stockings that satisfy.

Seasonable Union Suits

Specially Priced, 50c and 75c.
If you will but take the trouble to examine these two lines of knitted union suits you'll appreciate the values as much as we do. They are decidedly the best we have ever seen.

50c Merode
Union Suits, 75c
Each number comes in high neck and long or short sleeves, low neck sleeveless; knee or ankle length. Regular or outsize.

Mandolins, Guitars

Banjos, Band Instruments, etc.
Our assortments of Guitars, Banjos, Mandolins, Violins and Band Instruments include the best and most popular makes—and we have expert Demonstrators always in attendance to aid you in testing and comparing instruments. Excellent values in every line.

Select From These Makes
Washburn Mandolins, Guitars and Banjos.
Morrison Banjos and Guitars.
Martin Mandolins and Guitars.
Holton Band Instruments.
Pine Violins and Cellos, including Neuner & Horstner make.
Stewart Banjos—the most famous make.
Genuine Hawaiian Ukuleles.
Schwartz Zithers.

GEO. J. BIRKEL COMPANY
446-448 South Broadway.

6% FOR YOU, MR. SHRINER
in one of these Gold Bonds offered by the Whitcomb Realty Bldg., 6th and Hill. Guaranteed by David Trust to Big Office Building. Gross earnings \$100,000 per year. Net Surplus over all, \$29,813.00, a percent of which goes to preferred stock owned by Bond Holders. Making investment net him.

THE BOOTERY
Smart Shoes for Men
492 BROADWAY

BUY YOUR HOME IN BEAUTIFUL GLASSLICK PARK.
Large lots with grand view of mountains, \$700 up. Easy terms. HOME & TOWN BUILDERS, 350 South Hill Street. M. 1982, Phone.

LADIES' HATTER
Third and Hill Sts.
Smart and Exclusive Effects

PADRE'S TONIC LAXATIVE
is perfection in a stomach, liver, kidney and bowel regulator. Tones, stimulates; does not purge, force or gripe. Give it just one trial. 25c (special) box of 100 pellets. At all drug stores.

All the Spring Styles
SHIELDS & CO.
Tailors.
201-205 Delia St.
426 South Spring

FREE HARBOR IS THEIR HOPE.
San Diego Councilmen Take First Necessary Steps.

Citizens Favor Entire Abolition of Fee System.
Spreckels Contributes to Relief Fund of Police.

SAN DIEGO, May 10.—Tentative steps toward making San Diego a free harbor for all shipping were discussed at an informal conference between members of the Council this morning. The discussion followed suggestions by President A. E. Dodson of the Council, who desires to relieve the State Board of Harbor Commissioners from the responsibility of collecting wharfage rents and to have a plan whereby the present Board of Pilot Commissioners can be abolished and the pilotage taken over by the city.

Councilman Dodson believes that one of the greatest drawbacks to commerce through the local harbor is the pilotage now being charged. In this view he is backed up by Councilman John L. Schuch. At the conference this morning Councilman Dodson presented a copy of the pilot laws enforced at San Pedro where pilots are paid a salary and the charge to the boats entering there are nominal. Whether or not the municipal government can assume charge of pilotage is a question that is being discussed. City Attorney W. R. Andrews is to be instructed to ascertain for the Council how the law relating to pilotage extends, and if it is necessary to recommend what steps should be taken to abolish the pilotage of the harbor revenue charges. Members of the Council favoring the harbor changes believe in a movement to petition the next Legislature if it is found necessary to do so, to give it authority to take over the pilotage.

According to statements by the local pilots they will resist any efforts on the part of the city to take away their right to collect pilotage fees. Councilman Dodson is of the opinion that pilotage in the San Diego Harbor is almost exorbitant and for this reason the Council is endeavoring to encourage commerce to come to San Diego, favors a plan whereby such fees can be abolished.

In a matter under discussion is the collection of rents from franchise holders along the waterfront. When the right to control the harbor was granted to the city a year ago, conditionally that the city spend \$1,000,000 in improvements, with the State members of the Council considering that the city is now entitled to take over that work and the money spent the last year.

A readjustment of all rentals is planned. Councilman Dodson presented his colleagues a proposition to appraise all the waterfront property owned by corporations or persons who own franchises for storage, and charge them on a percentage basis. He suggested a percent of the value of the property occupied. In this manner he believes all occupants of city property would be made to contribute to the city's expenses. Councilman Dodson said this morning he was told that one of the largest commercial concerns occupying a large space of city lands was paying the city a month rent. The property, he believes, is worth a great deal more.

Councilman Schuch suggested that when the Council would take over the harbor, the city should have the right to employ public mening, including all franchise holders to attend and present the case of the harbor. Councilman Schuch said this morning he was told that one of the largest commercial concerns occupying a large space of city lands was paying the city a month rent. The property, he believes, is worth a great deal more.

Following a suggestion by John D. Spreckels, with an offer to subscribe \$100,000 to \$500, Superintendent of the Harbor, John L. Schuch, contemplates having a subscription relief fund for the members of the police force. The recent performance of the city's police force, which has been a source of pride to the city, has been a source of pride to the city. The recent performance of the city's police force, which has been a source of pride to the city, has been a source of pride to the city.

An illustration of how fashions start was seen yesterday, during the hour or more preceding the floral pa-

the Japanese float was best of all?
So dainty and satisfactory were those

to come. Standard sleepers, dining car service. The easy way—SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

the average increase of about thirty new patients per month makes it al-


easterner, who has been working at the Fredalba lumber camp, on the

to dine. Leave Los Angeles 7:45 p.m. daily.
Standard sleepers; dining car service. The
easy way—SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

CORNER BROADWAY AND SIXTH STREET
THE QUALITY STORE,

REX DENTAL
203 Sovereign Bldg. So. 1st St.
There will

mon, and every-
near a white carna-
also be special serv-
The attitude of
Father. He mo
the maintenance
the exercise of



An Investment Proved and Approved

Human experience, caution and prudence have proved and approved for many generations the true security in real estate mortgages. They represent an investment that could not be better. They possess safety, stability, income and convertibility.

The rapid and substantial growth of the PROVIDENT MUTUAL BUILDING-LOAN ASSOCIATION is largely due to the popularity of its

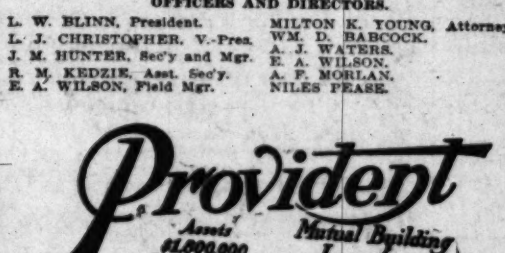
6% Coupon Investment Certificates


The security is selected, improved, income-producing real estate, located throughout Southern California, where values are not dormant but rapidly increasing, owing to the many advantages surrounding the same.

For every \$100.00 invested in Provident 6% Investment Certificates the holder has \$227.00 of real estate security, and nearly \$100.00 of fire insurance on improvements on the real estate. Can you desire a safer plan than this, the product of seventeen years successful operation? Remember the Provident pays 6% payable semi-annually.

The officers and directors are as follows:

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS. L. W. BLINN, President. L. J. CHRISTOPHER, V. Pres. J. M. HUNTER, Sec'y and Mgr. R. M. KEDZIE, Asst. Sec'y. E. A. WILSON, Field Mgr.	MILTON K. YOUNG, Attorney. WM. D. BABCOCK, J. WATERS, E. A. WILSON, F. MORILLAN, NILES PEARLE.
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Passes. Blossom Bedecked Floats Win Plaudits of Throng of Appreciative Spectators.

Wonderland.
JOYFUL VISIT
TO FAIRYLAND.
AND HIGHEST DAY IN
ORPHANS' LIVES.

Ger, but there's some class in
hant today. First we saw the
parade, then some fellow there
a really good dinner. Now we
a big box of candy and a bottle
I didn't know there was this
fun in the world.

clipped up a diminutive person
the auditorium looking on
fellow, his beaming face
replied to the question of the
him. For the Shrine com-
mission committee had provided
sturdy from the Holy Land
little ones carfare, escorts and
tickets to the Shrine auditorium
these performance and they were
there long before the curtain was

fully 450 orphans and 1200 when
were there and they were
happy lot of youngsters. Chas.
Sterling S. Booth of the Shrine
committee and manager I. J.
Cramer had, besides the orphans,
might add to the children
sure. There were seventy-
the Jewish Orphan's home,
from the Masonic Orphan's
home, the Holy Land Orphan's
home, the Lark home, sixty from the
Lark Orphan's home and a
home from small semi-private
homes. Free tickets and
was also provided for poor
girls who are working their
through the Los Angeles
School. In addition 750
from the Hollywood Orphan's
home, 125 from Los Angeles Police
school had tickets.

was a relieved bunch of
Many of them had never
been outside a theater and
it was a wonderfully new
thing to them. They were
gladly listening to the
all equated a they were
ment and enthusiasm, but
not pushing more, crowding,
and attitude and thought
of the little ones visiting
their wives saw more of
of humor. The smaller
children were the
by the orphans. Two
and seated positions
front seats by remaining
to help along a little
crutches. All the children
new and unexcited and
they could have shown to
little one was exhibited
predominant. Their very
and the complete of
was pathetic and
of the onlooking
back rising tears.

The orphans and she fell into
the crowd. The auto was brought to
a halt by that time dark-haired
and picked herself up. She was
and still laughing.
"Everybody's doing it," she
and the crowd applauded. The
men who were thrown from a
board and boxes at Fourth and
Broadway were greatly frightened.
The crowd suddenly swayed for-
ward, boxes were overturned and
the women pitched forward. They
fell on the shoulders of men and women
and in a moment there was a
mass of women in the street. Several
men became hysterical and
climbed for help. Policemen rushed
to the spot and succeeded in quieting
the crowd. The women were helped
to their feet and an ambulance was
summoned. It was found that none of
the women were injured. Several
were so bruised they could
not remain to see the parade.

ALMOST A RIOT.
A riot occurred at Ninth and
Broadway when two men tried to
pass through the police lines.
"Ann is waiting for me across the
street and I am going to cross," said
one of the men.
The policeman at the corner told
him he would have to get a pass in
order to go through the lines. This
caused a number of persons were
threw a number of persons were
threw several women fainting. It was
settled when the old
men were escorted across the street
by the policeman.
It was found that Ann needs you more
to do on this side," said the husky,
broadly.

At the Receiving Hospital several
of the women who were brought in
for medical attention were in a
hysterical condition. They were put
to bed and were given sedatives.
KIDNAP DOCTOR'S KEY.
The women who were treated at
the hospital are:
Catherine Cope, Alhambra, fainted
at Broadway and Sixth streets; af-
terward removed to her home.
Mrs. Mary Venter, No. 1648 East
Thirtieth street, fainted at Fifth and Broad-
way.
Mrs. C. C. Matterson, Sierra Madre, fainted
at First and Spring streets; af-
terward removed to home.
Mrs. J. M. Ridenour, No. 128
South Alta street.
Mrs. Jane Curmett, No. 2959 West
Sixteenth street.
Flora Zier, No. 119 West Twenty-
fourth street.

The lost child brigade was a large
one. Unless mothers held their chil-
dren tight by the hand, they were
swept away in the crowd.
One woman, leading two small
children, a boy and a girl, stopped
to wipe her flushed face with a hand-
kerchief at Fifth and Spring streets.
She loosened her grasp on the chil-
dren's hand and the next moment
the children were lost in the crowd.
"Johnny, Louise," shrieked the
woman, and she dashed madly in the
direction she thought they had gone.
In her anxiety she knocked men and
women right and left. Before she
had gone a block a colored man,
leading the two children by the hand,
caught up with her.
"Found 'em in a doorway crying
for their mother and when I saw
them running along the street, frantic
like, I knew you were the woman
who had lost them," he said. All the
woman could do was to sob out her
thanks.

A dozen incidents of this descrip-
tion occurred during the afternoon.
The children were taken to the Cen-
tral Police Station before 12 o'clock.
All of them too young to tell their
names or where they live. Before
they had been in the station an hour
an anxious mother or father would
appear to claim them.
"Found 'em in a doorway crying
for their mother and when I saw
them running along the street, frantic
like, I knew you were the woman
who had lost them," he said. All the
woman could do was to sob out her
thanks.

A GOOD EXCUSE.
When business men began trying
to reach their places of business they
found that they could not pass the
police lines. Some of them were de-
layed for several hours. Telephones
in the downtown district were kept
busy carrying messages from em-
ployers and employees giving the
same excuse.
When the parade finally was dis-
banded the streets were littered with
newspapers, boxes and rubbish.
While noted for its cleanliness, Los
Angeles for a few hours yesterday
afternoon deserved any name but
that of being a clean city. A casual
visitor would have thought the
habitués of the city had been fright-
ened with a war scare and had
thrown most of their possessions into
the street. The sidewalks were piled
with boxes of all sizes and shop-
keepers gathered up enough to furn-
ish themselves with kindling wood
for months to come.

The Los Angeles small boy pro-
fited greatly. While the merchants
and others spent thousands of dol-
lars in decorating, "young America"
drove a thriving trade in box seats.
Advantageous places along the line
of march were occupied by young-
sters who would sell their places for
10 cents and then wiggle into an-
other place, to sell out to the first
customer.
Considering the size of the crowd,
there was little thieving reported.
The police kept sharp watch for
open or pickpockets. A few
watches and purses were stolen.

Edgar Jepson, the author of "Pol-
lucky," wrote his first story while he
was a college student. Up to that
time he had always had the faculty
of expressing himself fluently, but he
had imagined that he could not con-
struct story plots. Finding himself
compelled to write a story for an
English class he took a little in-
cident of college life and built it up
into a creditable tale. Incidents of
real life have furnished him his ma-
terial ever since.

SNOWBALL CUSHIONS.
Mrs. Charles De Mund and Mrs.
F. C. McArthur were the occupants
of a car which used probably the only
snowballs in the parade. They were
the flower kind, however, and not of
snow. The cushions and the rear of
the car were composed of them, while
the red geraniums were used effec-
tively in the other decorations of the
entry.

OCEAN OF ROSES.
A beautiful entry by Motley Flint
showed a great vessel sailing through
an ocean of roses. The bow of the
ship depicted summer with all of its
fruits and flowers. The rear pictured
winter and its snow. Bright blossoms
filled the front, where sat the
Queen of the globe, while white flow-
ers helped out in the chilly winter ap-
pearance. A globe circled in the cen-
ter of the float, while white flow-
ers and the world-wide roses and
lilies made up the continents.
California on the American continent
was shown in bright yellow poppies.
THE FLOWER BASKET.
First prize in the carriage class was
taken by the wonderful flower basket
of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wright.
The basket was built over a two-
wheeled phaeton, drawn by a tan-
dem of black horses, harnessed in
yellow. The body of the basket was
entirely of yellow crape, while the
edges were of American beauty roses,
carrying out the color scheme of
Southern California. The handle was
of roses and crape.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS of the post-
office clerks and some of the women
employees themselves, were represent-
ed in a gorgeous yellow float, drawn
by four black horses. All of the
women wore yellow dresses, trimmed
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with yellow mustards. It took third
in the carriage class.

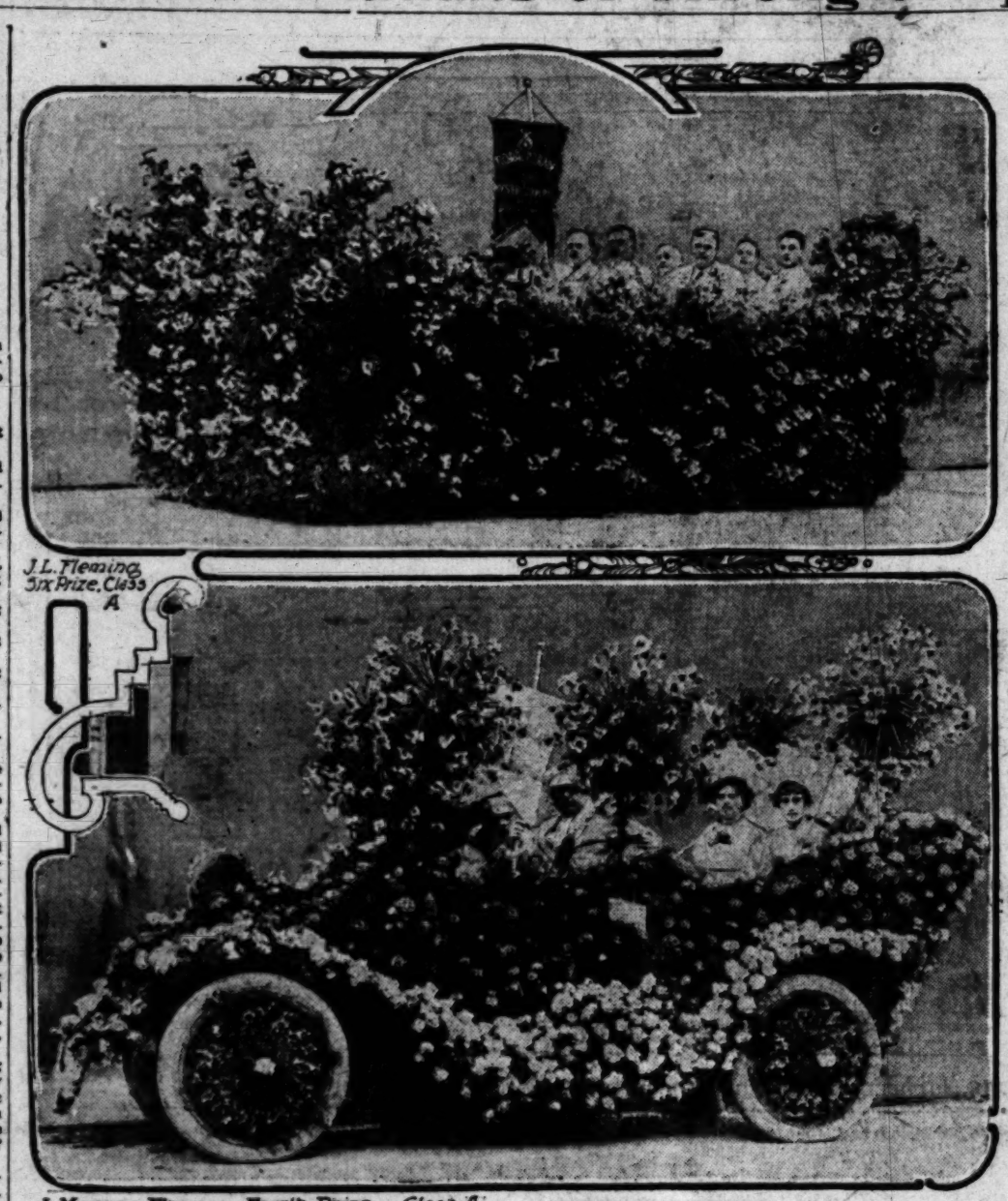
MATRONS OF 1912.
The Matrons of 1912 were represent-
ed in two floats, the first led by
Capt. G. F. Hogan and trimmed in
pink sweet-peas and carnations. The
matrons were gowned in pink and
carried a variety of carnations and
other blossoms. Pepper bouquets, wita-
ria and roses were the chief flow-
ers used in the decorative scheme.
Everyone of the girls was chosen for
her prettiness and particularly for
the reason that she was born in Cal-
ifornia.

LU LU FLOAT.
W. F. Kendrick, Potentate of Lu Lu
Temple, Philadelphia, handled the
reins of the chariot float, entered by
his temple. The chariot was cov-
ered with red roses and the horses
were pure white.

POLYTECHNIC TRIANGLE.
The triangle float of the Polytechnic
High School, drawn by human pow-
er, instead of horse or auto vehicle,
created much favorable comment. It
was not particularly beautiful, but
the idea embodied throughout, was
excellent. On a raised platform in
the center of the yellow-flowered
base stood a small group of students.
They depicted the arts and sciences
of engineering, machinery, music,
painting, pottery and several others.
The girls were attired in simple
costume, befitting school lassies. About
forty boys marched along the three
sides of the float, all of them hold-
ing to the hand rail, by which means
they pulled or pushed, as the occa-
sion demanded. They were dressed
in white shirts, white duck trousers
and blue arm bands, the latter so
lettered as to present together the
name of the school. They took sec-
ond in the float class.

LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL.
With eight outriders in the cos-
tume of the German urban cavalry-
man, brown military suits, with bright
blue helmets and lances trimmed in
ribbon of the same shade, the Los
Angeles High School float moved for-
ward amid salvos of applause. Fif-
teen girls in filmy cerulean blue, sat
in the high tully-ho, which was cov-
ered with red roses and the horses
were of the same color. The body of the
float, drawn by six white horses, was
covered with white carnations and a
mass of green ferns and springer-
lilies. Judges awarded this float the second
prize in the carriage class.

FROM HAWAII.
Unlucky was the Hawaiian con-
tingent of the parade.
Plans for the finest float were well
carried out and a really unique and
unusual conception had been ar-
ranged. Headed by Princess Wilhel-
mina Weigh, who rode a beautiful
black horse, the float was gowned
in rich red velvet skirt and bright
yellow velvet waist, the party of out-
riders, all young women, similarly
garbed, started out with high hopes.
Aloha Temple followed in their bright
green uniforms and then came the



Flower-bedecked machines that captured good prizes.

RIOT OF PERFUMES.

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

Company was covered with a great
mass of red carnations. In the cen-
ter of the sides was worked the Shrine
emblem in white flowers of the same
kind. A bower of roses topped the
float. A woman in a white dress, cov-
ered with a like emblem, the
ladies in the car were Miss Harriette
Miller, Miss Grace Feller and Mrs.
A. McC. Hanson.

BARLOW ENTRY.
Dr. W. J. Barlow had one of the
very pretty entries of the parade.
Pink carnations, sweet peas of the
same shade and a mass of rare ferns
were used in covering the auto. W.
H. Powers drove and several beau-
tifully gowned women occupied the
tonneau of the machine.

WEEPING WILLOWS.
Weeping willows formed the prin-
cipal background for a mass of
margolds and poppies which
decorated the float entered by Mrs.
George E. Cummings. The willows
were built into a canopy and covered
other portions of the automobile.

GIRARD BEAUTY BUNCH.
"Native Buds" was the title of the
car driven by Harry Girard. It
formed a Japanese bower, the edges
and the interior hung with pink sil-
k lanterns. The roof was turnable and
formed a background for the eight
girls who rode in the machine,
throwing out armfuls of roses and
other blossoms. Pepper bouquets, wita-
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covered with white carnations and a
mass of green ferns and springer-
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WHOLE PARADE AT A GLANCE.

Length of pageant.....	7 miles.
Length of route.....	4 miles.
Time to pass given point.....	2 hours, 15 minutes.
Number of spectators.....	450,000.
Total cost, including decorations, about.....	\$200,000.
Number vehicles.....	148.
Number mounted persons.....	450.
Number on foot.....	1800.
Number of floats.....	60.
Number decorated carriages and autos.....	88.
Number of elephants.....	1.
Number of camels.....	1.
Number of bears.....	1.
Chairman floral parade.....	P. J. Zeehandelaar.
Grand marshal.....	Brig.-Gen. Wankowski.
Time to prepare parade.....	3 months.
Number who worked on it.....	500.
Number flowers used (estimated).....	200,000.
Number of bands in parade.....	42.
Total value of prizes awarded.....	\$3500.

the land of flowers. Blossoms were
everywhere and of wide variety in
this gorgeous presentation of South-
ern California. Ten thousand roses,
20,000 sweet peas, 3000 lilies and a
number of other flowers of distinct
type were utilized. The big Moreland
truck was loaded to its capacity with
products characteristic of this section.
PARK COMMISSION.
Yellow broom blossoms draped
about the body of a float formed a
pretty picture to the
rose vines and blossoms that clam-
bered up the sides of the pergola
which formed the centerpiece in
the float of the Park Commission.
Seated in its bower was a happy
family, composed of some dozen or
more pretty girls and handsome men,
enjoying the "bark" air.

RUIN FLOAT.
A circus atmosphere was created
by the cinnamon bun that wandered
back and forth in a big cage which
had been taken from Eastlake park.
The body of the float, including the
wheels, was decorated in wild must-
ard flowers and green willow boughs.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The fire department entries were
all of wonderfully beautiful character.
Starting out in the machine of Chief
Elev, which was one of the greatest
novelties of the day. The machine
itself was decorated in pink gerani-
ums, even the wheels being blocked
out in those flowers. White doves
were used in the front portion of the
car and on the shield. Immediately
back of the seat was a fountain which
bubbled and played all through the
parade. It was electrically driven
O'DONNELL'S SCIMITAR.
The chief was not alone in getting
individual honors. Assistant Fire
Chief O'Donnell had his buggy
trimmed in the figure of a big square
canopy. The crowning piece of this
was an immense scimitar of red ge-
raniums over a star and crescent of
red and white flowers. The frame-
work of the canopy, which dropped
almost to the ground, was covered
with green ferns. The center of the
bottom bar had a large fan in red
and white. On a dais in the rear of the
canopy little Helen Konole was
seated.

ENGINE FOUR.
Celia lilies covered the major por-
tion of the sides of Engine four, in
the parade. Roses covered the spokes
of the wheels. The Shrine emblem
was worked out in carnations.
ENGINE 5.
The three white horses of Engine 5
were daintily set off in red gerani-
ums. The same flowers covered a
good portion of the engine. Capt.
Queirolo was in charge of the en-
gine.

WAGON 15.
Crossing the hot sand as depicted
by Mutt and Jeff on this wagon was
finished even to the details of the
smoking and. The two men in the
wagon were fitted out in every de-
tail of their characters. The wagon
was set up in desert fashion, with
the palm, acacia and wild flowers. Capt.
Martin Bruhat was in charge.

ENGINE 10.
This engine was an artistically
conceived piece. Built up over the
stack was an aeroplane in all its
details, even to the swiftly revolving
blades. The body of the aeroplane
was made of red geraniums, while
the propeller and the other me-
chanism was done in white carnations.
Stella Sepulveda, whose father har-
died the big machine, was seated in
the aeroplane. The remainder of the
engine was covered with lilies and
geraniums.

ENGINE 26.
Masses of white lilies were banked
on this engine and the red geraniums
were used to set off the flowers. The

SHRINE EMBLEM.
The Shrine emblem was well carried out
in several prize designs.
TRUCK NO. 2.
Lieut. A. W. Brown has a fine ma-
chine in the parade. The implement
of the firemen, ax, helmet, ladders
and other insignia were worked into
red geranium background. The Shrine
emblem was done in the same man-
ner in the center of the car, while
at the end the steersman was buried
beneath a large mass of geraniums.
A pretty white Spitz dog, the pet of
the department, was seated on top of
the wheel.

HOSE WAGON NO. 22.
Perhaps the prettiest float in the
civic portion of the parade was the
Venetian gondola, in charge of Capt.
B. E. Beach. Three bars, one of red
geraniums, the next of white callas
and green ferns and the last of red
geraniums, formed the body of the
float. Yellow mustard was its floor.
The cabin, in which about twenty
girls, dressed in white, were seated,
was made of roses and greenery.

TRUCK NO. 5.
The biggest truck in the city was
in the parade and bore a welcome to
the visitors in white roses placed
against a red background. Capt.
Wells had twelve very little tots, all
girls in white, seated in the upper
rungs of the ladders. They all carried
little Japanese parasols and Ameri-
can flags. The wheels of the im-
mense machine were blocked out in
flowers.

MUNICIPAL FLOAT.
Immediately following the mount-
ed police was the municipal float, one
of the city automobiles decorated in
bougainvilleas, American beauty roses
and several other floral varieties. Troup
was driven by one of the patrolmen
and carried Mayor and Mrs. Alexan-
der. The car was excellently done.

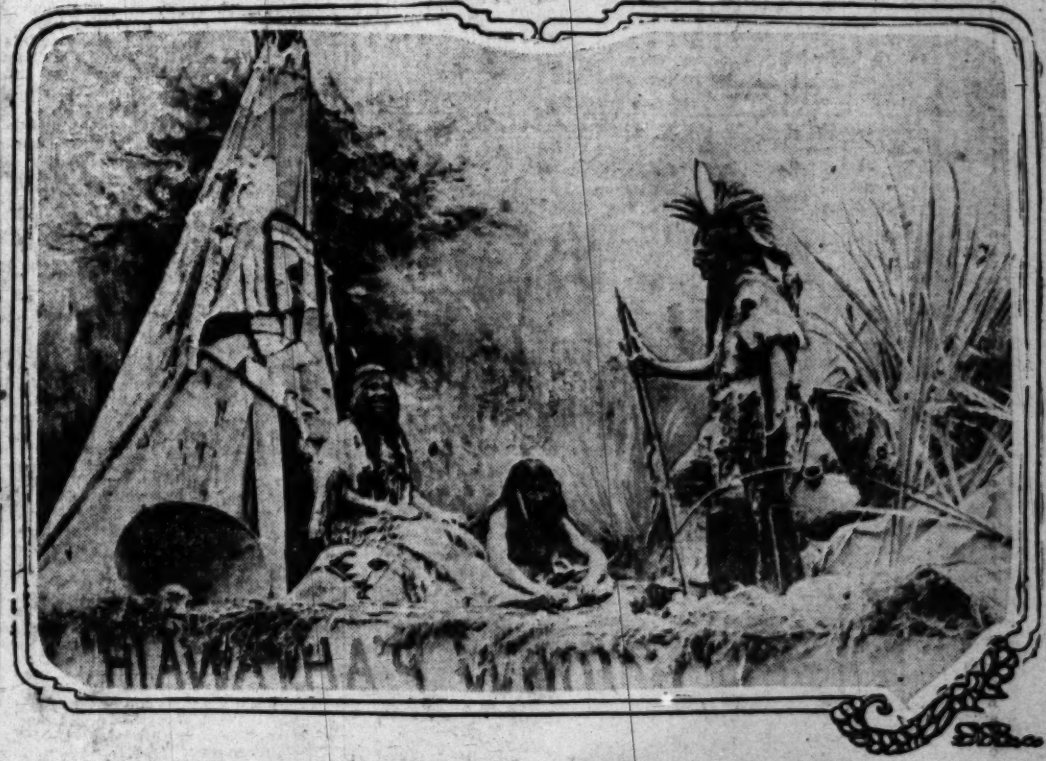
PLAYGROUND FLOAT.
The municipal playgrounds had a
large float, containing amusement ap-
paratus from the playgrounds. All
along the route, boys and girls test-
ered and slid down the chute, just
as they do at Echo Park or any of
the other amusement centers. There
were banners representing all the
playgrounds, and other out-riders on
ponies carried others.

SCRAMBLE FOR CASH.
Hundreds of Boys and Girls Amuse
Great Crowd by Diving Head First
for Coins on Pavement.
There were perhaps 10,000 people
within eye-reach of First and Broad-
way yesterday, and for a solid hour
they were kept happy and amused
while waiting for the parade, by some
philanthropic Shriner with a small
barrow-load of pennies concealed
about his person.

The be-fuzzed one climbed to the
roof of the Times building and from
that point of vantage, proceeded to
throw the coins into the street, one-
two and three at a time. In five min-
utes, he had 200 children under the
metalic rain, scrambling frantically
for the hard cash.

At first they merely ran to where
the coins dropped and there seemed
to pick them up. It was shortly ob-
served, however, that one youth who
stood in the center of the ring, pre-
pared to dive headlong in any direc-
tion, was getting most of the kale and
his tactics were speedily adopted by
the others. There was a few bruises,
naturally, but they were "good na-
tured" ones and not significant of
trouble.

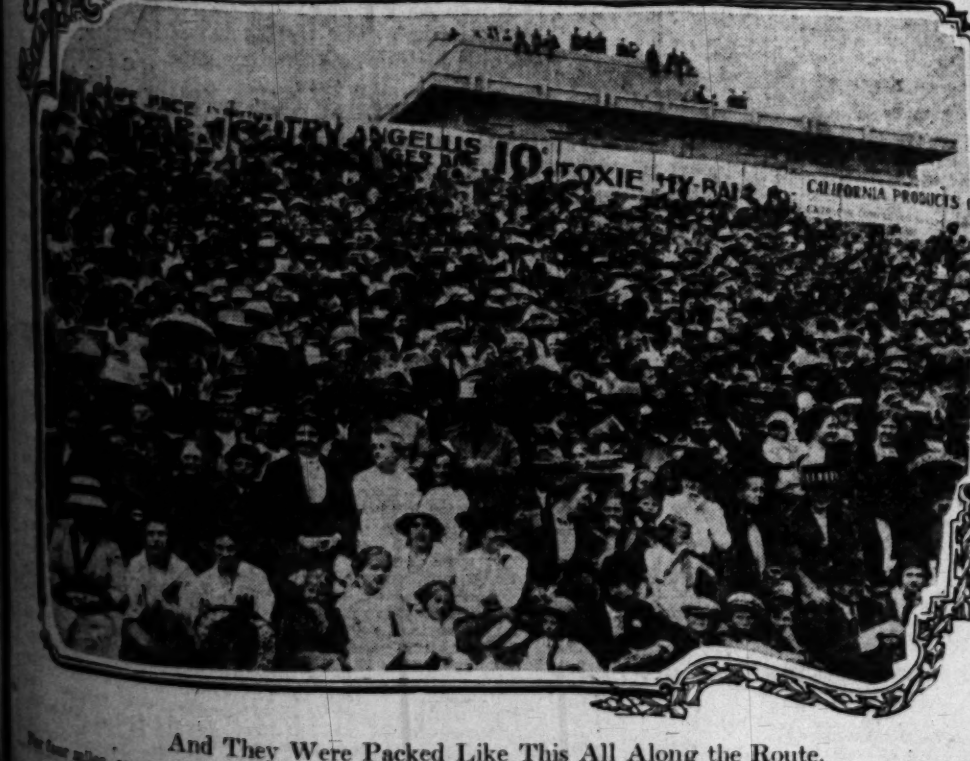
The children grabbed off what was,
for a child, quite a respectable sum
apiece and the philanthropist had the
satisfaction of having amused a large
crowd in more entertaining fashion
than can most vaudeville artists, in
anything like the same time.



Picturesque Indian float that attracted visitors from the East.

CHINESE BAND: YANKEE DOODLE

of the features of the
side most commented on
was that the Chinese
band. With three
number as a "pau-
se" float a huge silk
the twenty-men platoon
the one queue, march-
in first section of the
float, every instrument
"Yankee Doodle" with
harmony and drum of
the great American
completed their work
short pause before
equally American
would lead forth
the line of the
a note of the
which the average
association with
strains.
the their costume
being, flowered sil-
"Chinese" all the
of the carnival
over, as one spec-
their instruments
the United States.
the tongue of the
to say, it was a
of the 1912 kind,
a most up-to-date
on by musicians of
quality. No more
tribute to the im-
menting of the New
been seen here than
the Chinese band
by said.



And They Were Packed Like This All Along the Route.

On either side of the street, was a solid bank of humanity—a total of four hundred and fifty thousand.

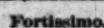
You are
Cordially
Invited

Noble Donahy roped a 35-pound yellowtail—wirelessly the captain— and Nobles A. K. Langen and J. C. Broadley caught a string of macranch and other flab. The excursionists arrived safe and sound at San Pedro in the evening and made their way to Los Angeles in the morning.

*Irish Emigrants Returning to
the Old Country.*

EMIGRANTS RETURNING.
Inspired by the prospect of a self-governing Ireland, numbers of Irishmen are returning from America to resume their life in the old country. Those who have been home in the past have reported the changes that have come to the land since the tenant could purchase his holding and make terms thereof with his landlord. The new Home Rule rounds out the inducements for the homecoming.

Among these returning ones are many men who made the westward Atlantic crossing long ago—20 years ago and have found fortune. They are now returning to their native soil, but they are not the emigrants of olden times.



Blow Blue Rings.

DAN O'ROURKE.

6 _____

7%

Harrison Gray Otis, President, General Manager and Editor of The Times, Los Angeles, California

A Problem.

SEEK TO PRESERVE THE GUA-
YULE PLANT.

Millions of Dollars Invested in the Industry, the Future of Which Depends Upon Whether the Plants Can Be Propagated So as to Keep Supply of Raw Material

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

the 1940s.

VENICE
TODAY

Today
Saturday

"Festival of the Sea" and Grand Carnival at VENICE

VENICE
TODAY

Afternoon
Evening

TODAY'S PROGRAM AT VENICE

Afternoon---All Free

12 o'clock--Grand Salute, 21 guns, from Venice Breakwater.
Continuous Band Concerts from 1:00 P.M. to 11 P.M.
Rowboat and Canoe Races by members of the Shrine Patrols.
Japanese Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Exhibitions in Venice Dance Pavilion in the afternoon at 8:30.
Dancing, Bathing and all other attractions open all day.

Band Concerts

1 to 3 P.M.--Venice of America Band.
3 to 5 P.M.--Famous Boston and Montana Band,
With Bagdad Patrol.
5 to 6 P.M.--Venice of America Band.
7 to 9 P.M.--Boston and Montana Band.
9 to 11 P.M.--Venice of America Band.

Evening---All Free

Carnival open at 7:00 P.M.
7:00 P.M. to 11 P.M.--Band Concerts, St. Mark's Plaza.
Grand Illumination of Venice Beach, Breakwater, Pier and Buildings at 7:30 P.M.
Elaborate Display of Fireworks on the Ocean at 8:00 P.M.
All the Big Venice Amusements in full operation all day.

Beautiful Shrine Souvenir Umbrellas Will Be Given Away Free to the Ladies Today at Venice

Gorgeous Display of Fireworks at 8 P. M. on the Ocean---Grand Confetti Battle the Entire Evening---Carnival Ball at the Venice Pavilion 9 to 12 P. M.

VENICE
TODAY

Plenty of Cars From the Pacific Electric Hill Street Station

Go to Venice From Redondo Beach and Use Return Portion of Tickets
Venice to Los Angeles

VENICE
TODAY

A Problem. WILD RUBBER FROM MEXICO.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE QUALITY PLANT.

Millions of Dollars Invested in the

rubber, the future of which depends upon whether the plants can be propagated so as to keep supply of raw material.

Scientific Research Monitor: The

rubber plant of the Chihuahuan

region of Mexico is a tree of the

genus *Hevea*, and is one of the

most important sources of raw

rubber in the world. It is a

tree of the family *Euphorbiaceae*, and

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EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

German Industrial Schools.

(Scribner's Magazine.) In the

German industrial schools the teach-

ers undertake to measure the mental

capacities of the boy. If he is gen-

erally a dull pupil he will be in-

structed as being better adapted to a

trade not far removed from unskilled

labor. The bright pupil, especially if

he should show manual dexterity in

the systematic tests to which he is

subjected toward the end of his school

period, would have a choice of some

fine handicraft, such as that of in-

strument making, engraving or jewel

setting.

Painstaking effort is made to de-

termine the boy's inclinations, so that

the great misfortune may not happen

to him of being deprived of the joy

of work, of the satisfaction in the

thing done. Within the view of the

Prussian school administration, and

this is equally true of Bavaria and

most of the other German States, the

skilled worker ought to be in his

calling one of the great satisfactions

of life--a certain artistic pride, the

disposition to do his work not alone

as he has been taught, but to add

to it something of his own indi-

viduality, because he loves the work

and puts something of his spiritual

self into it. No boy is compelled or

unduly forced into the choice of a

Strength of Human Bone.

(New York Sun.) The statement

that human bone is stronger than

solid oak may be questioned by the

average man, but it is a fact, never-

theless. A very small bone, only one

square millimeter (0.0155 square inch)

diameter, will hold thirty-three

pounds in suspension without break-

ing, while a piece of the best oak of

the same thickness will hold up only

twenty-two pounds.

The bone is, therefore, half again

as strong as the solid oak, thus show-

ing that nature is economical in the

weight given to bones, making them

hollow and at the same time making

them stronger than if they were solid

and much heavier.

The principle has been recognized

in mechanics, engineers using hollow

steel tubes instead of solid to meet

great strains.

WITH MARKED MONEY.

Caught with marked money in his

possession, Jack Palmer, alias Tony

Paradowski, of No. 912 East Ninth

street, was arrested last night on the

charge of having robbed the Western

Auto Body Company, No. 418 East

Ninth street, where he had been em-

ployed as a mechanic. Money was

missed from the office several nights

in succession, but it was not until

Detectives Jones, Erven and Harris

were assigned to the case that sus-

picion fastened itself on Palmer. He

refused to make a statement.

FINED EN ROUTE FOR SMOKING.

(London Chronicle.) In Russia the

cigarette is everywhere. Even in

banks the clerks smoke all day long,

and so they do in all government of-

fices. Yet smoking in non-smoking

carriages on Russian railways is ap-

parently attended with some perils.

Some little time back, according to

the Journal de St. Petersburg, a

traveler on the line to Moscow who

lighted a cigarette was requested by

a fellow-passenger to throw it away.

This he declined to do. "Very well,"

was the reply, "I am a judge, and

my jurisdiction extends over the dis-

trict through which we are travel-

ing." Then he called on another pas-

senger for further evidence and in-

flicted a fine of ten rubles. "This the

offender had to pay before being al-

lowed to leave the train.

The Times Cook Book

No. 4

Bigger, Better and More Complete
than any Previous Issue.

Replete with Spanish, Hygienic and
other Recipes by famous Chefs and
Skilled Housewives.

Now Ready and For Sale at Times
Offices and All Agents.

Price 25 Cents

Postage 5 Cents Extra



Go East Via San Francisco, Port-
land, Tacoma, Seattle
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY--SUPERB SERVICE
IT COSTS NO MORE
J. W. PHALON, T. F. & P. Agent, 606 S. SPRING ST.
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California Auction Company
General Auctioneers
We do a general Auction Business guarantee
satisfaction. We also pay top prices for
furniture, etc.
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60497 -- Phone -- Bdw. 4188



"Quality Food
at
Reasonable Prices."

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Smith's Dairy Brand Fancy

Creamery Butter, 16 oz. roll,

30c.

Eggs, Local Fresh Ranch Eggs.

Selected and candled, 23c doz.;

2 doz., 45c.

Lorgonola Cheese, Imported.

Rich and creamy, per lb., 40c.

Swiss Cheese, Genuine Imported,

per lb., 40c.

German Breakfast Cheese, each,

5c.

Fancy Longhorn Cheese, per lb.,

25c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

FOR SATURDAY.

Barbour Ranch Strawberries,

basket, 10c.

Fancy Long Stem Strawberries,

basket, 10c.

Fancy Cherries (for Cherry Pie),

per lb., 15c.

New Potatoes, 4 lbs. for 25c.

Fancy Telephone Peas, per lb., 5c.

WATERBURY

212-213 SO. SPRING ST.

Never \$3.00

Yes! It's the same Fine Hat

\$3.00 Everywhere Else

Always \$2.50 Here

La Touche

205 S. Broadway, Near 3rd

\$1.00

Save your combings. We will make

for the next 10 days a switch from

your combings for \$1.00.

CORENSEN HAIR CO.

619 1/2 So. Broadway.

F4825. Main 5129

Los Angeles Times

INFORMATION

The Times, published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays, contains the latest news, market quotations, and other information of interest to the general public.

SCOPE AND AIMS

THE TIMES PUBLISHES REGULARLY more than 100,000 copies, and contains a large volume of advertising matter and a large volume of editorial matter.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES

Independent, unprejudiced, and unpartisan. THE LOS ANGELES TIMES is devoted to the best interests of the community, and to the upbuilding of Los Angeles, the State of California, and the great Southwest.

AS TO LABOR

The Times is the leading labor newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is devoted to the interests of the laboring classes.

AS TO CIRCULATION

The Times has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO ADVERTISING

The Times offers the best advertising space in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO EDITORIAL

The Times is the leading editorial newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO FINANCIAL

The Times is the leading financial newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO SPORTS

The Times is the leading sports newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO THEATRE

The Times is the leading theatre newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO MUSIC

The Times is the leading music newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO ARTS

The Times is the leading arts newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO LITERATURE

The Times is the leading literature newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO SCIENCE

The Times is the leading science newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading history newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO GEOGRAPHY

The Times is the leading geography newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading botany newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading zoology newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading agriculture newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading law newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading politics newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading economics newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading religion newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading philosophy newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading metaphysics newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading logic newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO ETHICS

The Times is the leading ethics newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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The Times is the leading aesthetics newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO CRITICISM

The Times is the leading criticism newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

AS TO LITERARY CRITICISM

The Times is the leading literary criticism newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

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AS TO GEOGRAPHY CRITICISM

The Times is the leading geography criticism newspaper in the West, and is the only newspaper in the West which is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays.

The Case of Taggart.

TESTIMONY IN

LIBEL SUIT.

TAX COLLECTOR UNDERGOING

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Further Facts Brought Out Relative

to the Article in "The Times"

Under Dispute—Inquiry as to the

Charges of Attorney Freeman in the

Supplemental Proceedings.

In the libel suit brought by City

Tax Collector Taggart against the

Times-Mirror Company for \$25,000

damages in course of trial be-

fore a jury in Judge Bordwell's court,

several witnesses were introduced yester-

day by the plaintiff. There was only

a half-day session owing to the

parade in the morning. When ad-

jourment was taken until Wednesday

morning, Taggart was on the witness

stand submitting to cross-examination

by defendant's counsel.

N. Blackstock, banker and lawyer,

testified that there is a system of

fixed rates among bonding companies

and that the rates of city and license

collectors are \$5 per thousand. Fred

Siegel, an insurance man, gave similar

testimony. He said the company he

once represented went on Taggart's

bond when he was first elected to his

official position.

W. R. Williams, a former reporter

of the Times, now employed on the

municipal newspaper, testified that

he talked with the plaintiff

about ten days prior to the

publication of the alleged libelous ar-

ticle in regard to another article re-

lative to some of the matters therein

contained and reported Taggart's

statements and denials to his city

editors.

Attorney Lewis R. Works next pre-

sented a series of articles appearing

in the Times during 1910 and refer-

ring to the City Tax Collector. These

were read to the jury. Most of the

articles had appeared under the gen-

eral caption of City Hall news.

Taggart, the plaintiff, was cross-

examined by Attorney Goodwin, coun-

sel for the Times-Mirror Com-

pany.

What business were you engaged

in prior to your election to the office

you now hold?" asked the lawyer.

"I was in the real estate and build-

ing business."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About nine years."

"Have you been in the same busi-

ness all that time?"

"No, I worked for other people

some of the time."

"What property, if any, did you own

prior to 1910?"

"I couldn't answer that question in

detail," said Taggart, hesitatingly.

"Well, did you own any real es-

tate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you recollect a proceeding

brought against you by J. C. Lade-

ve?"

"I do."

"Please explain the circumstances."

"It grew out of a real estate deal,"

explained Taggart. "I made a deal

with a Mr. Moore and executed a

trust deed for \$1000 to Ladeve."

At the time I understood that if I sold

proceedings injured your feelings and

those of your wife, did you not?"

"Did you show the article to

your wife?"

"No, some of her friends telephoned

to her about it."

"Do you subscribe to a press clip-

ping bureau?"

"And, I presume that the clippings

read to the jury were given to your

attorney?"

The witness answered in the af-

firmative.

"Did you not know after reading

the article in 'The Times' that there

was no statement in it to the effect

that you had disposed of all your prop-

erty to avoid paying a judgment?"

The witness answered that it was

intended to state he had disposed of

property to avoid paying a judgment.

He said that as a matter of fact he

had not disposed of all his property

before the rendition of the judgment.

"During the supplemental proceed-

ings, did you not state that Attorney

Freeman charged that certain assign-

ments were made to avoid your paying

the judgment?"

"I had forgotten the matter en-

tirely," said Taggart.

He firmly replied that from the

general tone of the article as well as

the one paragraph he indirectly

gained the impression that it was

intended to state he had disposed of

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Hamburger's

Buyers' Sale

Last Day---Today!

—the close of two weeks of record-breaking successes!
—of delighted throngs who expressed their approval of values
unparalleled by buying—buying—buying—every day!

—and to see that values have not lessened their altitudes
nor bargains their variety you've only to glance over the
listed here—and these, remember, are merely hints.

Fancy Ribbons 25c

For the last day of the Buyers' Sale. A new lot in the latest conceptions. Some of the designs are displayed for the first time. (Main Floor)

In "Bargain Booth" \$1 Novelty Suitings 39c

46 to 54 inches wide, all wool—Spring effects in the newest colorings! It's an opportunity to set the town a-talking! Did you ever dream of buying a waist or dress length for so little? Come! (Main Floor)

Women's Silk Stockings, Pair 95c

Of fine quality pure thread silk. Slight imperfections. Medium weight, either all silk or with little feet, in black, white and colors. Bought at a price much under the usual, especially for the Buyers' Sale. (Main Floor)

\$1.00 Guaranteed Watches Today 69c

They are American make and thoroughly reliable timekeepers—just the watches for the man or boy who wants a timepiece at once dependable and inexpensive. Open face with nickel or gunmetal finish cases. Remember, they are guaranteed and they sell regularly for \$1. Take advantage! (Main Floor)

Get Your Bathing Suit Today

Now is the best time to plan your outfit for the summer. A great many are already doing so. Stocks are naturally more complete and price range best.

At \$3.50

we are showing a pleasing line in mohair and Panama, navy and black, trimmed with fancy soutache and serpentine braids, square neck and puff sleeves. The "Swim-easy" style included.

A goodly assortment of caps at 50c and 75c and up to \$1.50; shoes at 50c, 75c up to \$1.50, and sandals at 25c and 50c. (Second Floor)

20 Styles of "Middy" Blouses Go at \$1.50

Every one different, distinctive and absolutely new—the moment—styles that will appeal to the college girl. They were made to sell for \$2.50, see what you'll save on a season's supply of the natty and comfortable garments! Just think, choosing from a variety so great! Come in now to 20 years.

Boys' Bike Pants

Good quality corduroy, in mouse color—pants that sell regularly for \$1.50. Have double seats 80c and full leg tops. Sizes 8 to 17 years... 80c

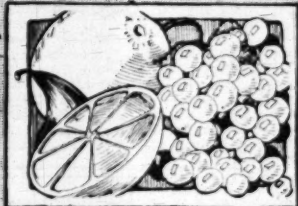
Schools and Colleges.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

(Casa de Rosas), Adams and Hoover streets. Twenty-first Year Begins Thursday, September Twenty-six.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest



1897-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR.
NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 11.

MAY 11, 1912—40 PAGES.

Single copies, by mail,
Or through News Agents, | TEN CENTS

On the Face of the Returns.



It looks as though most of the Shriners have elected to "come back!"

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER—40 PAGES.

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"What I Learned About Crackers"

—by a Los Angeles Housewife

When I lived in the East, we used crackers on our table three times daily. The entire family enjoyed them. They came to us in a delightfully fresh, crisp condition, and I almost believe that we preferred them to bread.

When we first came to Southern California, the crackers our grocer brought us seemed to lack that crisp, tasty quality we enjoyed in them back East. The brand we were buying, however, was the same, and we noticed the same newspaper, street car and bill board advertisements of this particular brand, just as we used to see them in our old home town. Finally the family, including myself, began to eat less crackers. They didn't seem to appeal to our tastes as before. But one day, the grocer sent us a new red package labeled "Bellcrescent Sodas." I placed them on the table, and one of my boys at lunch, after biting into one, said "Mother, where did you get these crackers, I could eat a whole pound of 'em right now." Then everybody tried them, and words of approval flew thick and fast.

We investigated, and found out that Bellcrescent Sodas are made fresh every day right here in Los Angeles, and that they reach Southern California people almost as fresh as when just taken from the oven. Our grocer boy told us, the next morning that Eastern crackers reach Los Angeles at least one to three months stale.

Thereupon the cracker problem was solved for us forever.

Baked
Fresh
Daily
in
Los Angeles
By

Kahn-Beck Co.

10c

5c, 10c, 25c

5c



Let Me Look into Your Eyes?

You might as well have a regularly licensed and thoroughly experienced physician look into your eyes and your eye troubles as some man who is simply interested in selling a pair of glasses and who probably knows more about the frames or mountings which hold the glasses than he does about the lenses themselves.

Expert Service
Like Mine Costs
You No More

If you don't need glasses, I will tell you so. If you need glasses, I will prescribe the right kind and see that your eyes are properly fitted because the lenses are ground to your needs right here in my own offices.

Simple or compound lenses, Toric or Kryptok lenses at lowest prices.

YOUR MONEY BACK IN 30 SECONDS
IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

That is the safest and most comprehensive guarantee I can possibly offer.

DR. M. M. RING

OCULIST AND OPTICIAN.

ROOM 10, 321 SOUTH HILL STREET

Home F2684.

Results Count.

Broadway 2799.

The Los Angeles Times

BIGGEST NEWSPAPER
IN THE WORLD

Month after month, for more than a decade, The Times has regularly carried more advertising than any newspaper extant.

At the end of last month—April, 1912—the volume of advertising carried by Los Angeles newspapers, expressed in inches, was as follows:

First.	The Times	115,084 inches
Second.	The Examiner	93,051 inches
Third.	The Express	56,765 inches
Fourth.	The Tribune	45,057 inches
Fifth.	The Herald	35,999 inches
Sixth.	The Record	27,975 inches

The tabulation below indicates the lead of the Los Angeles Times over other big journals for March, 1912. (Figures for April at this time of printing not obtainable.)

	Columns
Los Angeles Times	5811
New York World	3697
Chicago Tribune	3421
Detroit News Tribune	3567
Seattle Times	2444
Washington Star	3223
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	2187
Minneapolis Journal	3087
Philadelphia Inquirer	2946
Cleveland Plain Dealer	2837
Baltimore News	2636
Cincinnati Enquirer	2279

"The Times" Impressive Circulation Growth

CIRCULATION: Daily net average for 1896, 15,801; for 1900, 26,733; for 1904, 37,703; for 1908, 53,700; for 1912, 59,307. For the first four months of 1912, 59,307 copies.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Delivered by mail or carrier, Daily and Sunday editions (including the Illustrated Weekly Magazine) \$1.00 per year; 75c per month. Sunday edition only, \$3.50 per year.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Color in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public separate from The Times news sheets when required. Old series ended December 31, 1911. New series began January 6, 1912.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by newsdealers: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Under the Editorial Direction of

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA, AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Activity by the Silver Gate.

SAN DIEGO is wide awake and will be ready to entertain the tourists who come to her show in 1912. There are plans there for the erection of no less than six skyscrapers. On a lot 50x100 feet will be a six-story edifice costing \$300,000. Another four-story building on a lot 100 feet square will cost proportionately more. A third will occupy a lot 50x100 feet, be eight stories and cost a half a million. The same owner proposes a seven-story hotel building to cost \$300,000, and another owner will erect a twelve-story building which will cost at least as much. The contract has been let for a six-story building on a lot 100 feet square at \$150,000, and for another six-story building at \$100,000 on a lot 50x100 feet. Besides these half a dozen apartment-houses are planned to cost about \$20,000 apiece.

Mutual Insurance.

WATTS is a small community between Los Angeles and the harbor. But it has a life insurance company unique in history. It has no regular organization, constitution or by-laws. No office nor even a desk. It is decidedly mutual, consists of twenty-five members, each one of whom on the death of any other member, pays in the sum of \$1. The aggregate amount of insurance at present is \$74. Membership is limited to 50, and when that number is filled the amount of the insurance payable at death will be \$499. It is all net profit, as there are no salaries and no rent to pay.

Spring-Time Call of the Sea.

IT IS the very acme of the spring season along by the Western Sea, and the call of the sea is persistent and enticing. The various railroad lines that reach the seacoast resorts from Los Angeles on a recent Sunday carried 70,000 people to lounge on the warm white sands and bask in the sunbeams while the waves cooed their soothing music into their ears and penetrated every nerve with a sense of supreme rest. From the nearest station of the Pacific Electric there went 15,000 persons—and it was not a busy Sunday for seashore tourists.

No Race Suicide Among Our Towns.

IT IS an unusual day when there is not a new town born in the Great Southwest. The last accouchement was about two weeks ago, and the babe was christened Harbor City. In a week the sale of lots aggregated in value \$150,000. In Kern county, on the line of the aqueduct and the California-Nevada Railroad, a new town was born the other day in the center of an agricultural district containing some hundred thousand acres. As this lies between Inyo and Kern counties the new town is known as Inyo-Kern.

Oh, the Glory of the Poppy Flowers.

THESE are the days of undimmed glorious sunshine in Southern California. And the surface of the earth is carpeted with flowers as the mid-day sky with clouds. What a good time the Shriners have had during the past week, and will have next week, here on the Sunset Sea and in the heart of the Great Southwest, with wholesome airs and beauties superabundant. Fortunately for them Los Angeles people

have had to make no excuses and say untimely-weather was unusual. There was nothing unusual about the climate of Southern California during the days of May that have passed. They were all just usually good, and that is as good as days can be found anywhere under the sun.

The rains fell late, and the season was just a little bit belated. So much the better for the thousands of tourists who have spent their few days here by the Western Sea and have wandered through the Heart of the Great Southwest. They have seen Southern California as the Queen of Sheba saw Solomon with all the undimmed glory that belongs to it. They have seen more glory to the square foot of space than they ever saw on earth before in all their wanderings in all the oases their camels have ever thrust their noses into. We will leave it to their own unprejudiced minds if this is not so. Did you wanderers over burning sands ever anywhere see anything to compare to the glory of the fire-yellow chalices of the poppy flower as it spread literally in myriads over valley and up sloping mesa? Did you ever see anything so entrancingly beautiful as the blue of the "baby-eyes" along the roadsides and in a thousand fields? Did you ever see anything so spotless white in the way of a flower, even if you include the chalice of the calla, as you have seen it when wandering by the Nile, as the yucca that raises its tall column of spotless flowers in thousands through the washes and all over the deserts? You boast of traveling over burning sands and resting in oases beautiful as gardens of the gods, but did you ever see a country sentinelled like ours with armies clad in beauty to frighten away every object of ugliness? Honest injun, did you?

The Finer Side of Life.

LET no uninformed "tenderfoot" imagine that our people by the Western Sea are all of the earth earthy, and that their thoughts never reach to the higher things or finer side of life. That would be an awful mistake, misleading and harmful to those who should entertain it. Spend a day at South Pasadena and hear the earnest discussion carried on by all sorts and conditions of men and women concerning Arroyo Seco Park. Then go out to Pomona and see what the enterprising people are doing there to beautify their already beautiful city. At Ganesha Park there has been expended during the spring \$700 on plants alone. Pasadena has been noted time out of mind for its Midwinter Rose Festival, which takes place on New Year's Day. This season the spring is late, but the abundant March rains have resulted in an even unusually splendid show of roses. So the Pasadena Horticultural Society gives a show at which no flowers are permitted excepting roses. Then turn to our educational interest, and notice that at San Diego the contract has been let for the construction of a group of Polytechnic buildings at a cost of \$125,000. The old red school-house of New England was a great institution and gave the country statesmen of distinguished ability. It was all right for the colonial and post-revolutionary ages in the Eastern States, but would not do for a minute in the aesthetic era by the Western Sea, where school buildings have to exude art from every pore, alias window, door, frieze and cornice. At Santa Monica the atmosphere is punctuated with the click of hammers and the buzz of busy saws constructing a great new pier, all for pleasure. At Ocean Park, where amusement devices are thick as the sand by the seashore, a sum of \$50,000 is being expended for a "Virginia Reel," not a dance, but some kind of an amusement whirling to while away the leisure hours of the people.

Queer Chasers of Winter Sunbeams.

FOR fifty years Los Angeles, Southern California and the whole Great Southwest have been known the wide world over for the salubrity of the climate, the absence of frost, the scarcity of overcast skies, and therefore for the attractiveness of this section as a winter resort. Those who raise fine horses have also known for many years that they enjoy this climate as much as his master. A well-known winter resident of the section, who owns mines, and has a summer home in Montana, has shipped swans here to winter in Westlake Park. But now comes Riverside with the queerest winter tourists heard of yet. The other day there went out from the Salt Lake Route depot in the "Orange City," twenty stock cars loaded with bees as thick as flies going to their summer home in Utah. This is not exactly a new experiment, for during the four past years these Utah apiarists have been bringing their bees to feast and make honey during the winter months on the hills around Riverside. The bee has acquired a bad habit of over-industry. Instinct derived from remote ancestors taught him to "gather honey every day from many an opening flower" in order to lay up food for himself and family during the winter months, when flowers were all dead and buried under mountains of snow. So ingrained has the habit become that he pegs away like many another miser "laying up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them."

The Quarantine Factories.

VENICE OF AMERICA is taking time by the forelock in delimiting an industrial zone. The city is growing rapidly, with buildings going up that will aggregate in cost \$100,000. It is wise that timely steps should be taken to let those contemplating improvements know just where the smoke of industrial enterprises are likely to make residence disagreeable.

What Harbors Cost.

WE PEOPLE of Los Angeles are sticking feathers in our cap after the fashion of the Yankee boy to call it "macaroni" because we are spending a few million dollars in the construction of a harbor. Let us remember two things:

First, there is the greatest inspiration for the construction of a harbor here and now the world has known. The opening of the Panama Canal will mark an epoch in the commercial history of the world and in the commerce of the seas unequalled by anything preceding it in history. That is one thing to make us a little less proud of our energy in securing a harbor. The second is that our \$3,000,000 is as a drop in a bucket compared with what cities have done not stimulated by the canal which is to revolutionize commerce.

To be sure, these other cities have already secured a great commerce and have now grown to very populous proportions and become amazingly rich. But if we try to lay this to our souls as a flattering uncton let us not forget that the commencement of these harbors by other cities was made long before they became either populous or rich, and that their growth in population and wealth has gone hand in hand with their harbor development.

Let us take a few examples. New York City has spent a total, in round figures, of \$100,000,000 in its wharves and facilities for handling commerce from deep-sea ships. To be sure, New York has a population at the present time of about 4,000,000.

Liverpool is not so large in numbers, though largest in wealth represented by commerce of any city. Her population is about a million at most. The people of that city have spent \$200,000,000 in the construction of wharves. The approach to the docks at Liverpool depends upon the tides, which rise exceedingly high in the Mersey, and fifty years ago when sailing ships were the carriers of overseas commerce, docks had been constructed at Liverpool in and out of which ships were locked, coming in and out upon the rising tide, the lading and unlading being done as the tide rose and fell.

Let us come near home. San Francisco is one of our own cities of our own State, and we are bold enough to proclaim ourselves a rival of the metropolis of the west coast, determined if possible to take metropolitan honors away from our competitor. The population of San Francisco proper is not markedly larger than our own. But that city has spent \$50,000,000 upon wharves and other facilities for handling overseas commerce. This is something for all the Far West to be proud of, for it is indeed something for this city of less than half a million souls to spend half as much money as vast New York.

Hamburg is the great shipping point for the German empire and for all Central Europe. Its population is not very much larger than that of San Francisco, but this German city has spent upon her harbor in one way or another \$125,000,000. The life of Germany depends upon overseas commerce, and the Germans are too intelligent and energetic to miss any advantage by neglecting their shipping facilities.

Straight across the continent from San Francisco is Boston, with a population about 50 per cent. larger than that of our own Bay City, and the Hub of the Universe is about to expend \$15,000,000 in the enlargement of shipping facilities in view of the approaching opening of the canal. The New Englander has never been wanting in keen intelligence or active energy to secure any advantages that lay under his hand.

London, the metropolis of the universe, where every financial pulse of the world centers, and with a population of 7,000,000 souls, has natural shipping advantages equal to those of New York. The name London comes from the old Celtic tongue of the aborigines, and is interpreted as meaning "a place for ships." She has always justified her name. Lying far up a tidal stream of great depth at high tide, a harbor was unnecessary, but London has spent \$100,000,000 on wharves, paralleling the achievement of New York, so similar in all respects.

Baltimore has a population about equal to San Francisco, and possesses great natural advantages for shipping. To make all these advantages available the city of monuments and beautiful women has spent \$12,000,000.

Antwerp, the commercial metropolis of Belgium, lies also at the head of a tidal river. Much has had to be done to make the Scheldt safely navigable, and the people of little Belgium, industrious and frugal beyond the normal among na-

tions, have spent \$95,000,000 upon the improvement of the harbor of Antwerp.

To be sure, the United States government has been moderately liberal to us here in Los Angeles, and has spent a good many millions in constructing the breakwater that creates the outer harbor, and is still generously helping us upon the development of our inner harbor. We are doing much, but none too much, to take advantage of the possible commerce coming our way when the canal is finished. We probably shall find it necessary to spend larger sums of money as time goes on and our commerce grows, and that this growth of commerce will depend directly upon our wisdom in seeing what to do and our liberality in furnishing means to do it to get all the commerce possible for our harbor.

Seattle has schemes for harbor facilities which when completed will have cost \$8,000,000, and other improvements which will put the cost to \$20,000,000.

Where Nature's Forces Are Most Benign.

THE climatic conditions that have marked the past winter in nearly all parts of North America, and those now in the spring of the year, placing their marks broadly over many portions of it, cannot but call to mind the difficulties the struggle for life presents in regions where the forces of nature are so malignantly hostile.

The severity of the winter cold, accompanied by destructive winds, called forth the sympathy of every person who read of the facts in the daily papers. The interruption of business added greatly to the sufferings of the people brought on in other ways. With the return of days that should be marked by all the conditions that usually accompany spring, large portions of the North American continent have been ripped and torn by terrific floods. Many of the great rivers have overrun their banks, and hundreds of small streams have been running in disastrous floods. Cities are marooned, others inundated, large portions of many carried away. The suffering caused by the winter blizzards and the interruption to business following snow blockades are now being duplicated by the floods with the additional circumstance of the destruction of many million dollars worth of property swept away by the uncontrollable waters.

In certainly no spirit of rejoicing, but rather in one of active sympathy and of graceful thanksgiving, it is not amiss to call the attention of our people to the blessings they enjoy from one end to the other of the Great Southwest, pulsating at every point with the sensuous life of calm days, of warm sunshine and happy in exemption from the dire disaster of destructive floods. The Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers are great assets in the industrial life of the people of our Central States. No doubt many of us here in the Great Southwest long for the onward sweep of these great streams, with their forest-clad banks, and all the verdure that springs from abundance of water. But surely we may console ourselves in great degree indeed by our exemption from the ravages of angry currents sweeping uncontrollably over river banks, inundating cities, destroying property and threatening, yes, actually taking away the life of many of the people.

A climate that "lets you alone" at all seasons of the year, free from severe cold in winter and prostrating heat in summer, and from destructive floods at all seasons, is a blessing not at all to be despised.

New Religions.

THERE is no instance in history of a new religion having been built except upon the foundations of an old one.

Confucius was the founder of a faith which has been followed for 2400 years by a people who now number 400,000,000 souls. Yet Confucius did not claim to be the maker of a new religion. He aimed to raise the moral condition of the Chinese from degradation to prosperity. He was a maker of ethical maxims rather than an author of doctrines claimed to be spiritual or supernatural in their origin. He collected and preserved old traditions. He concerned himself less about religions than about other matters. He was reserved in his utterances concerning soul and spirits, although he insisted upon a conscientious veneration of both.

Zoroaster was a prophet who preached a religion that was opposed to polytheism and resembled Judaism in its teachings.

Buddha has been classed by German sci-

tists as a myth, but the story of his life, whether real or fictitious, is accepted by two-thirds of the human race who reverence him as the sublimest pattern of all virtue and wisdom. His personality, his mission, his exalted endowments form the central point of the doctrine which bears his name. Yet it is claimed that he did not originate the doctrines he preached, but borrowed many of them, especially the doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration of souls, from the priests of Isis and Osiris.

Mohammed was an epileptic who when he fell senseless with reddened face and foaming mouth, uttered cries and saw visions which he remembered when he came to himself and translated into heavenly revelations. He hated the idolatry which prevailed among the Arabs. He accepted the leading tenets of both Judaism and Christianity. He believed that Arabia stood in need of a deliverer and a reformer in political, in social and in religious life, and he essayed the task. He was in youth a man of timid, undecided character. He developed into a sagacious statesman and a conquering soldier. He was the Napoleon of his epoch, and like Napoleon he did not hesitate to stoop to immoral means to secure his ends. He was avaricious and sensual. He abjured alcohol, but indulged in opium, and he denied souls to women and peopled his Paradise with houri.

Swedenborg was a self-deceived man. He honestly believed that for twenty years he held daily communion with the denizens of another world, and received from them the instructions which he formulated into a faith. He did not attack Christianity. He accepted it in its entirety and added Swedenborgianism to it, exactly as Brigham Young added Mormonism to the Bible, and claimed for polygamy the sanction of the Old Testament and the toleration of the new one. Martin Luther, Henry the Eighth, Oliver Cromwell were founders and organizers of sects, not propagandists of new faiths.

Positivism as announced by Comte is not really a religion. It is an attempt to measure all religions with the yardstick of science, and to pronounce God an impossibility because of facts ascertained by dissecting the vermiform appendix of a bug.

Polemical discussions are in the main profitless.

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

The religion of the Spartan was compacted in his direction to his son to "shoot straight and tell the truth." The religion of those who went down on the Titanic was of the very essence of Christianity, and whatever their sins may have been they were surely accorded seats among the elect.

"For Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

Genius and Hard Work.

IT IS a proverb that "genius consists of a capacity for hard work." To an extent this is true, for although every hard worker is not a genius, yet every genius who has been recognized by the world as such, has been a hard worker.

Shakespeare as an actor appeared in a subordinate part at the Globe Theater in Ben Jonson's long-forgotten tragedy of "Sejanus," and committed to memory the heavy blank verses of that literary poseur of the Elizabethan era. Pope says of the Bard of Avon that "he grew immortal in his own despite."

Newton studied and failed, and failed and studied in judicial astrology, and then turned to the study of natural philosophy and astronomy, and became immortal.

Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Lincoln were noted for their industry. Webster declared that he did not know how the bread of idleness tasted. "I have worked," he said, "for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years on an average."

Genius often leads those who possess it into other paths than those which they followed early in life. James Watt was a mathematical-instrument-maker. Arkwright was a barber. Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom, was a clergyman. Bell, the pioneer inventor of the power reaping machine, was a Scotch minister; Armstrong, inventor of the hydraulic engine, was a solicitor. Wheatstone, who antedated Morse as an inventor of the electric telegraph, was a maker of musical instruments.

Claude Lorraine was a pastry cook. Bunyan was a tinker, Moliere was an upholsterer.

Rabelais, and Locke, and Galvani, and Smollett, and Mungo Parke, and Crabbe, and Goldsmith, and Farini and Keats were doctors.

Genius is sometimes modest, and sometimes is exceedingly self-appreciative. Goethe averred that he never accepted any praise that he had not already bestowed upon himself. Kepler said of one of his books: "Whether it be read by posterity or by my contemporaries is of no consequence; it may well wait for a reader during our century, when God Himself during 600 years has not sent an observer like myself." "When I am dead," said the great physiologist Hunter, "you will not soon meet with another John Hunter." Dante claimed to be foremost among poets and confidently predicted his own fame. Voltaire said: "We are all kings, princes, and poets;" and Wordsworth declared that the judgment of posterity upon his poems would be that they were the worthiest of the age.

It is told of a prominent California politician and near-statesman, that during his last stamping tour he was taking a walk with a friend on Sunday morning, when a little girl on her way to Sabbath-school bade him good-morning. "Good-morning, my little dear," said His Excellency. "Do you know who I am?" "Oh yes," said the little one, "you are our great good Governor." "Yes, my child," responded the Governor solemnly, as he pointed upward, "but you must remember that there is One greater and better than I am—God."

Man Just Learning to Live.

ON A RECENT Sunday in the city of Chicago the head shepherd of a large Christian flock made the definite announcement in his parish no more marriages would be solemnized unless the high contracting parties brought a certificate from a reputable physician giving "a clean bill of health," physically and mentally. The fact that this church was in the very staid and conservative communion known as the "Protestant Episcopal" makes the announcement all the more important.

We are informed by the daily press that in September there will meet in the city of Washington the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography. At this gathering there will be an elaborate collection of exhibitions of health, and all the great medical discoveries of the last century will be reviewed. This will be the first meeting of this society in the United States, although it has existed for a good many years. No less than twenty-five of the nations of the earth will be represented, and among the delegations will be 300 physicians from Germany.

We have referred to these matters as showing the widely-extended and very general interest taken in the world at our time as to health matters. It is but a couple of generations since Lister first pointed out the value of antiseptics in surgical treatment. So far has surgical science progressed that instead of the use of antiseptics the surgeons of our day use aseptic applications. That is, instead of attacking the various microbes after they have gained a foothold in the human system, they prevent them from getting there at all. This is a new and important application of an old medical dogma, "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

It is only about one generation since Pasteur, a Frenchman, discovered his treatment of diseases, and it is even less time since Von Behring announced the discovery of the antitoxin which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of diphtheria. Under the old practice swarms of the diphtheritic throat with lotions was the thing known to medical science. It is now known that this treatment simply washed the dead microbes and left the sore place a favorable culture for the living microbes. The treatment was repeated until generally the patient died. By the use of Von Behring's antitoxin a single application properly applied to the throat of the patient absolutely of the noxious microbe, and instantly recovery set in. Under the old treatment scarcely one in five of the afflicted was saved. Under the new treatment more than one in twenty is lost. We are proud that the treatment begins in time.

The health of the individual is the most important thing in life to the well-being of the individual and of society. Medical science has been among the slowest things in human progress. Progress in our day is exceedingly rapid in the mental health of each individual.

Men and Women.

IT WAS indeed "a glorious victory" that sent old Senator Cullom of Illinois to the political boneyard to be replaced by Lawrence J. Sherman! The octogenarian statesman spent for campaign purposes about \$13, which went for apples. The combined anti-administration forces in Illinois are credited with their more or less closely allied Democratic supporters with having scattered broadcast over the "Sucker State" something like \$2,000,000. Illinois has not been noted in American political history as a shining mark of political purity. And possibly the recent primary campaign capped the climax for all political corruption.

Who is the Irishman who is not a descendant, collaterally if not directly, from an Irish king? The Burkes of Connaught certainly show an abundance of evidence that they have royal blood in their veins. The head of the Burke family at the present time is Lord Clanricarde, and he possesses a nice little kingdom in his Irish estates of today, embracing some 56,000 acres. This is to be broken up and sold to the tenants unless an outsider should bid over them. The Irish will not regret the division of the estates, for the lord has not earned any popularity among his tenants. It is said that although 79 years of age, he has been in Ireland only once in his life, when he went to attend the funeral of his father. It is also said of him that he has evicted more than 400 families, and has been denounced even in Parliament as a curse to his country. The only comparison the Irish can find for him is Oliver Cromwell.

What stupidities are not practiced in this land! John Burns has been a member of the Radical Cabinet of England for a great many years. Unless memory errs he was once president of the Board of Trade. Note the fact never caught his eye that the shipping laws of Great Britain were so dangerously out of date. Take as evidence the recent loss of the Titanic. Now mark Mr. Burns's burning interest in reform. His particular hobby is that every spinster in England who owns more than two cats and more than one dog shall be compelled to take a child from the poorhouse. Perhaps it would be well to submit this to a referendum primary at which only the old maids should be permitted to vote.

The other day at Rome our American multi-millionaire, J. Pierpont Morgan, encountered in the lobby of a hotel the beautiful operatic singer, Lina Cavallieri, and the emperor of finance and the empress of song exchanged greetings and compliments. Mr. Morgan asked the charming cantatrice to let him know the secret by which she maintains eternal youth. With probably a malicious glance at her unfortunate matrimonial adventure with Bob Chanler of New York, the fair Lina replied, "I no longer discover my secrets to any man." Mrs. Terry, the actress, is of a different temperament. At 44 she is said to act and look as if only 30, and says that her recipe for preserving her youth both mental and physical, is "work and interest in life."

Robert Morrison Oliphant, now a resident of New York City, who retired from the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad nearly ten years ago, is distinguished as the oldest living graduate of Columbia University. Born on September 9, 1824, he entered Columbia College at the age of 15, and graduated in 1843, a year ahead of his own class. It is the fashion just now to decry university training. But the man who will look through the lists of Congressional names, especially in the Senate, and study the histories and biographies of railroad and bank presidents will find a good many college-bred men.

Are the newspapers to have a second rival? The Los Angeles Municipal Newspaper of course is the first. Senator Hepburn would make the Congressional Record the second. This solon of eagle vision thinks the paper in which "permission to print" is enjoyed could be made a popular vehicle of political education by reducing the price. It might prove some facility in allowing Congressmen to reach their constituents with arguments in favor of their own re-election. But even that is of doubtful expediency.

Our Canadian neighbors declined our offer of reciprocity in foodstuffs and products of our manufacture. But they do not mind grabbing a few able Americans to show them how to do things. Reginald H. Thompson, former city engineer of Seattle, has been offered a salary of \$15,000 a year on a five-year contract to develop Brackman Park on Vancouver Island. New York City's Engineer Thompson to take entire charge of the work in the borough of Manhattan. He is said to prefer the offer from Canada.

Balm spring with its ethereal mildness, reached the latitude of Washington about the middle of April. This seems to be a well-established fact, for President Taft felt the spring fever stirring in his veins, and an old gray hat upon his head, spent the afternoon at the Cherry Chase golf links. Golfers in California, however, take notice that it was the first game the President had enjoyed since September, 1911.

Industrial Progress.

IN THE lines of progress of the day, building activity continues to lead all others. This is so not only in the city of Los Angeles, but in all the others all through the Great Southwest, including not only the larger municipalities, but the smaller towns and even villages. While the Southwest leads all the West, yet in a way the statement is true all along the Western Sea, from San Diego to Puget Sound.

Now this condition is almost absolutely certain to prevail generally for at least the next three years. The opening of the Panama Canal and the celebration of that event at San Francisco, with an important overflow meeting at San Diego, will draw to the Great Southwest, and to all points by the Western Sea, a continual stream of tourists and settlers, of large volume.

Among the important developments of the immediate past may be mentioned the following:

The automobile is growing in popularity everywhere, particularly so in this winterless climate, and this will be accelerated as the building of new roads progresses. It is, therefore, only what might be expected when we read that Anaheim is to have another public garage costing \$6000. It is to be built for the Anaheim Motor Company, an organization capitalized for \$50,000. This company is to handle a machine made by the Colby Motor Company, a concern with a capital of \$2,000,000.

The First Congregational Church at Riverside has let a contract for a new house of worship to cost \$84,500. The association proposes to have the handsome edifice in that city.

At Pomona, architects are busy with plans for a country residence for a Chicago book publisher, to cost \$100,000. It will be put up in the foothills on a property comprising 173 acres.

At Lindsay, San Joaquin Valley, a movement is on foot to erect the largest orange-packing plant in the world. The directors of the company interested have increased their capital stock from \$30,000 to \$100,000 to finance the enterprise.

The month of April makes a new record for that period in building in Los Angeles, with a value for new edifices aggregating over \$2,600,000. The same is true at Pasadena, where the month exceeds that of last year by a large percentage, and South Pasadena comes to the front with a similar record, followed by Riverside, and in fact, every city of Southern California, with few and unimportant exceptions.

The increase in value in business property in Los Angeles is shown by the erection of a skyscraper on a lot 25x50 feet. This new building will be on the edge only of the business center, and is to be erected on a ground lease, covering fifty years at a total rental consideration of \$236,000. The building will cost \$75,000.

In thirty days, or thereabouts, after this item appears in print, the electric railroad line through the San Fernando Valley will reach Fernando City, and the old Mission erected there by the missionaries of long ago. With the approach of the trolley line there comes great activity in the old town, where many new buildings are to be erected at once, one of them a hotel costing \$80,000.

The Times has all through the past refused to believe that there is any such thing as a dead or even moribund section of the city of Los Angeles. Those who with foolish obstinacy have insisted that there was, have been forced to "shut up," and will soon have to "change their tune." On Hill street, just off of Second, a new hotel is about to be erected, at a cost of \$110,000, and it is only an addition to a hotel built there a quarter of a century ago, which has prospered through all the intervening years.

The big ranches are about all cut up. The latest development concerns the Rancho El Escorpion, consisting of 1169 acres of excellent land near Owensmouth, a baby town born a few days ago. The tract was purchased by the Los Angeles Creamery Company for a consideration of \$180,000.

Development goes on apace in all parts of the city of Los Angeles, and with the building activity, naturally the price of real property advances. An interest in an estate was sold the other day under the ruling of the court in a lot on Spring street south of Third at a price which makes the rate \$3700 a front foot.

In Imperial county a new cannery company has been organized to put up for the market vegetables and fruits which grow in that wonderful country below sea level. It is to have a capacity of 7000 cans a day, and will handle asparagus, peas, beans, tomatoes, corn and all kinds of fruit.

A lot 60x150 feet on Spring street near Fourth has been rented for a period of fifty years at an aggregate rental of \$750,000, in order to put up an eight-story building. This will not be begun at once, as the premises are held under a lease to run several months. The new building will eventually cost \$250,000.

On the east side of Hill street near Sixth and adjoining the First Methodist Church, a large piece of property, 120x125 feet to an alley, has been sold to the Los Angeles Investment Company, for \$330,000 cash, or \$2750 a front foot.

An eastern vaudeville manager is reported to have bought a lot of a frontage of 100 feet on South Broadway near Eighth, paying therefor \$300,000. The lot has a depth of 165 feet to an alley, and it is reported that it was bought for the purpose of building a theater to cost \$500,000.

The Bouquillas Land and Cattle Company of Bakersfield have purchased the holdings of the Green Cattle Company at Fairbank, Ariz., at a cost of \$400,000. This one cattle range is larger than some of the eastern States, being ninety miles long, and at places twenty miles wide.

The contract for the Federal Building at Riverside has been let at \$84,844.

There is no limit in the depths or heights to the wealth of California lands. The gas well of the Standard Oil Company, No. 16, gives up daily 74,000,000 cubic feet of illuminant.

The surplus water from the Owens River aqueduct will not go begging for consumers. On the contrary, consumers are begging for the water. In San Fernando Valley 35,000 acres are petitioners to be served by water from this source. It is estimated that water can be supplied at a charge of about \$10 per acre annually. It will require one inch to seven and a half acres. This will make the cost of the water about \$75 per inch annually. That amount would be 10 per cent, on \$7500. Cheap enough for the users, as water is worth from \$1000 to \$3000 an inch.

[725]

Walt Mason
The Poet Philosopher.

MEN felt their vessel sinking into the icy wave, and calmly and unshrinking they gazed upon their grave, no coward cries of panic the winds of midnight bore from out the doomed Titanic—and Ismay came ashore. The peasant, rude and lowly, sank fearless in the foam, repeating prayers holy, his eyes toward his home; the Croesus died serenely and sank to ocean's floor; and no one perished meanly—but Ismay came ashore. Men faced their doom as Stoic faced death in days of old; oh, human souls heroic, oh hearts of tested gold! The wild dark waves forever your requiem will roar! Your fame will perish never—and Ismay came ashore. The bride and groom were parted, the parent died alone, and children, broken-hearted, can only mourn and moan, and dream about the faces, the smiles they'll see no more in old familiar places—and Ismay came ashore. Ah, ne'er was such a story on poet's pages placed, the triumph and the glory of manhood undebased! Of manhood strong and tender, of hearts of virgin ore, of death when death is splendor—and Ismay came ashore!

WALT MASON.

At the Bird Store Window.

[New York Sun:] The bird store window is an unfailing attraction to many people. Perhaps it attracts men more than women, but it is a magnet that draws all children.

Let small boys or girls discover a bird store and they halt and linger long, wondering over or admiring the strange or beautiful feathered creatures within, and children walking with their mother if they should spy this window are sure to tug her toward it to give them a chance to look in. The bird store window interests all children, as it appears to interest also many grown men who may be drawn to it by a natural fondness for birds and animals, or be attracted by the novel or striking character of the exhibit on view.

Here, for instance, in this window is a white peacock, a remarkable bird seen with its plumage in whatever form. As with characteristic deliberation it walks about with its long tail feathers folded and trailing people stop to look at it, and then let it raise and spread its great white fan and many more halt and gather in a crowd around the window.

Draining the Everglades.

[New York Sun:] In the opinion of A. W. and J. A. Dimock, authors of "Florida Enchantments," the draining of the Everglades, which seems at last about to be accomplished, is a far easier matter than the irrigation of certain tracts in the West. According to the currents which they observed in their motor-boat trip through the swamps, the Dimocks concluded that the maximum elevation of the southern Everglades may be measured by the fall in the course of the Miami River, and that the stories of eighteen feet elevation above sea level are to be considered as fairy tales.

"In the valley of the Mississippi," the authors have remarked, "communities live beneath the level of its waters, the people of Holland drain their country into waters far above the tops of their houses, the Floridians have only to give their waters a chance to run down hill off their lands."

The Moment.

Who shall have peace when wants are near,
And who be calm when woes intrude?
Who take the worst of best intent
Nor ask if words were gently rude?

Who shall undo the wretched thing
That wounded one of no offense,
And who beguile truth's naked edge
With sophistry's unworn pretense?

Who barter with cajoling mien
The listless advocates of ease,
And win from them exalted deeds
That seemingly were but to please?

Who grow from ambush fealty's pride,
Or press a vaunt where courage pales,
Or long imbue with mirth and zest
A salvage from the slattern tales?

That one must know the vital phase,
Approach of time, if now or late,
And rivet firm conviction's theme
To execute, reject or—wait.

CLIFFORD KANE STOUT.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "net" California weekly instead of the more ephemeral sheets of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.60, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 2600 large, handsomely-printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.

From and after this date, every person, whether a new or an old subscriber, who signs a contract subscribing for the Daily and Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly, for one year—all costing \$9, payable quarterly in advance—will receive an EXTRA COPY FREE of the Illustrated Weekly; and for \$5 cash in advance, the Weekly will be sent free for twelve months.

The Junk Left at Panama by the French.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Bought by Uncle Sam.

ALL ABOUT THE MACHINERY WHICH CAME WITH THE CANAL.

BREAKING UP LOCOMOTIVES AND DREDGES FOR SHIPMENT TO FOUNDRIES—HOW TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS RUSTED AWAY—DREDGES WHICH NOW WORK AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN THE MUD—HOGS-HEADS OF RUSTY PENS AND CARLOADS OF TOOL HANDLES—GRAFT IN CONCRETE—A FIFTEEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PIG PEN.

ANCON (Canal Zone) Panama.—Do you want a relic of the French machinery at Panama? Uncle Sam is now closing out the last batch. He has sold it for over \$200,000 to a Chicago wrecking company, and that firm is now digging it out of the jungle and

How Twenty-Seven Millions Rusted Away.

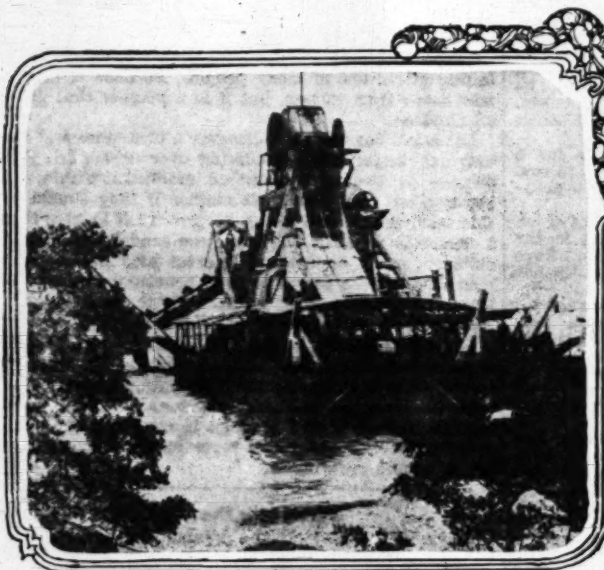
When we bought the canal of the French for \$40,000,000, they gave us an estimate as to the balance of the machinery for supplies on hand. This balance was not paid for, but was thrown in for good measure. I was down here just after we took possession, and went with the engineers over the buildings, machine works and warehouses, and saw just what there was. According to the French books the value of the whole was \$29,000,000. The above statement accounts for \$2,000,000, but I doubt not but that Uncle Sam has realized much more than twice that out of the vast equipment which was then on hand. As to the \$29,000,000 estimate, that was all down on the French books of account. They were fine book-keepers, and among the volumes of canal records are eighteen great ledgers, each as tall as a table, as

steam engines. There were steel rails enough to build over 200 miles of track and 5000 dump cars.

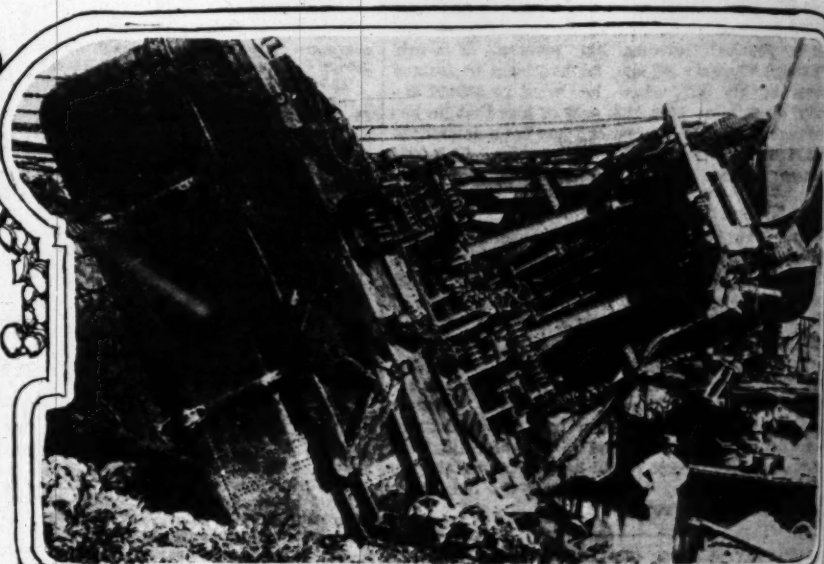
Of this machinery a vast amount of it was as good as when it was made, although some had been left in the jungle and had rusted away. The French watched for their supplies. They coated the machinery with praffine and other oils, and painted some parts with white lead. It is owing to this care that we have been able to use so much of the stuff.

French Dredges Which Work for Uncle Sam.

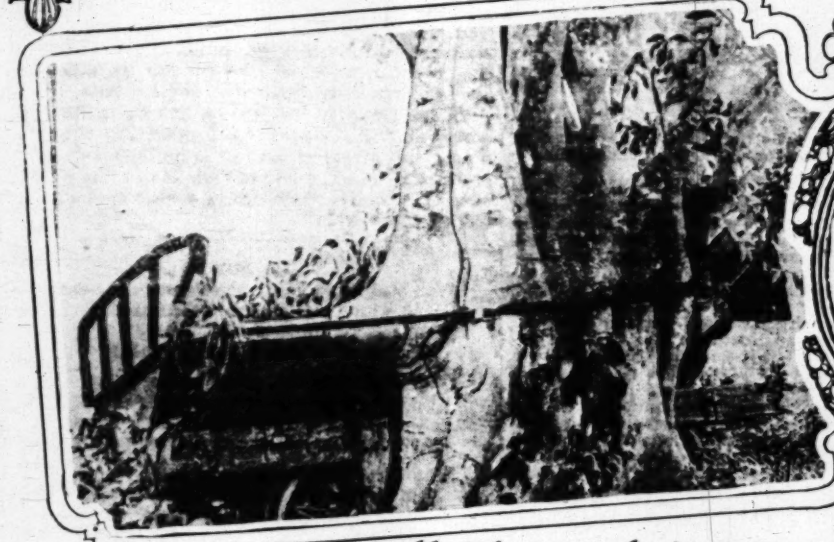
Take, for instance, the dredges. There are French machines working at both ends of the canal. This is so of one of the best dredges of the Balboa channel which has been remade and equipped with modern appliances. Another dredge, which lay for twenty years sunk in the mud near the Pacific, was taken up, cleaned



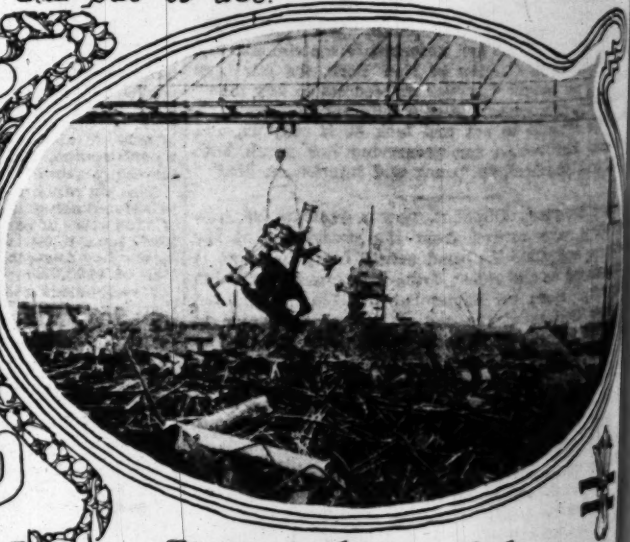
Old French ladder dredge not far from Balboa.



After twenty years in the mud this was jerked out and put to use.



Medal can imbedded in trunk of tree



The dock at Cristobal

carrying it by the Panama Railroad down to Cristobal. It is piled there on a mighty dump and is being broken up and classified. The bolts and nuts are put in one place, the wheels in another, and other bits of machinery of various kinds each have their pile. The dealers recognize about 300 different classifications of iron and steel, and every class is found in the scrap pile. The machinery is first taken apart by cutting off the rivets with sledges, and much of the metal is broken into three-foot lengths for convenience in melting. The stuff will be taken to the United States. The finer pieces will probably be sold by catalogue, and the remainder of the steel will go to the foundries to be worked over again.

This last sale makes the total weight of the scrap disposed of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 pounds, and the value of that sold and used in the work has footed up more than \$2,000,000. The sales have all been made by auction, and at so much per ton. For this last lot the ton rate was \$8, and included in the material were old locomotives, dredges, excavators, dump cars, boilers, cranes, steel rails, copper and brass. The canal authorities estimate that at least \$1,000,000 worth of such scrap has been used in making machinery for our work.

thick as a big family Bible and as heavy as a ten-year-old boy. I am told that some of these ledgers will be shown at the San Francisco exposition.

I have looked carefully over these books and find them wonders of account keeping. The writing is like copper-plate engraving, and they are a mass of figures from one end to the other. In the eighteen volumes there are about 90,000 pages, and in them every item of expense was put down, even to the cost of the horses, the building of pig pens and the goods in the storehouses. The engineers have told me that they found the supplies to tally with the accounts so kept.

The French Balance Sheet.

Among other things there was a balance sheet the items of which alone would fill a page of this newspaper. I can give only a few of them. There were fifty-seven barges, thirty-eight yawls and twenty-one steam launches. There were 270 steel cranes, 140 steam winches, 800 big pumps of various kinds, 190 rock drills and 150 punching machines. There was a floating drill which, I believe, is now in use, which was valued by the French at \$30,000, and other dredges and drills running into the millions. There were thirty-four American locomotives, valued at \$200,000, and more than 200 Belgian locomotives, together with hundreds of smaller

and repaired, and it is now gouging out and loading the sand used for the Pacific end of the canal. The big dredges were taken out of the mud on the bank of the Chagres and floated down to the dry dock at Cristobal. Here they were repaired and they are at work in Limon Bay.

We have even used the old dredges of the type, consisting of an endless chain of nine-foot buckets which scoop the mud from the bottom of the canal and carry it out to a chute at the side of the barge. These dredges had good boilers, and the machinery was found in excellent condition on account of its careful oiling and painting before it was abandoned.

Those dredges cost tens of thousands of dollars. They were brought here in 1885 and they remained in the mud more than twenty years. Their tenders were pulled over by the bay and were closed in by a bank of mud six feet high in which a tree forty feet tall was growing. Our engineers had to cut a channel forty feet wide into the dredges and then take them out and repair them. It is a wonder that they could have been dug out at all, but I am told that they have done excellent work.

There were four other ladder dredges nearly as big as the one at Cristobal. They were raised and prepared for work

name is true of excavators of one kind or another and also of locomotives and cars

The French Railroad Material.

A vast amount of the French railroad material has been used, and some of this machinery is still working. Many of the locomotives left were worth \$8000 and upward apiece, and there were 267 locomotive cranes, each of which, if we would have had to buy them, would have cost \$6000.

Some of the locomotives were right out in the jungle. I remember when I was here in 1905 I scared a flock of bats from one of them and was attacked by a swarm of yellow-jackets which had made their nest inside the boiler of another. Great lizards, including iguanas, crawled about here and there under the car wheels, and we had to walk carefully for fear of the snakes. That was near Bohio on ground that is now covered by the waters of Gatun Lake.

Hutney Drowned in Lake Gatun.

And just here that lake which we are making by the great dam at Gatun, will be more or less impregnated with iron from the French material which will rust away within its bed. A great deal of the stuff has been left in the jungle, and I saw, away off in the trees, a \$10,000 excavator twice as big as a threshing machine, up the side of which the waters of the lake are slowly crawling.

There are also scores of steel dump cars which have been overturned along the line of the old French canal, now a part of the lake. In one place there is a tree as big around as a good-sized haystack which has grown over a steel truck and carried it up with it. The metal car is imbedded in the trunk of the tree.

The old French company had altogether over 10,000 cars and 6000 iron dumping wagons. When they gave up the job they allowed a vast amount of this to go to waste, and when I first came across the railroad, which was about fourteen years ago, after the second French company had taken hold, there were enough car wheels to equip a trunk line of railway scattered along the canal from one end to the other. There were hundreds of car beds which had rotted away. I crumbled some of the wood into sawdust in my fingers.

Our Thinks Uncle Sam Got.

During my stay on the isthmus in 1905 I visited the warehouses which had then just been turned over to our engineers. Among them were buildings which covered as much as ten acres. They were divided into sections and walled with shelves containing all sorts of material. In one place I found 1000 coal-oil torches tied to the rafters and near them a small haystack of lamp wicks. Along the side walls were bins of nails and screws and carloads of tool handles. There were hogheads upon hogheads of zinc tacks to put on the galvanized roofing, and our expert in charge at that time estimated that the value of supplies in that house was at least \$250,000.

At another place I was shown piles of copper plates, such as big as the top of a library table, and tons of copper bars for the repair of the machinery. There were great bales of brass and steel wire and tons of zinc and lead.

On Hundred and Thirty Warehouses Full.

When we took hold of the work we found here 130 warehouses and warehouses full of supplies, and also forty-one parks which contained machinery too heavy to house under cover. The contents of the buildings and parks were so great that one of the engineers estimated that if all the machines and stuff could be leveled down they would have been enough to cover to the height of your waist a 500-acre farm. I went through these parks. They were covered with structural material. Here steel rails were laid up like cord wood, and there sheets of zinc and plates of iron were piled one upon another.

At Empire and Colon I saw great machine shops, and at Empire the buildings covered about fifteen acres. Some of the French shops were found in the jungles but the brush and trees were cleared away and the old machinery used. This was so at Bas Matachin, where was unearthed a machine shop which had entirely disappeared. It was found to cover about a dozen acres, and to contain a complete equipment of machine tools. It took about three weeks for our gangs of men to cut down the jungle, and within a week or so later the old French machinery was making general repairs of all kinds on the excavators and drills, and on the rolling stock of the trains.

French Equipment and Craft.

Nevertheless, with all their care as to accounts and the sprinkling of the machinery with oil, the graft of the French can be everywhere seen. Everything was done by contract, and the grafters sent their stuff in by as much per piece, the officials getting a rake-off. In the basement of the administration building at Panama we found two carloads of the finest drawing paper in sheets, each the size of a bedspread. There was more of that paper than could possibly be used for a dozen canals, but our draftsmen consumed what they needed. In the same warehouse there were six tons of steel pens, so many that they had to be shoveled out into the ocean. There were also bolts made of wood and painted black, to give the impression that they were iron or steel. These were made according to sample, but the model sent was of wood, and the bolts and screws came in that form painted black. Needless to say, they were useless.

All along the line of the canal are monuments to the fortunes made by the building contractors. Take

the concrete work. It was paid for by the cubic yard, and little two and four room cottages were erected on costly cement foundations, while warehouses had great concrete walls under them. The monuments of these buildings, the wood having rotted away, are still to be seen all along the line of the canal. I counted 200 cement posts in one place.

Cement Baths for Horses.

Among the other costly concrete construction was that connected with the stables of the officials. Here at Ancon they made a bathtub of cement for the horses. It was fifteen feet wide, seventy-five feet long and four feet in depth and was connected with the water supply. The French engineers had their racing ponies washed off instead of currying them.

I remember a pigeon that I saw when I looked at that horse bath. It has disappeared now, but I was told that it must have cost at least \$15,000 to make. It covered about half an acre, and was roofed with galvanized iron. The bed of the building was of concrete, divided into pens, each of which had its cement trough, and it was supposed to accommodate about 200 hogs.

How He Made \$100,000.

I hear many stories from the old stagers at Panama of how money flowed in the first days of the French canal. The isthmus was flooded with gold, common engineers took contracts and got rich, and every one who sold or bought greased his palm. I was told last night of a worthless beachcomber who had been discharged by his employer, a New York contractor, just on the eve of the departure of the latter for home. A few months later the New York man returned and saw his old employe dressed in snow white, wearing a \$50 panama hat and having a black valet to hold up his umbrella. The New Yorker said:

"Why, man, your circumstances seem to have changed?"

"They have," was the reply, "I am rich now and have made a fortune on contracts."

"How did you do that?" was the next question.

"It was easy enough. You remember that hill with the big hole at one side of it along the line of the canal about eight miles from Colon."

"Yes."

"Well I took a contract to fill that hole for \$50,000. A man named Jones had just got another contract to cut down the hill for \$150,000, and so I charged him \$50,000 to put his hill in my hole. This gave me a clean \$100,000 without spending a cent."

It is said that another man measured up a part of the Chagres River as a section of his excavation contract and got money for it.

I do not know as to the truth of these stories. I only know that it is pretty well established that the first French company spent something like \$260,000,000 within a space of ten years, and that the second company spent \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 more. Altogether the French spent within \$100,000,000 of what it will have cost us when our canal is completed.

The total amount spent by Uncle Sam will be under \$375,000,000, and in this is figured the \$40,000,000 paid to the French. For that we got in round numbers about \$27,000,000 worth of usable excavation, over \$9,000,000 worth of Panama railway stock, and \$2,000,000 worth of maps, drawings and records! We got \$2,000,000 worth of good buildings, \$1,000,000 worth of lands, \$2,000,000 worth of material and equipment and other items, making up in the neighborhood of \$43,000,000. It was a square deal, and, all told, was one of the best of the many made by our great Uncle Sam.

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The Great Unpaid.

[Anna Garlin Spencer, in the Forum:] A lecturer on educational topics was once riding over a bleak hill in New England to keep an evening appointment and fell into conversation with her young driver, who was secured for the occasion by the proprietor of the livery stable because he "couldn't spare a man to go so far." Talking with the lad the lady ascertained that he was regularly employed in the mill which loomed so large in the valley landscape they were leaving behind, and that he had learned to drive so as to get an odd job now and then when, as in the present instance, the "mills shut down" for any reason. The boy was frank and somewhat boastful about his family affairs. His father "worked in the mill," he said, "was a weaver; got \$9 to \$10 every week." His sister worked, too; she "got as much as \$5 or \$6 most weeks." His brother was beginning, and he got sometimes \$1.50. His aunt, "she lived with them, and she was awful smart, most the best weaver in the mill," and she got \$11 or \$12 a week and "didn't have to pay hardly any fines, she was so careful." "And your mother?" asked the lady; "what does she do?" "Oh," answered the boy proudly, "she ain't in the mill; she used to work out, but she don't have to now—we take care of her." "Oh, I see," said the questioner, "she does not work; how nice that is." "Why, yes, she does work, too," said the boy rather resentfully, "she works all the time—she's the best mother in town; she takes care of the house and cooks for us and puts up our dinners and mends the clothes and does everything."

"Ah," said the inquiring economist, "I see, she is most useful—and what wages does she get?" "Why," she don't get wages at all," responded the boy, beginning to be a bit confused, "she does the things in the house. She works, of course she does, but there ain't no money into it." "Oh, I see," again said the lady, and closed the brief interview with the conventional hope that they were all kind to the best mother in town.

[72.]

A Winter Voyage to Lapland.

[Dwight E. Woodbridge, in Engineering Magazine:] A commission to investigate iron ores and their mining and reduction in certain parts of northern Europe, found me on a bleak November day aboard the trim little steel ship Astrea, a poststeamer of the Bergenske Dampsskiffsselskab.

The journey up the coast was a most interesting one. The ship coasted the frowning and glacier-planned rocks of what is, literally, an iron bound land, for the rocks of Norwegian mountains for a distance of more than 500 miles north and east from latitude 66 contain a considerable proportion of iron mineral; it is true that in most places this is too lean to be now available for commercial use, but its totals are staggering to the imagination. With abundant water power at hand, and with water transport to all the markets of the globe, who will have the hardihood to say that sometime these deposits may not be made use of? We passed the mouths of fjords cut deep into the interior; glaciers, brilliant in the sun, stretching their widths across the distance. We saw the Norwegian cod-fishing industry, by which no less than 50,000,000 cod are annually taken; and, at Svolvær, we met hundreds of vessels of the fishing fleets. These seas off the Lofoten Islands swarm with cod, and Baedeker says that at times and places hereabouts a line thrown into fifty fathoms of water will not reach bottom for the backs of the fish.

It is the sea that supports northern Norway; without its harvest life would be impossible, and the government so fully recognizes this fact that it has established complete telegraph and telephone communication between the Lofotens and the mainland, and upon many of the outlying islands has wireless stations for communication between the fleets and the shore. Svolvær is a town of 2000 or 3000 fisher folk, but it has its water mains, its electric lights, its sewers, its cables and its well stocked shops. We passed Narvik, the most northerly railway terminus in the world, and threaded the island passages to Hammerfest. All night the ship unwound the tortuous line of the channels, and in the morning there was nothing in sight but the hurtling arctic sea and, far abaft, North cape holding its great wall against them. At every port was the overpowering stench of fish guano and rancid cod oil.

At Vadso the next morning I changed to the lokal- steamer Varanger, and spent the day crossing the great fjord of that name. Strong east winds were blowing from the White Sea and the tiny steamer of 110 tons tossed in a most uncomfortable and disquieting manner. The cabin was a mite of a hole well aft, and crowded by women and babies; the deck was unprotected, and the wind was bitterly cold and raw. How well I remember that I spent the day alternately freezing in the lee of the pilot house and thawing under the shelter of the smokestack! And there had been no opportunity for a meal between a supper on the Astrea the night before and another that evening, when I sat down in the chilly room of the hotel at Kirkenes—which is Sydvaranger.

The Wonders of Light.

[J. Gordon Ogden, in April Popular Mechanics:] Even more wonderful than light itself is the medium by which its waves are carried. And what is this medium? It is not air, it is not a gas, it is not a liquid. Is it matter? In order to be matter, as we understand it, a thing must possess two characteristic properties. One of these is inertia, the other is weight. Inertia means the active resistance shown by all matter to a change in its condition of rest or motion. Weight is the measure of the attraction one body has for another, whether they be atoms or suns. The medium that bears light from star to star, or from a candle to the eye, so far as we know, has only one of the properties of matter—inertia.

Are we not justified, therefore, in saying, with our present knowledge of the subject, that the light-bearing medium, called by scientists the luminiferous ether, is probably not a material thing? The various properties it must possess and without which it could not do all the wonderful things that are claimed for it, are more or less contradictory in their nature. Nevertheless, the luminiferous ether is believed in by a majority of scientists even though they do not pretend to understand its nature.

It is supposed to be everywhere, not only filling the interplanetary spaces and the vast abysses between the stars, but also entering into the very heart, and between the very molecules and atoms of what is known as matter. As Young said of it: "It pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance, as freely, perhaps, as the wind passes through a grove of trees." The stars and planets and all other matter are riddled through and through by this wonderful, mysterious thing. It has been likened to a jelly in which are imbedded a few grains of sand which correspond to the matter in the universe.

Gold, for example, one of the densest substances known to man, is permeated completely by this strange, space-filling ether, and platinum, another extremely dense substance, is as the lightest, flimsiest mist when compared with the vast density of the ether itself. It has been estimated that the density of the light-bearing ether is 50,000,000,000 times greater than that of platinum, and yet a rareness so extreme is claimed for this ether that none of the heavenly bodies is impeded in the slightest degree—that the earth's orbital velocity of nearly nineteen miles a second, hundreds of times the cannon ball's velocity, is not slackened by a second in a million of years through any resistance it might meet with from this almost incredible substance, if it really is a substance at all. It could not serve as a medium by which light may be transmitted with the enormous velocity of over 186,000 miles per second, unless it is absolutely rigid and elastic, far more so than if it were composed of solid steel!



"THROWN them on my hands because I did not give her a cute mouth!" snapped the photographer. "Did you ever hear such nonsense! No matter what kind of mouth nature has blessed 'em with, it has just simply got to look cute in the picture. They are all alike. There never was a woman yet who would accept a portrait of herself with a plain ordinary natural mouth!"

I tried to soothe him as best I could, but inwardly my heart palpitated with exultant joy. Could it be possible in these days of suffragettes and strong-minded females there was no exception to that delicious piece of vanity. I made inquiries and many other photographers bear out the testimony. There is positively no female so strong-minded that she does not yearn for a cute mouth.

For This Relief, Much Thanks.

BLESS their dear hearts. It is such a dear, lovable little weakness. Such a very forgivable piece of vanity, it warms my heart to them as nothing else could. When you see them in some of their weird clothes, some of their atrocious hats, some of those deformed skirts, and those absolutely hideous, blinding veils, one is tempted to think they don't care a d— whether they look nice, just so long as it attracts attention. But a cute mouth! Whether they have them or not, they all want cute mouths! That is good taste, surely; there is some sense in that.

When next they try to charm you with a vulgar display of jewelry, a disgusting display of person, a loud, unmusical voice, or platitudinous prattle on culture, pause and remember they want a cute mouth!

When next they shout equality at you, jabber half-digested socialistic reform schemes, nag you with politics, and prove your cheap inferiority to themselves in particular and women in general, remember, oh, remember they all want cute mouths!

The Masculine Weakness.

AND, from the same source, I discovered that men simply must have good noses. There is so much character in noses that I was grateful to learn that men wanted them good. There never was a man yet who

would consent to go down to posterity with a retrouse nose. Must be straight and preferably narrow.

A nose can denote cleverness, vulgarity, low breeding, sensitiveness, stupidity, impishness, amiability, impulsiveness, grit, cowardice, resourcefulness and high breeding more reliably than any other feature, to say nothing of setting the whole style for the face. Therefore men show great perspicacity in desiring that their noses shall, above all things, be "good."

Good Queen Bess.

THERE is a Society for the Preservation of Historical Places in Great Britain, and every now and then it erupts with urgent appeals to the nation to purchase this or that place and save it from vandalism, etc. Of course it has to justify its existence.

The latest eruption refers to a little cottage near Haslemere, where it is thought Queen Elizabeth once slept. At all events there does not appear to be any satisfactory evidence that Her Majesty did not sleep there, so of course it behoves the nation, etc., etc.

Now for my part, I want to know just what Bessie was doing sleeping in little out-of-the-way cottages at a time when transportation and railway strikes were unknown. It seems highly improbable that there could be any reason for such a thing. And if by chance the society's supposition is true, it would surely be in better taste on their part to let the cottage be pulled down and hush the matter up quietly.

Bessie had her faults, but the dead past should be allowed to bury its dead.

Gowns of the Great.

THE Smithsonian Institution is forming a very interesting collection of dresses which have been worn on great occasions by great ladies. Thus Mrs. Roosevelt is donating the gown she wore at the inauguration of her husband, Mrs. Grover Cleveland is giving her wedding gown, and Mrs. Taft gives the one she wore at her first Presidential ball. Which of course is a very nice idea and should prove most instructive to historians. But

I can foresee in how that list is going to be most fearfully augmented. We shall have survivors of the Titanic donating the dress or nightdress they were rescued in, Lillian Russell donating the dress in which she appeared (partly) in her first musical comedy, Charlotte Perkins Gillman presenting the dress she wore at her first lecture, and a well known local society lady presenting the pajamas in which she received a political deputation, the morning after the women's suffrage amendment was passed!

The Masculine Contribution.

INDEED, the idea offers such opportunities and such scope I almost think there should be a municipal dress collection in Los Angeles even as there is a municipal newspaper, and that the male of the species should not be debarred. After all, there are great men as well as great women and they, too, invariably wear something on great occasions. Which should be equally illuminating to sightseers and future historians.

The nightshirt (or was it pajamas?) that Joseph Scott was wearing on that famous night when he sat on the bed while his wife was away in San Francisco, when he felt the "call" and wrestled with his spirit in the McNamara defense—(Joseph told us all about it at the

and used co-operatively. The late member of the class wished to sell out his interest, but the others did not have the ready capital to take over his stock, and so the boy went away taking the book with him. That left the others in a pretty fix, indeed, and Gregg got out of an embarrassing situation by asking for his time, so to speak, then and there. The schoolhouse knew him no more.

"You will end up by being hung unless I miss my guess," was the teacher's farewell comment.

But there is where the teacher was wrong, or at least he hasn't made good on his prediction up to the present time. Gregg got a job teaching school himself, feeling that the teacher had all the soft end of it, anyhow, with nothing to do but look wise and ask questions.

He worked by easy stages from teacher to editor of a paper, lawyer, prosecuting attorney, member of the school board—don't fumble that one—and Congressman.

A tall, lean stranger shuffled into the office of Senator Burton the other morning in quest of Senatorial influence for a government job. In the course of his talk with the Senator's secretary, H. B. Fuller, he observed:

"Seems like I've met you before. Did you ever attend the Suchandsuch Business College out in Ohio?"

"No, I never got to go there," replied Fuller, who is a rather scholarly young man, holding four or five college degrees, and the author of several books on governmental topics that read learnedly.

"And what school did you attend?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh, Yale mostly," replied Fuller, busying himself with his tasks.

"Well," opined the visitor, affably, "that's a good college, too."

Representative Joe Byrns of Tennessee has a friend back home who sells pianos for a living. One morning this salesman went to his employer and said he believed he knew where he could sell one of their second-hand pianos if he had a day off.

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Woman's City Club just before the election)—well, that garment would have a historical significance all its own!

Then there is that graceful light Norfolk suit that E. S. Armstrong won the golf championship in, and the beautiful green sweater Norman Macbeth lost it in.

We certainly ought to have the garment now being worn by the only Edward Tufts on the grand jury. (As "sitting" is the correct expression, that would be the most historically interesting garment for us to solicit!)

It would be nice, too, if we could have just something of our ex-President's. That hat, for instance, that he hurled into the ring with such abandon on the day that he heard the imploring, accumulated voice of the people. If the Smithsonian Institution only wants Mrs. Roosevelt's dress, we at least could thus place it on record that we consider the colonel equally interesting.

The Anti-Cigarette Bill.

A CERTAIN Mr. Lightly of our educational faculty has thrown himself into the arena prepared to fight all and sundry who declare in favor of cigarettes. He wants to prohibit cigarettes altogether from California, asserting that they are a deadly menace to health and good living. To prove his argument he put the matter to a vote of the school children and received overwhelming confirmation! All the little Johnnies and little Billies and little Dorothys and little Imogens voted earnestly against the pernicious habit and Mr. Lightly is satisfied.

Golly! Rule by the people is bad enough but rule by the babes is going to be something fierce. It is very beautiful to think this wisdom came straight from the mouths of babes and sucklings, which fact gave me some compunction when I laid in a stock of 5000 yesterday—just in case the bill should pass, you know. But you see, I had just read in The Lancet that cigarettes were no more harmful than a pipe—rather less so, in fact, and that in many cases they were really quite good as a restful nerve-restorer.

Of course I love the babes and I don't love The Lancet, so I am at a loss to account for my depraved action. I feel very much like accusing Mr. Lightly of using his office for effecting an unnatural boom in the cigarette trade. They tell me that in other respects he is quite a nice, sensible person.

Veiled Beauties.

THE new veils with which the dear little sillies are covering their faces are really very funny. To be fashionable now it appears that it is necessary to wear a veil of extraordinary design over the face, with cross bars, dots, holes, serpentine tails, a's, s's, 3's and weird floriculture straggling all over them. The effect certainly adds to the gaiety of things in general. The design invariably adds a sardonic smirk to the mouth, a squint to the eyes, a tattoo to each cheek and a variety of terrifying effects to the nose.

Of course, I am willing to concede that a great many faces are improved by a veil under any circumstances, the thicker with obliterating design the better, but that any sane female could wear one to enhance her beauty seems incredible. Still, there it is. Many a quite passable face appears ludicrous and ill-formed under these ridiculous veils, veils worn, not for modesty, alas! but evidently to attract greater attention at any cost.

"All right," said the employer, "but hurry right back, because you know this is the busy season, and we can't spare you long."

Two weeks later he returned with \$200 for the piano.

His employer glared at him. "I thought I told you to come right back," he said.

"Yes," said the salesman, "but I had no idea how hard a job I had tackled. Why, man, I had to marry the woman before I could get her to buy the piano!"

Queer things keep right on happening. A Frenchman, visiting in this country, wrote a letter recently to Senator Broussard of the French Senate, but neglected to put the complete address on the envelope, and the missive came here to Senator-elect Broussard of Louisiana.

Our own Broussard learns now that the French Senator Broussard, who is a brother-in-law of a French President of France, is a distant relative—extremely distant, but a relative. Thus does Cousin Bob's club rate list of kin keep growing.

C. O. Lobeck, who represents the Second Nebraska district, is one of those versatile persons that one encounters all too seldom. He can take pencil and paper and draw caricatures of other members, and if that were not sufficient an accomplishment, he is the only member of the House who can speak Swedish.

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Spring Water.

[The Naturopath]: In point of potability, the water is, undoubtedly, spring water, in which all possibility of contamination is out of the question. What the course of the water has not been too long, and has not, consequently, taken up a large amount of mineral matter, such springs furnish one of the best sources of drinking water. The advantage of spring water over surface water for drinking purposes is considered by some sanitarians so great as to justify the incurring of a very considerable expense in order to procure it. Thus, the city of Vienna has constructed extensive water works for the sake of bringing water from springs which are sixty miles distant.

When the Ledger Is Balanced. By G. W. Burton.

CHIVALRY.

NATURALISTS inform us that the bulldog and the degenerate classes of humanity are the only creatures in which the males will fight with the females of the species. In the terrible Reign of Terror, when the wolves of society broke forth to prey without restraint, their victims invented the phrase, "Noblesse oblige."

All this means that chivalry is not a natural but an acquired taste with humanity. It undoubtedly took, not generations or centuries, but ages that run into aeons to develop this most beautiful and fragrant flower of civilization.

It would be a long search through the pages of history even "when knighthood was in flower" to discover an example of chivalry more brilliantly glorious than on the fated Titanic when she plunged to her grave ten thousand feet beneath the surface of the waves. In some respects so this ought to have been. For are we not "the heirs of all the ages," and therefore is it not incumbent upon us to show the highest examples of civilized humanity, surpassing those of former ages less highly cultivated than ourselves? If such a high degree of chivalry may justly be claimed of the men of our time, those that stood on the deck of that doomed ship have set an example for the rest of us which should not be permitted to be lost. It will be many ages before the story ceases to be told and the events become forgotten. It will test the highest manhood of those of us who are left and of our children for many generations to set a new example of chivalric devotion and consideration when the women and children of the time are in danger and their safety depends upon the ability of the adult men to sacrifice their lives in order to protect the weaker members of the race.

When the worst has been said against war and the last word written of its horrors, there will remain the fact that knighthood sprang from war and that chivalry was the crowning glory of knighthood. The evolution began far back in the jungle, when diplomacy failed and the matter in dispute was put to the arbitrament of arms. Then the mothers and children of the tribe were first conducted to a place of safety where, entrenched behind defences, the aged, unfit for active war, were the only protectors of the weak. The belated often stood waiting while this preliminary was transacted before joining in the fray. The underlying idea in the principle was that the man was the husband, or "house-band," whose business it was to provide for the family and to protect it. Cognate with this idea was the other, that the woman's place was by the fireside and her duties all domestic. The lords of creation were the bread winners and the women were the ladies, or "loaf-givers."

Woman was largely a gainer, but partly a loser, by this. If a man did all the fighting and most of the bread winning, he usurped to himself the right to make

all the laws and to spend all the money. If man with his chivalric instincts stood in the forefront of battle and defended the woman, he naturally considered himself her superior. When William I of England, who bore the sobriquet of "The Conqueror," went to woo Matilda, the daughter of the Duke of Flanders, the lady spurned him because he was of base birth. William flew into a passion, and as the modern phrase is, "literally 'wiped up the floor' with the Princess. When the "mauling" was thoroughly completed, the maiden, very much subdued, bowed before "the conqueror," remarking that she did not know there was a man in Europe with an arm as strong as his. She knew what a strong arm meant in days when protection was often needed, and thereupon and then signified her willingness to become his wife, despite the bar sinister across his escutcheon.

Since those days, woman has won her way slowly and by tedious steps to nearer equality with man in many ways. She stands with him shoulder by shoulder today in many nations, absolutely his equal in every respect except when "the war drums beat" and the strong arm is the only defense of the weak. In our own country, woman's enfranchisement has gone much farther than in any other of the most civilized of the globe, but she is everywhere climbing up the grade, and will arrive in time. In this enfranchisement of woman she has gained much. She has ceased to be a domestic drudge, to depend upon the lords of creation for "pin money," a pittance doled out to her grudgingly by the men of the family, seldom adequate to her needs and hardly ever commensurate with her deserts.

But if woman has gained, she has lost something, too. Her enfranchisement has enabled her to become an active competitor with her brothers, her husband and her father, in the gainful occupations of life. She need no longer hold out her hand for her pittance of "pin money" given grudgingly, often with very ill-grace, by the "head of the house." She may march up to the cashier's desk and draw her own pay envelope, and go away and spend her money as she pleases. She takes precedence of the men of the house at elections, and casts her ballot ahead of them, as she pleases. For at the polls, too, chivalry still rules, and the motto is: "Place aux dames." She sits in the voting booth as an officer. Her name is on the ticket for office, and she has full political enfranchisement. She can serve on juries where the Coroner, the justice of the peace, or higher judge, presides, see autopsies performed, and give her vote for life or death, prison or freedom, according to her own judgment.

Now this is a great deal to set down on the credit side of the ledger to womankind in their new roles of political and industrial equality with men. Social equality was always woman's prerogative, except when here she has lorded it over the lords of creation, or perhaps I should say, queened it, as she has nearly always done. This was natural, for woman is the creator and conservator of social life, an outgrowth of

the family, of which woman has always been not only the corner-stone, but the whole foundation.

What has woman lost by her enfranchisement? She has already lost a good deal of that chivalric devotion that men have paid her, and its signs are too often wanting in these days of ours, the acme of civilization though they are, yet tending in this respect toward a lamentable degradation. He is an old-fashioned fellow today who makes a rule with no exception to rise from his seat in the street car and offer it to any person in woman's garb who is standing in the aisle. He is still more an old-fashioned person, generally very gray of poll, if he has any hirsute adornment left, who even in the parlor, where social amenities are supposed to rule, rises invariably and offers his seat to a lady, and does any man any longer feel it incumbent upon him to rise from his place in the social circle when a lady is about to pass out of the room and open and close the door for her?

It is not yet twelve months since women secured for themselves the right to vote or have the elective franchise thrust upon them as a duty they are called upon to perform in the city of Los Angeles. Just closely observe the conduct of men toward women on the street cars, and answer for yourself if there is or is not a decrease noticeable in the chivalric attention of the male to the female of the species. To my mind, upon pretty careful observation in this respect, the declension of chivalry is marked. It is more marked on the part of the young man than of the old, and the lower you descend in the scale of years the less chivalry the young man shows for the woman, young or old. Now it used to be a mark of the highest chivalry that the young man first showed these fine attentions to elderly women, but at the present time if the young "buck" pays any attention to the female of the species it will not be to the old, tired, bowed mother in Israel but rather to the buxom young woman who slashes tennis balls around the court or knocks golf balls over the mesas.

Well, there we have some of the items that must be set down in all fairness on the other side of the ledger. Women have demanded these equalities, and they have got them. They had a right to ask for them and have a right to enjoy them. It is for them to cast up the debit and credit sides of their accounts and decide whether on the whole there has been a net gain or a net loss. They have received much to compensate them for having to stand meekly by at the entrance to the P.A.Y.E. car while motor bicycles and automobiles go screeching and honking by them, waiting to be permitted to climb the steps alone after the young, unchivalric males, with somewhat brutal assertion of muscle, have crowded into the car before them and seized the most eligible seats in the front outside, where they sit and puff cigarette smoke over the fair cheeks of the girl beside them in a way that their grandfathers would have denominated disgustingly unmannerly.

Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

THE LAST LAUGH.

"THE LAUGHS best who laughs last" is only a consolation proverb for the Englishman.

Sometimes a man thinks he is the whole show when he is only the center pole—the biggest stick in the circus.

It has been ascertained that the man who boasted how much he had benefited by the fasting treatment lasted only between meals.

If the portraits of Madero are correct, he hasn't the kind of a nose by which Wellington used to pick out his fighting generals.

True love idealizes the beloved one. But it glorifies the lover. For every new grace with which he beautifies the Beloved a new virtue blossoms in his own heart.

"To swallow you whole, Jonah," said the whale, "but I warn you that I'm the last creature that will ever do it." And subsequent ages of theological discussion sustained the whale.

The Young Man was trying to remember whether he had ever before met the lady to whom he had just been introduced. "Her face is not familiar," he mused, "but her manners are."

On the first of January, this year, the savings banks—the banks of the working people—of New York State held \$1,619,115,648. "Earned money," every cent of it. Moral: work and save.

"My credit," boasted young Confidence, "is as good as that of any man in this town. It's good as gold."

"Have you ever used it?" asked Experience. And Confidence was silent and went away exceeding thoughtful.

"You know I am related to you," said Superstition; "I am a branch of one of the oldest families of Religions." "Yes," replied Religion, "a poor relation—one who comes uninvited, remains unwelcome, finally gets starved out and goes away unregretted."

An umbrella-maker adjusts himself to all the emergencies of nature by making the same instrument equally efficacious against rain, hail, snow, wind and sunshine. Some few happy persons construct their temperaments along the same lines, so that you never catch them unprepared for anything.

You can, by proper tact, make a man's faults serviceable. You can get lots of work out of a conceited man by humoring his conceit. A tire is of no account until it is inflated. Then how easily it makes the progress of the machine!

New that we have found the South Pole, what are we going to do with it? We are in the quandary of the dog who finally caught the railway train he had been chasing every morning for five years. We don't know what to do with it and we have nothing left to chase.

Every year the automobile manufacturers put out a "new model," or car, more expensive than its predecessor, and people who must keep in style sacrifice the old one and buy the new. And then we blame the beef trust for the high cost of living. Not our necessities, but our luxuries, keep us poor.

"I bear my part in the support of the gospel," said

the worshiper, "I pay \$100 a year for my pew." For your pew? That isn't giving to the gospel, you stingy fool. That's paying house rent. That's not charity; that's compulsory. You'd be evicted from the pew if you didn't pay it.

"Your old men," cried the prophet Joel, "shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." There's a good test for the oncoming of old age. So long as you see visions—which are the pictures of things to come—you are young. So soon as you begin to "dream dreams" which are memories of things past, you are growing old. Only—you must differentiate between dreams and "nightmares."

There are ways of doing good which make men hate the good. A youth came away from the Charity Bazaar in Aid of the Sufferers by Flood and Fire. He felt in all his pockets, but he had not the nickel for car fare, and he lived two miles away and had no umbrella. "To hell with charity," he prayed, bitterly, as he walked home in the rain.

Hope may sometimes deceive men, but that is their own fault. She never professes to be aught else than she is. She does not pose as Faith; nor speak as Prophecy; nor assert herself as absolute assurance. She calls herself by her own name and claims to see no further in the dark than you can. Beautiful she is; cheering she is; inspiring she is; but deceitful never.

"Are you sure," asked the young wife, "that you love me better than any one else in all the world?" "Heart of my heart," said the young husband, "love for you is self-love, and that like jealousy grows by what it feeds upon. Loving you is only loving the better part of my own life. Loving you is the adoration of myself. How can such a love have any rival?"

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Who's Who--And Why.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

WHY HE QUIT.

MEN who quit are not always quitters. I want to tell the public something about a man who quit who never has been called a quitter.

About the last thing the average American citizen who once gets a taste of political clover does is to quit the clover patch. Real Americans are always ambitious to succeed in something, and a good many of them develop capacity enough to succeed in several things. The sketch to follow concerns a man of high ambitions who has succeeded in reaching the top along several paths. Americans are as a rule ambitious to "get along in life." The phrase means to make money, develop business and acquire property. About as many of them have political ambitions, and these are about the last for the average American to abandon, successful or unsuccessful. The sketch here written will tell about an American citizen who always developed an ambition to perform his political duties well, and who succeeded. He reached the topmost round excepting one in the political ladder, and might have stayed there indefinitely, yet by an easy effort of his own volition he came down, and started up once more on the ladder of professional ambition.

Already a good many readers will have jumped at the conclusion that I am speaking of Hon. Frank Putnam Flint, or Frank Flint, as he is usually known in California with as many friends as the best, and with fewer enemies than almost any other man in the State.

Frank P. Flint was born at North Redding, Mass., July 15, 1863. He has a year and two months to go before he reaches the half century point, is in the pink of physical perfection and of mental vigor, so he did not quit because of decrepitude of mind or body, superinduced by age or infirmities.

Although born a Yankee of the Yankees, Hon. F. P. Flint is pretty nearly a native son of the Golden West. His parents removed to San Francisco in 1869, when little Frank was beginning to stick his hands into the pockets of his first pair of trousers. There, as well as becomes a citizen of proper democratic proclivities, he sought mental development in the curriculum of the public schools, with all the rest of young America, and with some who are Americans only in a second-hand way. When he had acquired a good fundamental knowledge of the three R's, and other branches of general information, he entered the law office of Robert Thompson, a well-known attorney of the Bay City. The boy was not what might be called of robust constitution, and the thick fogs, harsh winds and dust of San Francisco bred in him incipient asthma. This had become threatening to such a degree in 1887 that he sought the well known salubrity of the climate of Southern California for the sake of his health. The change worked to such a charming degree that now approaching 50 he is in every way a fit candidate for a Century Club.

At the time of his arrival here George J. Denis, Esq., was performing the duties of United States District Attorney, and picked out Frank Flint as a proper person to perform the duties of Deputy United States Marshal. Frank Flint was not born with a spoon in his mouth made of any kind of precious metal. He had his way to make in the world, and he proposed to do it in the practice of the law, and here was his opportunity. The office furnished him with the means of making a living, and Mr. Denis's office afforded excellent opportunity for pursuing the study of the law.

With the entrance into the Presidential office of the late Benjamin Harrison, Mr. Denis was superseded as District Attorney by Matthew T. Allen, now a member of the Appellate Court, and he appointed Mr. Flint as his clerk. Soon afterward Flint was admitted to practice law in the courts of the State and of the United States, and Mr. Allen appointed him Assistant District Attorney.

In 1892 came another change in the Federal administration, Mr. Cleveland succeeding Mr. Harrison, who had beaten Cleveland in the race four years before.

In the campaign of 1896 Flint became an ardent supporter of the Republican candidate, the late and ever lamented William McKinley. Upon the inauguration of Mr. McKinley as President, Mr. Flint was made United States District Attorney for Southern California, and filled the office exceedingly well.

With the exception of performing his civic duties in an unusually earnest and vigorous way, the above simple record sets forth all the political activities of Frank P. Flint until the California Legislature met in the winter of 1905, when to the astonishment of pretty nearly every one, including Flint's closest friends, he was exalted to the dignity of United States Senator. That was a distinguishing achievement, for it is seldom that a citizen who has had so little to do with politics as an office holder, leaps from the ground to the top round but one of the political ladder.

We have now come down to a date below which Senator Flint's career is so well known that it calls for little further comment. It is a known fact and an acknowledged one by all not swayed in judgment by gross and blind prejudice, that Senator Flint in his one term in the Senate of the United States accomplished more results with more important influences upon the interests of the State and of the whole country, all in a perfectly legitimate way, than can be set down in the record of any other Senator who ever occupied a seat for a single term in the United States

Senate, who never served in the House of Representatives, and of whom it could be truly said that it was his first entrance into national politics or acquaintance with political leaders at Washington.

The withdrawal of Senator Flint from any effort to secure his own re-election two years ago was a greater astonishment to the people of California than his election had been six years before. In discussing the fact with me a few days ago Mr. Flint said, "No, I did not give up because I saw a political revolution brewing which I could not overcome. I did not underestimate the force of that storm, but I felt confident that if I threw myself into the fight I could win. Up to a definite day it was my fixed determination to come to California and make the fight the best I knew how. I will tell you what changed my mind."

"A former member of the Senate of long service in Washington, and of remarkable success in politics, solicited my influence with President Taft to secure for him a little office for a short period of time at a very meager salary. He told me he had been in public life for years and that his conscience was clear as to the value of his services to the public and as to his honesty in public life. He said he was old and so poor that unless he could secure some little office like this he would have to return to his own State and be dependent on the bounty of his friends."

"I went down the street and encountered another Senator not so long in public life as the one from whom I had parted, and in discussing my purposes he said I was mad. He referred to my family and the fact that it cost more than a Senator's salary to live at Washington, and pointed out that if I came back, for another term at its termination I would be well up toward 60, bankrupt unless I turned thief, and with a family to support."

"The conversation set me thinking, and as I walked on down the street Senator Frye came up and the matter was discussed with him. The aged Maine Senator conceded the correctness of every point presented excepting that of retiring. He referred to his own case, which covered a period practically coequal with his life in public service. He was then a very old man, and so poor that if he lost his seat in the Senate he would be as much of a bankrupt as the first Senator mentioned in this story. But he said, 'Flint, you cannot and must not retire. You are one of the few young men in the Senate intelligent and courageous enough to see right and to do right. You have given close attention to every important subject before the Senate for six years, you have analyzed the situation carefully, and then you have voted your deliberate convictions exactly as your conscience guided you, without fear of consequences. The Old Guard in the Senate is rapidly thinning out, and the new men coming up here are politicians rather than statesmen, and vote, I am sorry to say, in too many cases, with an eye on their own political future rather than on the interests, I will not say of our own party, but of the country in general. I would not use so harsh an expression as to call you a traitor, but, Flint, if you balk in doing your duty--'

"That is all he said. You may be sure it set me thinking, and probably the result would have been another fight for the toga if Senator Shelby M. Cullom, the Father of the Senate, then four score years old, had not been met. Cullom was facing a storm of opposition in Illinois, a State he had represented so long, honestly and effectively, which threatened to sweep the toga he had worn with so much dignity for so many years from his shoulders now bending under a weight of years and made all the heavier by his arduous services on behalf of the public. No mind at all awake and clear could fail to comprehend the pathos of his case. He said in substance that he could look back over his whole career in public life and lay every public act open to the scrutiny of the people without fear of the disapproval of a single fair-minded man. He referred to his financial condition, then his extreme age after so many years in Washington, and called attention to his absolute financial nothingness. The storm Senator Cullom feared broke upon him with the results forseeable. There he stands after many years of service, without money enough, I will not say to support him in decency, but in any way for the few remaining years he has to live."

"Really, these experiences of one afternoon on the streets of Washington settled the case. It seemed to me that I could not be otherwise than a traitor to my family if I did not think of them. You know I had Steve White's career clearly before my eyes. He had about evenly divided his time between his important and profitable law business and politics. He had been greatly honored by the people of California, and had made his mark in the United States Senate as very few men ever did in one term. He quit in time to save himself from being financially a bankrupt, a fate he could scarcely have avoided had not the political vicissitudes of California politics precluded him from re-election."

Mr. Flint, in answer to an interrogation, said: "There are not a dozen rich men in the United States Senate, and I think less than half of them are millionaires. Most of the men who serve in that body are poor when they come there, and the longer they stay the poorer they become. There are a lot of people in the United States in politics less for patriotic purposes than the great body of the members of the Senate, who inveigh widely and insistently upon the 'predatory rich' upon 'criminal millionaires,' upon 'undesirables' and 'tools of

the interests' who are neither half as sincere nor half as honest as the average member of the Senate. In the sad thing is that honest, earnest, conscientious American citizens are misled by this play to the galleries of mere politicians who have only two purposes in mind, to play to the galleries and thereby win applause, and keep themselves at the public crib as near to it as to get some of the scattering straw that fall therefrom."

A Good Fight for Taft.

In less than a week after this article appears in the Presidential primary election in California will have come and gone. It is not my function in this place to forecast results. But I may and do say that whatever the success to be achieved in behalf of President Taft, a great deal of the credit for that will be due to the man in charge of the Taft campaign in Southern California. If the people of the section go wrong and are pleased to vote against their own interests in jeopardizing the tariff schedules which make property in their interests not merely possible but certain, it is not the fault of those who are earnestly and patriotically trying to point out the dangers that lie ahead of our ship of State. When the managers of the Taft campaign selected Philip A. Stanton to direct the activities of those who are in favor of the re-nomination of the President, they made no mistake. Stanton is an experienced politician, and knows well how to play the game unless he is playing against professional political gamblers with a few aces up their sleeves.

Philip Stanton was born in Cleveland, O., February 1868. He was educated there in the public schools of the city, and came to California in 1886, settling in Los Angeles, and going into the real estate business, which he has pursued constantly ever since. He has been instrumental in the development of many parts of Southern California. His greatest achievement in this respect being on the ocean front below Anaheim, where the old Anaheim Landing used to be and where Mr. Stanton has now built up a prosperous and rapidly growing community.

If all citizens had attended to their civic duties with the same energy as Philip Stanton there would be no need for the loud call so often heard for political reform. He is one of those who always do their full share of public duty under all political methods. If things go wrong it is not his fault, but the fault of those who stay at home in slippers, ease, toasting their shins by the fire and leave politics to be done by others.

Mr. Stanton for eight years performed the duties of Assemblyman for his district in the Legislature at Sacramento. Political honor was not chased by him, but was put upon him by the good opinion and activities of his neighbors who knew him well enough to give him their suffrages. He made thoroughly good in the State Assembly, and the members of it, trusting to his knowledge of affairs and sincerity of purpose, placed him at the head of the most important committee in that body, the Committee on Ways and Means. He did well in that trying position, and the members of the body said to him "go up higher," naming him Speaker of the House. He occupied that position when a terrible crisis confronted the State. A vote of decided "undesirables" in San Francisco might have plunged the country into war with Mexico, and the President was so disturbed at the situation that he appealed to Mr. Stanton for help. Stanton went down from his place as presiding officer and took the floor with such diplomatic and wise directed action that he averted the threatened danger.

When the call came from the safe and sound members of the Republican party sending out their signal, Stanton heard it and took the laboring oar to bring the life-boat safe to shore.

Pushcart Philosophy.

[New York Sun:] The theory of push-cart philosophy is that anything whatever can be sold if it is brought to people's attention; that among the things passing along any thoroughfare there are people who all sorts of latent wants which can be awakened by buying impulse if what they want can be brought to their sight. It is this belief that prompts the vender to street selling.

He may appear one day with his cart drawn to the side of the curb loaded with gas burners and other things. Who wants to buy these things here? But some one passing that way intent on business may be reminded by the sight of that push-cart load of gas burners at home is plugged up and he would like to try one of those glass shades.

Or the push-cart man may have a load of blocks of various sorts and shapes and sizes. Many a man has been reminded by the sight of such a load that he is doing a little job of tinkering at home and that his shop is dull.

Sometimes the push-cart venders stock a cart with a combination of things. Thus here was a man who was selling books and pipes, two-thirds of the cart devoted to pocketbooks of all sorts and the remaining pipes. What prompted offering these two things together it would be hard to say.

"Port of Missing Ships" of the North.

By Felix J. Koch.

QUAINT OLD ST. JOHN'S

EVERY time a ship goes down on the treacherous North Atlantic passage—and it's oftener, far, than the newspapers chronicle, for the great liners cut down many a schooner in their wake, of which they suppress information—the friends and the relatives of the deceased look to St. John's for news, for St. John's is the metropolis, so to speak, of the Northland.

Somewhat, the stay-at-home has acquired strange conceptions of St. John's. One builds, in the fancy, a fishing village, with icebergs towering round about and Newfoundland dogs roaming the streets, as the Malemutes do the byways of Alaska. It is therefore, a surprise to find a city of well-paved thoroughfares, electric lights and electric cars, dry docks few American ports can rival, and shops as modern and up-to-date as any in the medium-sized cities of England—for St. John's is an English town to the core.

One can never forget his first evening in St. John's, and his walk to Lookout Hill. Lookout Hill is an eminence or promontory where the first narrow fjord from the sea enters and spreads to a lake. There is only one place in all the world so curiously protected from the sea even itself, and yet easy of access to the highways of commerce, and that is Cattaraugus, on the lower Atlantic. You come to St. John's, steaming along a coast of frowning headlands. You wonder, where the city may lie, you've been told you are almost in port; suddenly a little opening appears in the cape, it develops into a passage and through it you steam into a great sheltered basin of sea. Still no city; only, at the opposite end, on a height, the lookout tower to which you climb, the first evening. Hugging the stern rock walls that hem in the lake are one or two fishing-stages. Straight across, then, goes the ship, to find another entrance; on, through this, to another lake of the sea. Then, then rise St. John's, a goodly modern city.

Somewhat, St. John's, seen at a glance, reminds one of the Francisco in miniature. The houses are largely built on Telegraph Hill impresses itself at the Golden Gate. And, strangely enough, St. John's, too, has been visited by destruction, almost annihilation, by fire.

You, who are come sight-seeing, however, find your paramount interest at St. John's round the harbor. It is the port of missing ships. Longshoremen and fishermen, as they chat, wonder about this boat and that long overdue. It is as much a matter of everyday gossip there to remark that the schooner Geranium of the Blue-eyed Martha is out over long now, or to wonder if that last nor'easter caught the Emma Bay, as it is in the States to speculate whether it will rain the next day. You loiter to listen and meantime you are sight-seeing.

Prime in importance among the industries of St. John's is, of course, that of taking and curing the codfish. Ships sail out from here to the Labrador coast, spend the summer there, catching and curing, then, in the fall, come here with the cargo for transshipment the world over. Other vessels fish out from St. John's itself and bring in their loads to the town.

The tourist, therefore, makes his way across the bridge over the Boche, or sea-lake, to the part of the city where the cod-curing industry flourishes best. There is practically just one long street here, lined with two and three-story frame buildings, with goats browsing on the city's highway, and a little stone church at the end. The nannies saunter off onto a platform covered with boughs of green cedar, whereon the cod are drying, and you follow them.

Instantly your eye is taken by a vista of thousands of barrels of molasses just from Barbadoes, and destined for the out-ports of the colony. On these more of the green ships of cedar are scattered for framework, and on these rest millions of codfish to dry. Wooden covers have been set up in places over the barrels and many millions, possibly billions of codfish, your eye meets as it sweeps the prospect. Then it is caught by the masts of ships coming in, a forest of them everywhere. Barnham Wood in motion it seems to be—and each such inbound boat has its tales to tell of ice, of storms, of shipwreck and salvage encountered in the icy sea. While you stop to watch two men cry for way, they carry a litter of fish between them. At the left is a warehouse for the cod; on your right a hill, scrubbed with grass, arises. There are sheds with lumber for the ships here, too—some of it will some day rest on the bottom.

Now along among the ships. Between them you can see the city proper. Then a naval-reserve ship comes lined with two-story frame homes of fishermen. Fishermen's children, with rosy red cheeks, are playing round about. Women smoke at their household duties; the men are here. There seem to be as many dogs as youngsters in the streets. The world over it's the same. You emerge at the seaside once more and here huge vessels give dock to great vessels. Some of these are unloading salt, others are taking it on. There is

fascination in watching the work, one sees the hoist ascend with the huge black caldron, then swing and dump this onto a chute that sends the salt to the wharves. The salt, one is told, comes, almost all of it, from Cadiz, Spain.

There is no end of ships here and more still crowd the harbor. Between the wharves and buildings of their masters one sees the elevated drying flakes for the codfish, extending out over the water. At one place a glass roof, as to a photographer's studio, reveals a bleaching-chamber for seal-oil.

You are forced to pass under the stages to the drying sheds. Everywhere barrels of fish hem the way. The scene smacks somewhat of Gloucester, but on vastly exaggerated proportions. Yonder, for example, are barrels of herring. Each barrel, filled, has a weight of 250 pounds. There are warehouses filled with these and you see the barrels piled high in the dark cellars, upheld by rows of posts in inordinately long lines. Old James Esberry, as he works with a barrel, tells us each barrel represents \$4.50 here.

Men come in and out with barrels of codfish which they catch at North Head. In the buildings near by, women split the cod, remove the backbone, then wash and salt, when the fish is put out on the flakes to dry. The dried cod, however, absorb dampness, so it must be brought out anew and worked on for a fortnight. The fish are sold by the "canel"—(quintal)—barrel. A quintal of dried cod stands at \$6.50 at St. John's now whereas the "green" (fresh) fish sell for \$1.50.

The man who is cleaning caught the fish himself—his wife, a queer creature, with one eye at a droop and attired in dirty black skirt, with hemp apron, helps him. She gives her straw hat a tilt as she eyes you, wondering. Another woman is assisting in this little corner of the wharf where they clean their fish.

The last-named takes a cod out of the tub full of them, places it on its side on a rude board table, and with a knife cuts across the neck. Then she slips the knife down the belly. It is all done in two strokes. Then

she shoves the fish to the next woman. The latter then jerks off the head, throws it into a barrel, to be sold as fertilizer, and pushes the fish to the man. He, in his turn, cuts the belly open more fully, and with a second cut, removes the entrails and throws them into a tub near by. The entrails go into a hole to be converted into fertilizer also.

The livers into a bucket to be worked up for the oil. On the wharf adjoining, men are mending nets on the dock, and you linger to study the brown meshes, edged with white rope. At some salt-barns, next in line, a huge white schooner from Norway is anchored. Rising just beyond is a sealery—an interesting institution well warranting a visit. The care of the sealskins and the rendering of the oil make a story in themselves, however.

St. John's is full of stories. There is so much to see, to hear, one can linger indefinitely. But, behind them all is the background of sea—the cold ice-filled ocean, with the fog and the gales. And, hovering over each vessel they mentioned there's the constant menace of Neptune—not a ship goes out but feels that the trip may be the last she'll make from this or any port.

Latest Cure for the "Blues."

[Suburban Life for May:] "For those of low vitality and a tendency toward the 'blues,' which are often found together, sleeping in the open air frequently does wonders. It is readily seen that growing children are greatly benefited by the change from the indoor bedroom to the sleeping porch.

"While sleeping porches can be provided better when the house is planned than as an after-thought, it is entirely practical, as a rule, to add them to a completed dwelling. When the home is a one-story cottage, the corner of a large veranda may be enclosed with adjustable canvas curtains for the purpose, or a small porch, just large enough for a bed, may be constructed adjoining the bedroom. In the latter case, a window can be easily changed into a doorway."

JOHNNY MAY SOME DAY BE YOUR BOSS. By Herbert Kaufman.

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Pay more attention to Johnny. Because his job is unimportant don't think that he is—you can't be sure how he will turn out until he has had his turn.

It's a poor policy to underestimate any underling's ability, ours is a century of quick rises and sudden changes. There are no short cuts to fortune, but there is a new speed limit.

Laborious processes of success have gone the way of the Sanford and Merton books, the velocipede, and bobtail cars. The slow coach must take to the ditch. He's an obstruction, and we won't submit to his delays.

This is the era of diamond drills and dynamite. We haven't time to dig through obstacles—we blast them aside. We are dealing with instantaneous forces, and those who do not adopt them can't continue in command.

A generation of vigorous, imaginative youngsters—taught to believe that every hour's a mine of power, is measuring clock-ticks, and charging lost minutes to the debit.

You may be in the lead—but you aren't setting the pace—they haven't caught up with you yet.

Your longer training and prior arrival do not guarantee security—the eyes behind you are profiting by your experiences, searching out your weaknesses, studying where you can be passed and how you can be downed.

Your faith is founded on the information you acquired yesterday, but their hope springs from the fact that they do not know and do not care how things used to be done.

For them, the present is only a bridge to tomorrow—they are reaching for the untouched goals—are on your record.

You can't withstand them if you do not keep as well informed. There is no protec-

tion except perfection. Speed up and read up. Learn at least one new lesson daily. Preserve your vitality and observe your locality. Defend your ground and make sure that it is not being cut from under you.

There is no permanent ruling class in society or in trade—all positions are temporary.

The man from the bottom is pushing up. The instant he proves that he can do more, that he can think quicker, that he can plan better, you are doomed to the scrap heap.

Past performances are not insurance policies. Neither influence nor kinship are defenses. The employer who judges on any basis other than merit faces failure—only a better man can hold a good man down. Oh, no, Johnny isn't going to remain an office boy all his life. He is dreaming and scheming into the future and your desk lies right across his path.

Pay more attention to the little fellows. Every one of them is a successor in the making.

You've passed the growing age, but they are in the growing stage, and soon you may be asking favors from those to whom you deny them now.

All errand boys who rose to the top were not born in the brain of Horatio Alger.

Thousands of them sprang from immigrant parentage—their fathers didn't have a show—that's what makes them appreciate their opportunities so much.

The more one generation is deprived of its chance the earlier its sons realize the necessity of counting upon their own resources and resources.

On guard aloofness and inconsideration breed rivals. Smiles win loyalty. It's as shrewd as it's fine to be considerate.

A lion once found a mouse handy.

Regulation of Wireless Telegraphy.

By John Elfreth Watkins.

Radical Reforms.

COMMERCIAL COMPANIES TOE THE MARK.

NO MORE CONFUSION OR INTERFERENCE—AMATEURS TO BE CURBED—A STANDARD "DISTRESS WAVE" TO BE ADOPTED; ALSO A UNIVERSAL DISTRESS SIGNAL—ALL SHIP AND SHORE STATIONS TO BE EQUIPPED WITH EMERGENCY RECEIVERS TUNED TO CATCH CALLS FOR HELP—WILL BE MOUNTED ON EIFFEL TOWERS.

THE terrible Titanic tragedy will confer one benefit upon humanity. It will emancipate the wireless telegraph from the arbitrary power of commercialism and place it under strict governmental regulation, assuring eternal vigilance for distress calls at sea.

Federal license; also that all operators must be American citizens.

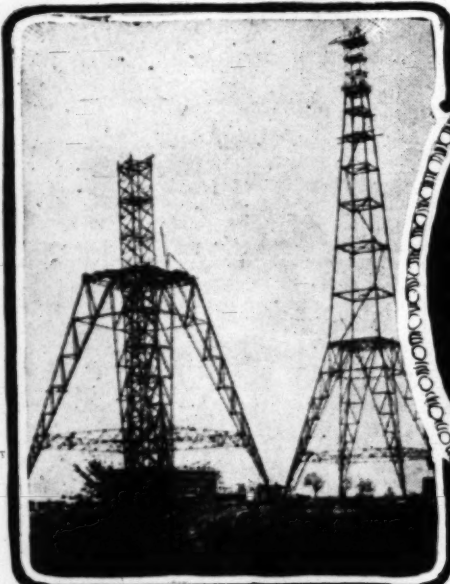
To prevent interference with government or distress messages each commercial station will be limited by its license to certain "wave lights" for carrying its messages, also to certain hours of work. Under the existing system operators send out their dots and dashes upon electric waves varying in length, generally, from 100 to 6000 meters—a meter being very nearly a yard. To get clear results sending and receiving instruments must be adjusted, or "tuned" to the same limits of wave length.

The government will tune all of its instruments to receive and send waves between 600 and 1600 meters in length and will prosecute any private or commercial concern with trespasses within these limits. Such concerns will be allowed to tune their instruments above

adopted by other countries because its three dots, three dashes and three dots (--- ··· ---) compose a signal readily distinguishable even by the untrained ear. While therefore not chosen because it abbreviates words, sailors fix "S.O.S." in their minds as meaning "save our ship."

Each ship and shore station must be equipped to utter as well as receive this cry for help, day and night over a distance of at least 100 miles. "Absolute priority" is given to "signals and radiograms relating to ship in distress;" and all wireless stations ashore are required to cease all sending when they hear a distress call. Except when answering or aiding a vessel thus appealing for help they must refrain from sending until all wireless business relating to the emergency has been completed.

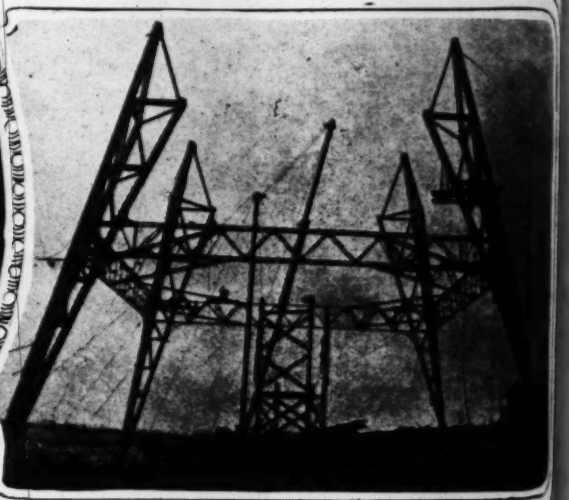
To prevent ships unnecessarily interrupting wire-



Building great wireless towers, Arlington, Va.



Rear Admiral Cone, in charge wireless system, U.S. Navy.



Base of one of wireless towers, Arlington, Va.



Interior wireless shore station, U.S. Navy.



Naval wireless operators.

absolute precedence for such signals for help and better equipment for their utterance.

The Congress of the United States is now at work upon, and a parliament of the great nations of earth will next month be engaged upon rigid laws to prevent, in future, such a Babel of wireless tongues, such a feebleness of wireless ears, such interference of meddlesome wireless amateurs, and such greed of wireless commercial interests as contributed to the suspense, the horror and the death toll of old ocean's most monstrous tragedy.

New legislation for the "regulation of radio communication" has lately been reported favorably to both houses of Congress. It is carried in a bill carefully framed by the wireless experts of the navy, army and Department of Commerce and Labor. It is designed to put a quietus upon the long-threatening monopoly of all the powerful wireless interests not only of America but of the world; to give distress calls from the sea an absolute right of way; to prevent the interference by commercial messages with official and emergency messages.

All Operators to Be Licensed.

The first step toward giving the Federal government an actual hold upon all wireless stations in our territory or upon our ships will be a strict requirement that each station and all of its operators must obtain a

and below these pitches but will be prevented from monopolizing too great ranges of wave length when certain narrow ranges will serve their purposes just as well.

Fixes Standard Distress Wave.

A "standard distress wave" for ships is one of the important provisions of the bill. A wave length of 300 meters must be uniformly reserved for this emergency call by all wireless stations, official, commercial, or private, on sea or on land. Each passenger-carrying vessel will be required to keep in operation, day and night, an extra instrument tuned to maintain eternal vigilance for calls for help that may come moaning over the relentless deep. This emergency ear will be known as a "special distress receiver" and the government experts seek strict legislation requiring such apparatus beside the quartermaster or lookout of every ship; also that all men employed at the wheel or upon watch shall be adequately trained to distinguish the international distress call, "S.O.S." whenever the instrument utters it.

S. O. S.—"Save Our Ship."

This distress call, instead of the old "C.Q.D." of Jack Binns fame, the bill adopts for America. It will be remembered that the Titanic's operators used both signals while she was going down. The "S.O.S." has been

business of shore stations near great seaports it be required that they reduce the electrical energy of their transmitters upon approaching within five miles and that they reduce it still further when within five miles. Ship and shore stations will be bound to interchange messages whether employing the same wireless systems or not. And at important ports the work of military and naval stations will be first minutes of each hour will be reserved for Uncle Sam's radiograms—a division of time which will, however, be demanded only after other means of preventing interference have failed.

Distress signals are made an exception to this as well as to another—that wireless stations must use only the minimum strength of electric energy necessary to carry their messages to the distance required.

Curbs Interfering Amateurs.

That interfering amateurs were partly responsible for the confusion of wireless tongues that added to the public suspense following the Titanic catastrophe has been frequently charged. The bill before Congress is a curb upon amateurs and all over wireless enthusiasts not engaged in bona fide commercial transmission. They will be restricted to a low electric power and a wave length—200 meters. This limit the bill's framers deem sufficient for all purposes of amusement.

direction and will carry messages over a reasonable area. As attested by the variously poised wireless masts which detract from the beauty of many residential sections of our cities and towns, there now are thousands of these wireless amateurs scattered through the country and the government realizes that some valuable operators are sometimes developed by this diversion. So, to encourage those who are really serious in their activities and who develop improvement in their art, there is a provision in the measure allowing these to test their skill under a special temporary license which during certain hours will waive restrictions as to power and wave lengths.

To further prevent interference with official wireless business the measure forbids the erection of future commercial wireless stations within fifteen nautical miles of a list of important naval and military stations, not including, however, those at our most important commercial centers.

One Is Wireless Supremacy.

These protected points are to be especially a great chain of "high-power" radio stations which will give America wireless dominion over the seas. The key to this vast system will be a group of giant towers already existing above the hills of Arlington, Va., in full view of the national capital's avenues. The tallest of these steel towers will rise to 650 feet from the ground, which means that from base to pinnacle it will be ninety feet higher than the Washington Monument itself and as the hill which this steel steeple will crown is higher than the stately monolith dedicated to the Father of his Country the wireless reach of this high-power station will be vastly greater than could be obtained from the monument's aluminum apex.

By all odds this will be the tallest tower ever built for wireless purposes in any part of the world. It will be 150 feet square at the base and between its spreading legs could easily be built four blocks of average city residences allowing seven houses to the block. To the east of this colossus and at equal distances from it will stand two similar pinnacles of steel, each 450 feet high and 120 feet square at the base and the group when completed will look very like three Eiffel towers although setting together, they will have far greater wireless reach than the famed Paris giant, lately converted into a wireless station.

Spans Not Across Sky.

From the tip-top of the highest to the apex of each of the lower towers will fall a cable 460 feet long and another such cord of steel, 800 feet long, will sag between the crests of the twin structures. Upon these great ropes of wire Uncle Sam will spread his giant nets which are to gather from the heavens distress signals and other wireless messages flushed from as far west as San Francisco, as far east as the African leg o'mutton, and from anywhere between Panama's big ditch to Greenland's icy mountains. These nets, or "antennae," will consist of a half-dozen seventy-two-foot "spreaders" each supporting a giant harp of nineteen wires, each four feet apart.

Just in front of the pair of smaller towers are rising two connected buildings containing living quarters and

a kitchen for twenty operators, two modern wireless laboratories, a machine shop, power room, engine room, storage room and operating room. The towers will cost \$110,000 and the buildings \$70,000.

A commissioned officer of the navy will be detailed to command this station, just as though it were a ship. By land wires it will communicate with the desk of the President or with the Navy Department as promptly and directly as though it were erected upon the roof of the White House or the State, War and Navy Building. In time of war the President and his cabinet could speak, through this station, with our ships and armies in almost any corner of the world.

Spans Three-Fourths of World.

The three bristling towers upon the Potomac will communicate directly with a similar group 1780 miles away upon the Canal Zone and visible leagues and leagues across both oceans. And inasmuch as each of these stations will have a range of at least 3000 miles, their dots and dashes will be hurled against Africa's sandy shore with little difficulty. Each will also bombard a similar group of towers at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii and this station in the Isle of hula girls will reload the dots and dashes and shoot them over to triple towers at Guam and American Samoa. Then Guam will wad them into its electric gun and aim the fusillade upon the Philippines, where still another set of these steel triplets will crown a palm-clad hill of Luzon. And the Luzon station in its turn can fire the messages as far as Central India or the restless heart of the new Chinese republic. Were there such a station in these Oriental regions as well as upon Africa's sunny shore the system would belt the world. So far as it goes it will span that three-fourths of good old sphere—all save a gap of some 6000 miles extending from Central India to West Africa.

No other nation can erect such a chain and thus gain wireless dominion over all the oceans; for no other nation can gain a foothold for such towers both upon our continent and upon the isles of the Pacific. And no other nation can knock these towers down. Cannonballs would go right through them, without injury, as through the network masts of our fighting ships. The system will place the big Panama ditch, our most important strategic possession, in constant, uninterrupted and instantaneous touch with Washington, whether cables are cut or not. Washington will talk directly with the entire north Atlantic Ocean, instead of relaying its messages, as now, through Norfolk or Key West. Similarly, Panama will be made the key to the entire South Atlantic, Samoa the key to the South Pacific, Hawaii the key to nearly the whole Pacific; Guam to the West Pacific; Manila to the waters of China, Asiatic Russia and of our rival, Japan. Communication directly across our continent, from Washington to San Francisco, will be instantaneous, whereas today the commercial land wires must be depended upon. From his sanctum the President will be able to talk with his ships scattered anywhere between the Canary Islands and the inland sea of Japan.

Range of Distress Signals.

He will be able to distribute distress calls among

all ships within 2000 miles of one of these high-power stations, at night, or within 1000 miles during the day. He will be unable, however, to hear distress calls sent to him by ships farther away than 400 miles at night or 200 miles during daylight. But he will have upward of fifty small wireless stations and countless ship stations co-operating with these high-power wireless plants and they will relay emergency messages to the nearest group of giant towers.

These differences in range for night and day are due to the fact that sunlight absorbs wireless electric waves. The government experts regard the natural conditions surrounding the Titanic as especially favorable to a long wireless range, on the night she sank—not only because it was dark but because it was cold weather

Hearing the Grass Grow.

As old Mother Earth puts on more and more of her spring attire, the reach of wireless messages shortens. In their laboratory, at Washington, the navy's experts are now experimenting to accurately measure this effect of increasing foliage and vegetation. While the summer is coming on they are receiving test messages sent at regular intervals from Philadelphia, Annapolis and Norfolk and with delicate instruments are noting the gradual weakening of the electric current. Thus, you might say, they are hearing the grass grow and the May blossoms burst from their buds. And all of this work has a direct bearing upon the saving of life at sea. Because of the ever-present foliage on the surrounding land, ships in the tropics cannot send their distress signals over more than half the range which vessels in the temperate zones can cover.

The great chain of high-power stations described will be constructed under the direction of Rear-Admiral Hutch I. Cone, U.S.N. The entire series when completed will have cost \$1,000,000 and each group of towers as well as fifty-odd small stations co-operating with the series will be equipped with special distress receivers kept as eternally alive as were the temple fires of the Vestal virgins.

Wireless World Parliament in June.

As suggested above, all of the enlightened nations of the world are next month to meet in a parliament which will give wireless business a universal overhauling and require commercial companies to toe a mark that is narrow and straight. This body will be known as the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention and it will sit in London. President Taft will send delegates who know every wireless problem from A to Z. They will co-operate with representatives of other nations in framing regulations which will require every ship of every flag to adopt the standard distress signal, distress wave and distress receiver of 100-mile range, and will require universal use of what are known as "pure" and "sharp" waves. The Titanic tragedy will suggest to this parliament many reforms whose need would not have otherwise presented themselves. A number of these will be made evident by the testimony gathered by the Senatorial committee that is now sitting as a coroner's inquest upon the bones of the ill-starred Titanic's more than a thousand victims.

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The Waitress Tells a Story.

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys.

INTRODUCING "GAWKY."

THE Late Breakfasters paused outside the door of the favorite restaurant and stared up and down the street for evidences of a recent fire. He found none, though the pavement surrounding a nearby catch-basin into which emptied the overflow from the street, was wet and slimy, and a small pile of cold cinders marked the spot where a fire engine had stood. He was still wondering about it when the Lane Waitress called to him:

"Come on in and eat," she cried. "There wasn't any fire last night. Start on your breakfast, and I'll tell you about it."

So he took his accustomed place at the counter and the Lane Waitress began:

"Honest to goodness, you can't tell a thing about people by their looks, can you? And it beats everything how circumstances will turn out. Ever since old Gilkison has been captain of the fire-engine-house here he's been coming in for meals pretty regularly, and I've always thought he was the hard-hearted old cool in seven States; and I've always supposed these stylish Collett women wouldn't turn back to pick up a \$10 gold piece if they dropped one every day."

"Well, anyway, Capt. Gilkison was in here last night for supper, and that big, tall fireman they call 'Gawky' Peck was here, too. Say, that Peck fellow is awful handsome, for such a big man. While I was waiting on them I saw old Mrs. Collett sail by, looking as if she'd just got back from the coronation, like she always looks."

"The Peck fellow reddened up a little when he saw Mrs. Collett pass. You see, he's been admiring her daughter Katie from a great distance ever since he was transferred to this district, and the other firemen

have been tormenting the life out of him because he never could get acquainted with the girl."

"Mrs. Collett hardly got by that front door when I heard a ting-a-ling-ling, like dropping money, and she kind of cried out. I didn't think anything of it until she came in here, actually white around the gills."

"May I borrow a long spoon, or a piece of wire, or something," she wanted to know, and her voice was as trembly as could be. I've just dropped a \$10 gold piece, and it rolled into the catch-basin."

"Umph," old Capt. Gilkison growled, "you'd better borrow a diving suit, lady. That catch-basin's more than twelve feet deep, and there's six feet of mud in the bottom of her."

"Honest to goodness, Mrs. Collett just fell ker-flop on one of those stools and began to cry."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" she kept saying, over and over, "that \$10 was most of it Katie's. We'd been saving it up for ever so long. And now that new dress for her will be waiting another six months longer."

"Katie Collett is a grown young woman, but of course Capt. Gilkison didn't know those circumstances, and he must of thought she was a kid, for he reached right down in the pocket of his uniform."

"Here, lady," he said, just as gruff as ever, "I can't stand to hear about any kid getting disappointed. Stop your noise now, right away, and take this, and get the nick-nack for her."

"She stopped crying, but she didn't make any move to take what he was holding toward her."

"I must be going," she said, real formal. "Please pardon my lack of self-control. Thank you very much, but really we—we couldn't—"

"She broke off and started to go. Honest to goodness, it was real gritty of her to refuse that gift when she could see the old captain meant it all kindly, and there's no knowing how long she and Katie would have to save and scrimp to get another \$10."

"Well, anyway she screwed her face into a kind of

a smile and started to walk out. But Gawky Peck had been holding a mighty earnest little conversation with the captain, and the old man began to snicker like a kid, and hollered out:

"Hey, lady, wait a minute. This felle here is Gawky—er—George, I mean—Peck. He belongs to my engine-house, and he says he'll go down there and call for volunteers enough to man the engine while they pump out that old catch-basin for you. He might find your money if you want to wait."

"Indeed, I'll be glad to wait," she squealed, happy as could be, "but I'll go home first and tell Katie, so she won't be worried about me."

"Old captain watched her go, and then he handed Gawky the money he was going to give to her."

"If you can't find the ten she lost, and you're not likely to," he said, "just pick that up like you found it in the mud somewhere, and hand it over to her. Tell her to show the kid a good time, or whatever it was they wanted to do with it."

"So the two fire fellehs went out and pretty soon, sure enough, back Peck came on the engine with a couple more of the engine crew to help along. Just as they got it to pumping, Mrs. Collett showed up again, and Katie came with her."

"Honest to goodness, the first thing that old lady did was to introduce Peck to Katie, and tell her what a kind, thoughtful young man he was. And when the catch-basin was all pumped out he got both women to stand on the step, back of the engine, you know, and he drove them the couple of blocks up the street to where they room. Say, he wasn't going to lose any time after he did get acquainted with Katie, was he?"

"Sure, they found the \$10 gold piece. Well, anyway Peck picked one up out of the mud in the sieve they ran the water through. But it might of been the one out of old Capt. Gilkison's pocket, at that; I don't know. Oh, well, I guess the old man will get a chance to dance at a wedding some of these days. Good morning."

Recent Cartoons.

A YEAR AGO.



New York Times

Ever yours, Theodore.



Cleveland Plain Dealer

Guess I'm getting a few myself!

"THE GLEANERS"



Brooklyn Eagle



Chicago News

WHO SAID MOVING VANS ARE NOT PLENTIFUL THIS SPRING?



Washington Star

MY POLICIES ALWAYS DID DRAW THE CROWDS

THE DEMOCRATIC LABYRINTH



Columbus Dispatch

Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
from Many Sources.

On the Capital.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the noted health specialist, said in a recent interview in New York:

"The health of the average American is far better than it was a generation ago. The trouble is that we Americans put dollars ahead of health, ahead of life, ahead of everything."

"They say that a European, landing for the first time in New York, once asked a native:

"What is the capital of this country, sir?"

"I forget just how much the capital is," the native replied, "but, anyhow, it's all in Pierpont Morgan's hands."

For the United.

SENATOR LORIMER was condemning certain unfair methods of canvassing for votes.

"Another unfair method," he said, "was sending word from house to house in the evening the fairest girls—blossoming young school teachers and buxom, rosy girls. What voter could resist such pressure as that?"

"I know of a case where a beautiful girl of 19 or so called on an old fellow in the hope of swinging round his vote. When she rang the bell, an old lady came to the door."

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" asked the houri.

"Yes, he does," said the old lady shortly.

"Can I see him, please?"

"No, you can't."

"The girl smiled persuasively."

"But you'll tell me what party he belongs to, won't you?" she said.

"In the party he belongs to," said the old lady, banging the door."

In the Household.

I SAW a lot of 'Abe' Hummel on the Riviera during the season," said a New York viveur.

Every morning Hummel, in well-cut London clothes, walked on the Promenade des Anglais in Nice—that glorious, palm-shaded promenade, with white villas on the one side, and the blue Mediterranean on the other, and a sapphire sky over all.

"Hummel took his ostracism cheerfully. He was the life of the Carnival. At the 'white redoubte' at the Casino, when a Chicagoan attempted to sympathize with him, Hummel, got up as Rameses II, said he had no time for sentimentalists. He said a sentimentalist, having been deceived by his wife, once came to him for a divorce."

"Alas," the sentimentalist said, "life is indeed a delusion. I have but one friend now—my dog."

"Well," said Hummel, briskly, "why not get another dog?"

The War to Be Won.

THE late Henry Trotter, the author of 'In Old Madrid,' said a New York musician, "was a modest man, and at a complimentary dinner in London I once heard him tell a young composer that the only profitable way to boast was to boast modestly."

"He instanced the case of Moltke. Moltke, at a review, was likened to Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon. But he shook his head at this and said modestly:

"No, no, gentlemen; you must not compare me with such illustrious soldiers. I have never commanded a regiment."

A Hospital Case.

D. RODERICK CHATHAM, the noted pathologist, said of baldness in a recent lecture in Chicago:

"Baldness is hopeless—hopeless from the beginning. A man said to me the other day:

"Doctor, my hair is falling out. Tell me how to keep it in, will you?"

"Keep it in a box or a drawer," I answered. "That is the very best I can do for you."

For the Future.

THE human race needs a Burbank," said Dr. L. R. Penelope, of Central College, at an interview in Fayette, Mo. "We breed horses and flowers, but we are not bred at all."

"Of course this has done us no great harm so far; but at any time it may involve us in ruin. I look, in fact, on all our haphazard meetings with the same fear that the tramp had for the dog."

"Don't be afraid," the dog's owner said. "A barking dog never bites, you know."

"Yes, I understand all about that," the tramp answered cautiously; "but I can't help wondering how soon this here animal is going to stop barking, sir."

Long's Walk.

PROPOS of the recent coal troubles at home and abroad, Ernest Mills said at the Western Federation of Miners' office in Denver:

"It is no more true that the coal miner is unreason-

ably discontented than that the coal dealer is unreasonably dishonest."

"All coal dealers are not like Smith, you know."

"Smith," said one of his patrons, "has at last accumulated a million dollars."

"Well, no wonder," another patron answered. "Look how long he's been lying in weight for it."

The Fisherman's View.

MISS ELEANOR SEARS was being congratulated, at a tea at Coronado Beach, on her wonderful ability as a horsewoman.

"It is just due to practice," she said modestly, "to thorough practice. So few people, you know, are willing to learn anything thoroughly. The fisherman's view is the one that holds everywhere in life."

"It is easier," so said the fisherman—"it is always far easier to tell a big fib than to catch a little fish."

Qualified by Experience.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY said the other day in Washington of a canning concern:

"These people, when we objected to some of the poisonous chemicals they used in their canned peas and asparagus, laughed at us. They said we were ignorant and inexperienced. They pointed out that they had been many years in business and that they turned out many millions of cans a year."

"It reminded me of a woman whom I once saw, in my young days, feeding a babe a few months old on bits of dried-fish and pickle."

"Don't do that," I said. "Don't do that, madam! It's most unhealthy to give fish and pickle to so young a child."

"The woman frowned upon me."

"Huh!" she said, "don't you try to teach me how to feed babies. Why, young feller, I've buried seven!"

The Hypocrite.

THE REV. GEORGE R. LUNN, the new Mayor of Schenectady, says: "I don't preach 'Give to the poor,' but 'Stop taking from the poor.'"

Mr. Lunn, discussing this dictum the other day, said:

"The millionaire social reformer, unless he is a very, very sincere man, always reminds me of the husband who brought home one evening a bottle of champagne and a lobster."

"It is your birthday, dear," he said to his wife, "and I purchased these delicacies as a little treat for you this evening with your birthday dinner."

"You are very kind," the woman answered, "but I thought you knew I never touch champagne, love, while lobster invariably disagrees with me."

"Never mind, my dear, never mind," the husband answered in a soothing tone. "That being the case, I'll just eat the lobster myself and drink the champagne to your health."

George Got the Raise.

A CHICAGO politician told last week a new story about Col. Roosevelt.

"Col. Roosevelt," he said, "interested himself in a young man the other day—in fact, he got \$2.50 a week tacked on to the young man's salary."

"It was like this. Col. Roosevelt said to the young man's boss:

"I want you to raise George's pay. He's married, sober and active, and he ought to have a raise."

"I pay George liberally," said the boss, "and you'll have to give me a very satisfactory reason, colonel, before I can see my way clear to raising him."

"I'll give you three satisfactory reasons," said Col. Roosevelt.

"What are they, sir?"

"Triplets!"

The Hotel Hospital.

SIMEON FORD, New York's famous hotel-keeping humorist, was talking to a reporter about the latest developments in hotel-keeping.

"Landings on the roof for aeroplanes—electrical massage machines in every room—private elevators—silent bells—all these things are new," said Mr. Ford; "but still newer is the hotel hospital—a perfectly appointed hospital, with a small but highly trained staff of physicians, surgeons, nurses and attendants."

Mr. Ford smiled.

"It's in the hotel hospital," he said, "that we'll bleed our guests."

Diet Mixed.

ANDREA SBARBARO, the noted California wine grower, said the other day in San Francisco that wine drinking diminished drunkenness.

"A pure, light wine," he explained, "is always drunk moderately. No man would dream of drinking such a wine to excess, any more than he would dream of drinking milk or water to excess. They who contradict this assertion of mine are faddists."

Mr. Sbarbero smiled.

"Confusion to all faddists," he resumed. "May they all fare like Miss Kranque."

"Miss Kranque, you know, left a Santa Barbara hotel in a huff."

"Why are you leaving?" a fellow guest inquired.

"Why am I leaving?" Miss Kranque snorted. "I am leaving because, for a whole week, they've been serving me with my poor dear polly's millet-seed instead of with Crumlets, the new patent breakfast-food, and I only discovered the mistake this morning."

A Matter of Figures.

HAMP CLARK, at a banquet in Washington, was talking about certain election prognostics.

"It's as simple as the nose on your face," he said. "It's a mere matter of arithmetic. In face, in its striking mathematical aspect, it reminds me of Lungge's case."

"Poor Lungge was in a bad way."

"Tell me the worst, doctor," he said. "I can bear it."

"Well," the doctor answered gravely, "your disease is far advanced, and I fear you are not long for this world."

"How much time do you give me, doctor?"

"I give you, if all goes well, two years, no more."

"Dear, dear! Two years! And how long do you give my wife, doctor?"

"Your wife? Why, there's nothing the matter with your wife. Her health is superb."

"Yes, I know; and how long did you say you give her?"

"Why, without hesitation I can give your wife twenty-five years—a full twenty-five years."

"Twenty-five years!" The sick man closed his eyes, and a beatific smile played over his pale lips. "Twenty-five—minus two—twenty-three. Thank heaven for twenty-three years of peace!"

The Two Kinds.

W. W. TRITES, the new American novelist whose work William Dean Howells has been praising in newspaper interviews and in Harper's Magazine, was talking, at a dinner in London, about modern fiction.

"There are two types of modern fiction," he said. "In the first type the hero and heroine marry and all their troubles are over; and, in the second, they marry and all their troubles begin."

Bright Young America.

"CAN'T I have another peppermint?" asked the 2-year-old after his regular allowance had been consumed. The reply was negative, but so gentle as to leave in his mind a pleasing doubt. After a moment of thought, he suggested delicately: "Hadh't we better—INSIST on that peppermint?"

John, aged 3, was left in his grandmother's care during a brief absence of his mother, and, through some bit of naughtiness, broke a favorite dish. On his parent's return, grandma gently reminded him that a confession was in order. Always considerate of his mother's feelings, John demurred.

"No," he said, "that's a very sad story; I don't believe we'd better tell her."

Four-year-old Bobby is the only child in a mature family of bookish tastes, and sometimes uses his garnered phrases with startling effect. "Come, Bobby!" his mother called through the window one day, "your toys are all over the porch, and I'm coming out to sweep there in a moment." A lively scramble ensued, ending just as mother and the broom appeared ready for action.

"Well," observed Bobby with a sigh of relief, "I got those things out of the way just at the psychological moment, didn't I?"

At 3, he was discovering with delight that letters made words, and the family was overwhelmed with requests to spell the names of familiar objects for his entertainment. One day he was helping grandma to rearrange her pantry shelves, asking her to spell "sugar," "salt" and other simple words, as the familiar receptacles were handled. Finally, holding up a box, he demanded: "Spell twenty-mule-team-borax."

"Oh, that's too big to spell," remonstrated grandma. John ran to his toy grocery and returned with a sample box of the same commodity.

"Spell the little one, then!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

Like many other 5-year-olds, Harold wakes inconveniently early, and his mother has often deplored good-naturedly the loss of her final "forty winks." One morning, after a blissful but fatiguing shopping trip, involving a restaurant dinner with ice cream, he slept soundly until 8, a fact delightedly commented upon by the family at his late breakfast. Harold brightened with a happy and benevolent inspiration.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "now I believe that's a good idea. You try taking me downtown every day, and I guess I can sleep better mornings, and you can get your naps!"

C. R. S.

GAZABLE GIRLS AND



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Children n

The Human Body And the Care and Health of It. II

Timely Health Editorials.

KEYNOTE: Nature cures, not the Physician.—(Hippocrates.)

Eye Affections in Childhood.

Many are the causes that may lead to trouble with the eyes during childhood. It occasionally happens that a child's eye is injured at birth by some accidental happening, and that the full extent of the injury does not manifest itself until the age of puberty, when blindness of the injured member may result.

The eyes, like the ears, are subject very largely to the conditions that obtain in the general health of the body. An infant will sometimes suffer greatly with irritation of the eyelids, and the nerves of the eyes, when the real trouble has its seat in the stomach. Sew and granulated lids are often coexistent with ulceration of the lining of the stomach in children of all ages, the small ulcers often appearing also on the lips, and the inside of the mouth. In such cases local treatment may bring some relief to the eyes, but it will not remove the difficulty. The stomach itself must be treated, and the unhealthy, irritated conditions corrected. A mustard plaster may be applied to the stomach, and an occasional teaspoonful of olive oil administered. Lamb broth, made by boiling the meat down thoroughly, then allowing it to cool, removing all of the tallow which will come to the top, heating again, and seasoning mildly; also warm milk, or oyster stew, with the oysters removed, are palatable foods for the child in this condition. But even this light refreshment should not be given in large quantities at one time until the symptoms are allayed. Recovery will be assisted if the little invalid be kept out of doors whenever possible, with the eyes well protected by a dark bandage tied on loosely, or an eye shade. The irritated stomach will be helped by better blood; and the more oxygen absorbed into the system, the better the quality of blood manufactured.

Many cases of failing eyesight are due to malnutrition, especially among the children of the poor. The eyes should be watched carefully during childhood. If the little one rubs his eyes a great deal, or frequently passes the hand over them, something must be the matter, and they should be examined at once. The trouble may be due to an ingrowing lash, inflammation of the upper lid, or defective vision. Poor eyesight is also indicated by the child holding his book too close to his eyes, any distance less than fourteen inches denoting near-sightedness. The eyes tire easily, and a headache results, sometimes causing sleeplessness. The flowing of tears, puckering of the muscles about the eyes and forehead, and blinking of the eyes are also indications to cause alarm. The child should be taken to a specialist whose reputation would hold him beyond question.

Granulated lids may be due to a number of causes—either a chance blow, bodily fatigue, the coming on of some disease common to children, cutting a tooth, ulceration of the eye, some infection introduced by the child's fingers, or cold. Where the cause is not at once patent a specialist should be consulted immediately: for blindness has sometimes resulted in a few hours through neglect when the cause of the difficulty was not understood. Where decided and painful symptoms develop suddenly, cold-water compresses should at once be applied to the irritated eyes while waiting for the doctor. The eye should be washed, and a fresh compress applied every three hours. Doctors recommend that the water be first cooled, then cooled on ice.

A common accident to childhood is to "get something in the eye." The child should be trained not to rub his eyes in such instances, as this may embed the foreign particle more deeply in the delicate membrane covering the eye, or the lining of the lid. The well-known process of taking hold of the upper eyelid, and holding it outward and downward over the lower lid, will allow the speck of dirt to be washed away by the tears. If this does not accomplish the purpose the lid should be so manipulated as to slide over the lower lashes in returning to its place, when the particle will most likely be dislodged. If two or three of such trials do not succeed, a careful examination should be made. The patient should be made to look far upward, and then downward, and to each side. If the cause of the trouble is not found, the upper eyelashes should be held between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, pressing gently on the center of the lid, and on an eighth of an inch above its edge, the patient should be told to look down, then the lid may be quickly and gently lifted upward by the lashes, and turned over the match. The inner surface thus exposed, the foreign particle may be seen and removed with the corner of a perfectly clean handkerchief, which must not be moistened in the mouth. "If the eye is touched with the 'glassy' or 'sight' part of the handkerchief, it is not wise to try to remove it, because serious injury to this delicate part may be caused by an inadvertent movement by the hand when the eye is touched." This is a delicate matter, which should be trusted only to a physician, who understands the eye is insensitive by some eye drop, so that the pain and involuntary movements will not result.

Children must be taught not to rub their eyes; that

any irritation is increased and not allayed by this; and furthermore, that there is always danger of infection by a habitual conveyance of the fingers to the eyes. They must also be taught not to pull out their lashes. The little hole left by the missing lash may give lodgment to a foreign germ, which may cause a sty or abscess. The child must be taught that the lashes are meant for a protection against dust, insects and other foreign irritants.

Near-sightedness is often inherited; and where it exists in the parents, the child's eyes should be given more than ordinary attention and care. Professional records tell us that cross eyes or squints, present at or shortly after birth, "may be remedied by simple operations." When caused in childhood, by defective vision, resulting in an inward turning of both eyes, coming on gradually, properly-fitted glasses will probably remedy the trouble.

Wherever there is a tendency toward eye affection of any kind, a child should receive more than ordinary care and attention. Its general physical health should be watched, and if it is not strong, its system should be built up. It should have long hours of sleep, wholesome and nutritive diet, no nerve stimulants, plenty of outdoor exercise, and not too close application to books and study. In fact, it were far better to take the child from school for a year, and turn him out to pasture.

Water Drinking at Meals.

Water drinking at meals is a matter that has received unusual attention of late as it is a question over which there has been much contention. Until very recently the consensus of opinion, especially among medical men, has been against the copious ingestion of the fluid at meal-time, the principal objection being based upon the supposition that the excess water dilutes the gastric juice and thus disturbs to a marked degree the normal rhythm of the digestive functions.

Now, all of this is relegated to the past as not belonging to this day and generation, not in keeping with the more modern and progressive thought; in other words the M.D.'s have a change of heart and say that they can no longer entertain the old belief that such is the case. They—the committee of investigators, composed of leading physicians of this country—declare that the experiments made indicate most convincingly that the entrance of water into the stomach does not produce a gastric juice of lowered acidity, but rather that the entrance of this fluid acts as a distinct stimulation to the gastric secretion, and that the juice, although secreted in larger volume than previous to the entrance of the water, nevertheless shows a higher concentration of acid than does that juice which is secreted under ordinary conditions.

Notwithstanding all this it is a matter that can be overdone. If one is thirsty he should drink but not habituate himself to drinking unnecessarily; besides great care should be exercised that no liquid is taken when there is food in the mouth. E. B. W.

The Disease of Obesity.

Why are some of us excessively fat, and others excessively thin? And which subject is nearer a normal, healthful condition, the corpulent, or the lean? The answer is rather equivocal. A very thin person may be perfectly healthy and full-blooded, and a fat person may be anemic. Corpulence may be the result of over-eating, and emaciation may be equally so. Often the fat subject eats very little, while the thin person gormandizes. The difference is that the fat person assimilates, and extracts all possible nutriment from his food, and the thin person assimilates feebly, but wears out his system taking care of a surplus of waste material. Furthermore, people, as well as animals, run to types. Hereditary tendencies count strongly in these matters; and sometimes in an isolated case, a type will be reverted to after one or two generations have skipped it.

It seems, however, to be a consensus of opinion that corpulence is usually directly the result of over-eating; for, the argument runs, nothing enters the body that could make fat excepting food and drink. As to the fact that the fat subject is at present a small and careful eater, the seed of his present obesity may have been sown in early youth. This, in connection with reversion to type, may have produced the present results. Over-indulgence in alcohol, luxurious and lazy, or sedentary habits may also cause corpulence; and it often comes upon men and women as they are passing the meridian of life.

That obesity is not, however, a normal nor a healthy condition is a foregone conclusion. It is a sign that waste material, or excrementation, which should be thrown off, is being stored up in the system. Abscess, and other like afflictions due to pus secretions, are common in such subjects.

The tendency to get fat is desfrable. It is a sign that the assimilative organs are strong, and extract all possible nutriment from the food ingested. But the tendency to accumulate adipose tissue should be checked when not more than a tendency. A famous poetess, now in a glorious prime, is rounded, but lithe and girlish, and splendidly healthy because she determinedly fought a propensity to take on fat, at the psychological moment, by gymnasium exercises, swimming, walking, and cutting down her rations. Lillian Russell walked, wheeled, rolled and dieted her fat off, with the most marvelous and admirable results.

External fat means that all of the internal organs are heavy with fat, and therefore crowding upon each other, whence comes shortness of breath, faintness, heart trouble, and often in women prolapsus.

In dieting and exercise, with proper attention to skin and bowels, rests the only hope of the obese. But the utmost persistence is necessary in order to accomplish results. And the inertia which usually attends the taking on of fat often paralyzes the ambition to overcome the disease.

All fats, sugars and starchy foods are to be avoided. Fatty meats, such as goose, duck and pork, are on the forbidden list, as are also fatty fish, light farinaceous puddings, potatoes, peas, beans, butter, cream, sweet jams. Lean meat and lean poultry are allowed in extreme moderation by an ancient authority, as are also fish without rich sauces, but with lemon and vinegar, green vegetables, cress and lettuce, fresh fruit in small quantities, dry beaten biscuits, and gluten bread. Tea and coffee are allowed without cream or sugar. Only one and a half pints of water are allowed to be drunk in twenty-four hours. Hot water drinking has a tendency to reduce flesh; and the writer can recommend the use of buttermilk. Hill climbing, for several hours each day, or long walks if climbing is not possible, long horseback or bicycle rides are salutary measures. Frequent hot baths are also a great help in the right direction. But whatever measures the subject adopts he must persist in, patiently, day after day, or he cannot expect to be restored to a normal, healthful condition.

What is Malaria?

The etymology of the word really answers the question—mal (bad) aria (air.) It is not so much to be deplored that malaria exists but that it exists to the detriment of those who are subjected to it. The primary cause of malaria when it gets into the human system—the system of one not sufficiently strong to counteract it—is the retention of waste matter due to deficient elimination through the skin and lungs.

In a dry atmosphere—such as prevails here in Southern California—more than one-third of the body's poisons are poured out from the lungs and about one-fifth from the skin, thus leaving only about one-third for the kidneys and bowels. Consider the fact that the skin and lungs work all the time while the kidneys and bowels only occasionally.

This two-thirds of the body's poisonous waste matter is in the form of warm, damp air—decomposed animal matter. On the other hand the air of malarial districts is also, as a rule, warm, damp air, decomposed vegetable matter. It is difficult to get rid of the one in the presence of the other. The conditions outwardly and inwardly are unfavorable to each other and both are undesirable.

Under these outward conditions it behooves one to especially look after the matter of elimination while at the same time paying due regard to alimentation. If one rightly lives, he can live in any climate under any climatic conditions and remain in health. E. B. W.

"Truthful George" as an Athlete.

The "Father of his Country" was a man of wonderful physique. Were he living today and were he so inclined—two far-fetched propositions—he might easily have proved himself "the white man's hope." His measurements show him to have been a larger man—the word "bigger" seems more fitting here—than our own Jim Jeffries. A comparison of measurements may prove interesting; at least a comparison in figures (in two ways, in this case) is more easily impressed and longer remembered than mere statistics.

Jeffries is six feet and one inch tall, but Washington was an inch taller. The former champion weighed—not weighs, about 204 pounds, in training, but Washington, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, weighed 230 pounds. Jeffries measured forty-three and one-half inches around the chest while "George" went him one better. Jeffries had a thigh measurement of twenty-four and one-half inches, the "Father of his Country" twenty-five and one-half inches.

The records show that Washington could lift a horse, could throw a stone across the Potomac and could jump twenty-three feet. That was a wonderful feat—pistols for two. E. B. W.

Fresh Air for Fever.

During the Civil War a prominent Philadelphia physician, who was then an assistant surgeon, strongly advocated the treating of fever patients in tents on the battlefields, rather than sending them to the army hospital barracks, where the number of deaths were so great that statisticians dislike to be reminded of the figures.

This doctor evidently knew that soldiers would recover while out in the open where their lungs could breathe in the fresh air, but in those days doctors did not dare speak of the "fresh-air treatment." Drugs were the remedy.

A celebrated English physician who died a few years ago was known for one eccentricity. When called in to treat a fever patient, as soon as he entered the room he would smash all the window panes with his cane, making up his mind that at least for a few hours his patients would be given some fresh air. He was considered by some a fool for thus advocating fresh air for sick people.

Vegetarianism or Mixed Diet—Which?

By E. B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Mottoes:

"Thou hast the dew on Thy youth from the womb of the morning."
"Glorify God in thy body."

Eating for Health.

YOU have probably seen the statement of the man who said: "I can afford to remain a poor man, I can afford to remain an obscure man; but I cannot afford to become a sick man."

A most important factor in the study of health is an appreciation of the value of health. Nearly everyone considers himself well as long as he is not obliged to have a doctor or take drastic remedies. Statistics show that only about 10 per cent. of mankind die from natural causes. It is safe to say that illness is usually the result of ignorance, carelessness and intemperance. Intemperance has many forms besides over-indulgence in alcoholic liquors. Intemperance in eating is probably as common and, in many cases, just as disastrous.

"Nature's stern laws will bear no infraction
For every excess there is a reaction."

Vegetarianism or Mixed Diet.

FIRST, all food should be palatable, no matter to what class it belongs. We all know how the smell or even the sight of savory food will start our mouths watering, as we say—in other words, our salivary glands to secreting. Pavloff showed, years ago, that unless this preliminary reaction occurs and this mouth-watering saliva be swallowed, the stomach will fail to secrete in advance of the coming of the food a certain preliminary form of gastric juice—that which is now known as "appetite juice," and if this juice fails to be secreted, the food may lie in the stomach for hours before it begins to digest.

Second, all food must be regarded as either a tissue-builder or force and heat-producer. Food is that which satisfies hunger and replaces the solid waste of the body. Water, its correlative, is that which slakes and quenches thirst and replaces the fluid loss of the body.

It is an indisputable fact that the over-indulgence in any one class of foods to the exclusion of others that are essential will necessarily prove detrimental; therefore I am, have been, and, in all probability shall continue to be in favor of a mixed diet, that is, vegetable and animal.

The word vegetarianism—not in its etymology, but in its application to eating—is a misnomer; at least, is misleading. Vegetarians, as a rule, are those who exclude all flesh-foods from their dietary; but they are not strictly vegetarian when they include the animal by-products—butter, cheese, milk, eggs. Nor are they strictly vegetarian when they include fruits and nuts. I number among my friends many who, for years, have eschewed meat and all manner of flesh, fish and fowl and yet by using the by-products and fruits and nuts have retained their physical strength and mental vigor. The one severe blow to vegetarianism lies in the fact that so many persons have espoused the cause without having any knowledge of food-values, having dropped meat entirely from their dietary without substituting those vegetables (beans, peas, lentils,) or the other foods—milk, cheese, butter, eggs—which take the place of meat. When these foods are not eaten in sufficient quantity to furnish the necessary protein (the building material) the result is a rundown condition of the system, the lack of stamina, decidedly anemic; all of which may be evidenced by the outward sign of yawning, yawning, yawning.

I am not arguing in favor of meat nor against it, but against the faddist with his one-sided diet. I eat but little meat but partake freely of eggs and cheese as a good wholesome substitute; but I eat meat whenever I desire it—never more than once a day for a few days, sometimes once a week, sometimes once a month and, again a period of three months has elapsed in which I have not tasted it. I allow nature to make out my bill of fare and she always chooses wisely—never makes a mistake. The result is I am always well and always shall be. To expect to be ill would be contrary to my teachings as a psychologist (we get what we expect—not always what we desire); to be ill, would be contrary to my teachings as a physical educator and hygienist.

I do not wish to be understood as speaking disparagingly of vegetarianism nor of encouraging the eating of much meat, but to choose the happy medium between these extremes—that is a mixed diet. The compounds contained in the animal foods are, of course, very much like those of our own bodies and therefore, need but little change before they are ready for use. The vegetable compounds, on the other hand, require much greater change before they can be assimilated, therefore, they are less readily and less completely digested than the animal foods. This is due, in part, to the fact that the nutrients of vegetable foods are often inclosed in cells with woody walls which resist the action of the digestive fluids and, in part, to the action of the woody fiber in irritating the lining of the intestines and thus hastening the food through the intestines before the digestive juices have time to act thoroughly upon the food. Indeed, the presence of the woody fiber frequently prevents the complete digestion and absorption not only of the nutrients contained in the vegetable foods, but also of those contained in the

animal foods eaten at the same time. If, however, you are perfectly satisfied, in mind and body, with vegetarianism, stick to it; if not, try the mixed diet and note the results.

The late Herbert Spencer, after experimenting for nearly a year, became discouraged in trying to subsist on truck-farming products, and finally recanted. He used to refer to it as his "wanderings in the desert of abstinence and secretly hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Further Comparisons as to Digestibility.

LET us now look at the digestibility of animal as compared with vegetable food. It has been indisputably proven by experiment that animal foods are more easily digested than vegetable and more completely—milk, eggs and beef being the most readily so of all foods in use—with a minimum of residue of only 3 to 6 per cent. remaining undigested. Hence, in health or disease, these are the most valuable foods. On the other hand, from 20 to 70 per cent. of all vegetable food passes through the alimentary tract undigested. The vegetable foods more readily undergo fermentation and putrefaction. Sugars and starches are always found in excess in vegetables, fat is always in excess in the animal as compared with the vegetable food. Therefore the selection of a dietary does not lie in excluding any one class of foods, but in uniting the two in our dietary so that we may secure the proper quantity of the inorganic matter of the sugars, starches, fats and proteids, and yet not have an excess of the one group as compared with the other. Says a well-known writer: "It will be noticed that more talent and intellectual strength is generally found among people who use meat liberally than among those who live principally on farinaceous food. The true value of meat has never been recognized by the public because it has been used with foods that minimized its beneficial effects. If meat is eaten with a vegetable, say tomatoes with lemon juice, it has a vitalizing and rejuvenating effect, especially upon persons past middle age. Meat produces physical and mental energy and the combination with the proper vegetables prevents the formation of an excess of uric acid, and keeps the excretory organs and the blood in a healthy state." If we want to remain in good mental and physical condition, this one thing we must do—we must eat a sufficient amount of suitable food to make up for the daily expenditure of nerve force.

As all animal food comes primarily from the vegetable kingdom, it makes little difference whether foods come from the animal or the vegetable kingdom as they each contain the three classes of chemical substances: (1) water and the inorganic salts; (2) the heat and energy producers (the starches, sugars and fats); (3) the proteids (tissue builders).

Sir Henry Thompson, an eminent dietitian, makes the following claim that cannot be truthfully disproven: "No form of vegetable nourishment has yet been discovered upon which it is possible to rear the young mammal, in which man is included."

Another authority states it in this manner—"Like the young of all birds and animals, no matter what their adult diet may be, we start as carnivora-eaters of liquid flesh, called milk. The nitrogen-containing foods—meat, eggs, milk, with fat in the form of butter and cream—should form the backbone of the dietary in childhood, supplemented but never supplanted by the starches and sugars."

This is pretty good proof that we do not start in life as vegetarians but on the animal by-product of which mention has been previously made.

Erroneous Ideas.

IT IS generally believed that monkeys subsist on fruits in their native haunts. This is not so. The natural food of the monkey, wherever found, is first, animal; such as lizards, grubs, eggs, young birds, etc.; and next, nuts, roots and vegetables, according to the production of the country of his habitation.

It is also determined that man in his primitive state subsisted on flesh, fish, and such foods which he found in the roots and grains. It is a well-known fact that "the Japanese coolies, who come to our Pacific Coast, when they first land and are 'eating Japanese,' as they express it—living on rice, coarse vegetables and a little fish—are not worth to any contractor or employer more than 75 cents to \$1.25 a day. When, however, they have adapted themselves to civilization and learned to 'eat American'—which they do as soon as they have begun to earn a little money—then their working power rises rapidly until it becomes almost equal to that of a white man of the same height and weight; and the same contractors will gladly pay from \$2 to \$2.50 for the same man for his practically unskilled labor.

"At the same time they also become immune to beriberi, that scourge of the Orient, which upon their old diet is exceedingly frequent and fatal among them. So prevalent and severe was this disease in Japan up to ten or fifteen years ago that the Japanese government, in order to check it, put the army and navy upon almost the full European army diet, after the German standard of some twelve years ago, with the result that the disease has now been almost wiped out. So that the famous victory of Japan over Russia was not won upon rice, vegetables and a little fish, as our

vegetarian friends would have us believe, but on American beef, flour and pork—for all of which has been one of the best customers of our Pacific Coast for years past."

Some Vegetarian Inconsistencies.

1. IT IS claimed that the eating of animal food creates animal instincts and propensities. This depends upon the animal that eats it. It is not so much the kind of food which goes into being as the kind of being into which the food goes.

2. It is claimed that vegetarians are mild as compared with meat-eaters.

Are they? How about the Polynesian warrior compared with the Eskimo? The former, living on plantains, is ferocity personified; while the latter whose chief diet is meat and blubber, is most amiable. It is also known that the Chinese pirate is a vegetarian, yet it is said he would draw and quarter his own mother for two yen.

3. The herbivorous animals are mild as compared with the carnivora.

Are they? Where will you find a meaner or more treacherous animal than the rhinoceros, the buffalo or the bull?

4. The elephant, the ox, the horse and the cow being herbivorous, are often quoted as having more strength than the flesh-eating animals.

Have they? It is said upon good authority that one of them can carry its own weight; whereas, the (a flesh-eater) will vault a six-foot fence holding in its mouth a calf of his own weight.

5. The eating of meat clogs the system with uric acid, producing rheumatism.

This statement should not be denied in toto. modified. If the objection to meat is wholly in consequence of the production of uric acid, then nothing is to be gained by the change—it is simply a case of "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire." Because in changing to a vegetable diet the foods are substituted for meat (the vegetables containing protein—peas, beans and lentils) contain an element known as xanthin, a substance closely allied to uric acid as found in meat, and it produces the same results. On this point Dr. Alexander Haig says: "found that beans, peas and lentils actually contain xanthin than many kinds of animal flesh, and, therefore, like flesh, and alkaloid—containing vegetable substances, such as asparagus and mushrooms, are regarded as poisonous."

This uric acid diathesis is more a matter of elimination than of over-production. It is true, one may eat of animal flesh or the pulses—just as he may eat of the purest of foods and suffer in consequence, though not from the same cause—but if you have eliminating agents normally active you need have no fear of uric acid or any other acid while eating in moderation; besides, uric acid is normally present in the system.

6. Cheese is tabooed by all vegetarian restaurants on the ground of indigestibility—not because it is animal by-product, else they would exclude butter and eggs. Yet, on every bill of fare of every vegetarian restaurant you will find that still more indigestible staple article—beans. "Consistency, then, is the jewel."

But what are the facts? Cheese is not indigestible to one who masticates it fully, but no amount of mastication will cause beans to be wholly digestible in consequence of the woody fiber that must pass through the entire alimentary tract in an undigested condition.

Quality vs. Quantity.

IF THE line is drawn anywhere it should be on values—the nutritive element. Do not be misled as to pain the stomach for an hour for the purpose of tickling the palate for a moment. Do not eat that which is lacking in food value unless it is done so as to possess some merit otherwise. You may get from sixteen ounces of beans at least twelve ounces of nourishment, but if you prefer cabbage to beans, you desire to get the same amount of nourishment from a pound of cabbage (it would be necessary to eat about ten pounds)—and then send for the coroner.

You may be very fond of strawberries, but to get necessary protein for a day's work you would have to eat eighty-eight pounds. But while you were eating the proper amount of protein they would give you seven times too much of the carbohydrates. On the other hand it is said that forty-four pounds of strawberries will furnish the necessary daily protein, carbohydrates and fats, and all this in nearly the right proportion. Yet no one could choose so enormous a diet that would require such an enormous amount of food.

Some foods, you observe, are "fillin'" but not nourishing. Bulk of the right kind and of the right proportion is essential to the human being as food or fodder for food is to cattle, or hay to a horse.

Boiling vegetables and then throwing away the water in which the green vegetables are cooked is a waste. friend Harry Brook facetiously remarks, "It is like sitting on green spectacles and eating shavings." Thus be seen that it is as essential to know how to prepare the various foods as it is to choose them.

Vigorously yours,
EDWARD A. WARMAN

Nervous Debility.

Some of Its Causes and Methods That May Cure It.

NERVOUS disorders vary widely in their manifestations, and may be due to a number of different causes. The nervous subject is not usually the recipient of a great deal of sympathy because his affliction is often credited to imaginary ills, and lack of self-control. Nervous debility, however, is a real, though not necessarily a serious disease, if met with the proper treatment, mental and physical, for both are necessary. In a great many cases the nerves have actually become depleted, and are not being built up rapidly enough to repair the waste. This trouble may be brought about by overwork, lack of system, undue worry or worry; or it may be the result of dietetic indiscretions, or other dissipation of various kinds. Sometimes it is directly due to unbalanced sex conditions, when it becomes most delicate and difficult to deal with. Whatever the cause, when the nerves cease to respond to the controlling centers in the brain there has been mal-nutrition of their tissues, resulting in numbness and coldness of the hands and feet, headache, dryness of the mouth, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, indigestion, flushings of heat in the face, nervous tremblings and palpitation. The subject is often timid and bashful in the presence of strangers. Among those with whom he is familiar he is often selfish and exasperating, although he may wish to appear just the opposite.

The neurasthenic patient who meets with nervous breakdown through overwork will usually try to over-exert and hide his exhaustion, without seeking recognition or sympathy in his difficulty. The debauchee will do the same. But in both of these cases the disease is real, and if the patient be not removed from the cause of the affection, and his nerve cells given opportunity to rebuild themselves, the brain itself must become exhausted, and will eventually refuse to perform its accustomed functioning.

Sometimes this condition is brought about—especially in women—by excessive tea drinking. She has discovered that at the time of drinking, tea acts soothingly upon the nerves, seeming to "draw them together." But her need of this "soothing" becomes more and more frequent, and she grows to depend upon it. While the effects ultimately experienced are the very opposite to those the patient is seeking, the temporary relief and stimulation will cause her to fight desperately against any suggestion that this may be the cause of her difficulty.

Sometimes the break comes through the wear and tear of detail and conflicting personalities in a household or office. But many nervous affections are due to lack of self-knowledge and self-control rather than to any real depletion, primarily, of the nerve tissues themselves. These are caused by a hypernervous activity closely related to certain symptoms of hysteria. Such patients are extremely difficult to treat unless possessed of a balancing sense of the fitness of things which would render self-cure possible. They are usually extremely selfish, although many of them feel that they are practicing self-abnegation, and are rather victims of the selfishness of others. They are not satisfied unless they are the center of attention. They will sometimes nurse it by ostensible self-sacrifice, and a sorrowful and reproachful bearing toward those with whom they are surrounded. Others, however, openly give way to their insatiable ailments, and keep the household in a constant catering to their wants. Such subjects are often life, plump, well-nourished; and their craving for sympathy will cause them to stoop to almost any deception in order to get it.

When a patient is sent away for a change of scene and climate to recuperate, in the company of a hired companion, woe betide the unhappy companion. She will become the victim of every caprice that an unmanageable mind may devise. This patient will seldom be guided by advice, nor will she be likely to follow hygienic habits. She will be fitful, irregular, and stubborn in the harboring of her symptoms. She will resist all attempts to place her in happy and really favorable surroundings. If the companion tries to induce her to go out and take exercise in the open, she is likely to compel the companion to remain with her in a darkened room. If the companion tries to take the patient's mind from herself by reading, the invalid is likely to interrupt with some other whim. She will not move to a rooming house outside of the city where she could live in the open, and rest, and recuperate more rapidly, for fear of becoming lonesome. And yet she will not associate with people in their pleasures because it makes her feel morbidly isolated. She resents any real effort to improve her or better her condition; and yet she likes to be comforted upon her symptoms. There is no help for her except in heroic treatment, and usually there is no time enough to administer it. Such a subject, who is weak and nervous in some degree, is able to manifest a variety of symptoms through imagination. Her pressure on the heart, and slightly interfere with its action. Nothing can persuade the patient that she is not afflicted with heart disease. By persistent treatment, she may develop an actually diseased condition of the heart.

In case of real nervous breakdown it becomes imperative that the patient should have immediate rest, and a complete change of scene. If he can go to a "rest" or "milk-cure" sanatorium, where he will be kept in the open air, so much the better. The patient who is of all responsibility concerning himself, has nothing to do but to "let go," drift, and let nature take its course. In any event it is better for him to get away from the "home of battle," and go where he can better

withdraw his mind from business, or whatever else may have been the cause of the breakdown. Living in the open air, cold baths, and the free drinking of cold water—which has a directly quieting and tonic effect on the nerves—and exercise such as walking, or mild calisthenics, all of these will contribute to restore the shattered nerves to a normal condition. When the patient is badly broken, he must be kept very quiet at first, with no companionship except that of his caretaker. But gradually he should be withdrawn from the idea of invalidism, his walks lengthened, and he should be encouraged to join outdoor games with congenial and cheerful companions. The stomach should never be taxed beyond its digestive capacity; in fact, an inclination to abstemiousness until the nerves have "gotten hold" is best. All of the food should be light, wholesome and nutritious.

The patient whose affliction has been brought on by idleness and morbid self-study would also be benefited by the cold-water and open-air treatment, and wholesome physical exercise, but she will usually tell you quite seriously that she is not strong enough to stand the rigors of any of these corrective, hygienic measures. A woman under the writer's present observation, who once ran her own millinery establishment, being a good business woman and also a home maker, broke down through physical illness. Her nerves have been shattered ever since, and there is no one to show her the way back to health. She has grown careless and negligent, and even uncleanly in her habits. This woman needs not her present companion, but a nurse strong enough mentally and physically to enforce compliance with the laws of hygiene, and one who will not humor the patient in her morbidness.

Another subject, a young, healthy-looking woman, living at a hotel, with no responsibility excepting to look after a five-year old boy, spends a large part of her time in bed, complaining of her nerves, and repeatedly stating in the presence of her child that he is a great aggravation of her disorder, and that she wishes to keep him away from her as much as possible. And she does this. She turns him out to play and shift for himself, seldom seeing him, except at meal time. She also sends him to her room to go to bed alone at night. When nerves are productive of such monstrous perversion of the maternal instincts, probably a ducking stool would prove more efficacious than any other remedy.

A very large percentage of nervous disorders are so closely related to hysteria that the remedies employed for one would often answer for the other. A young woman, habitually given to the indulgence of nervous hysterics, when her husband would coddle her, imploring her to tell him what he could do for her, went from bad to worse, until her very sensible mother one day smartly slapped the patient's cheek. The result was a salutary rage on the part of the young woman, and no repetition of the attack. The more attention and humoring these subjects receive, the more their cases become aggravated. They wear themselves out with their attacks, and frequently become eventually really ill. Very often the mere mention in their presence of a cold dash of water will restore them to a normal state. If it does not, the water should really be used.

One patient had the good sense to handle her own case. When she felt the attack coming on, she would immediately plunge into a cold bath. This would invariably have the desired effect. She further helped herself by hard physical labor, about the house, such as washing and scrubbing, and frequent brisk walks through the parks.

Let us have some sense with our nerves; let us rule them, and not allow them to rule us. Nature gives us plenty of warning when we are tearing down our nerve cells faster than we can build them up. When we know that we are doing this we must take things a little easy, no matter what material gain is at stake. It cannot be worth the sacrifice of the entire working power of the body. And if the engine is to be kept "fired up," it must have adequate fuel; and the fuel of the human body is sufficient rest, sleep, oxygen, digestible food, and use of all the muscles of the body in order to keep the blood in proper circulation so as to feed the nerve tissues.

If the nervous trouble be brought on by idleness of the mind, laziness of the body and over-eating, it is not necessary to go to a nerve specialist. Let us remember that we are men and women with the sense and judgment to find out what is good for us, and to do it. The habit of taking alcoholic stimulant, tea or coffee for the nerves is a mistake, since in a diseased condition they overstimulate, but do not nourish. What is needed is sane habits, and self-control. The idle, healthy nervous subject must immediately find occupation for the mind, and strenuous, hardy exercise for the body. She must interest herself in external things, and forget about self. She must take the cold water treatment, quit whining, and just "come out of it."

Reading in the Sick Room.

[Minnie Genevieve Morse, in Trained Nurse:] Unfortunately for sick humanity neither physician nor nurse is trained in the agreeable use of the voice, and though tact and understanding usually do much along this line there is occasionally heard in the sick-room the jarring tone, the nasal twang, the sibilant whisper or the careless pronunciation that causes indescribable distress to the nervous, fastidious and hypercritical invalid. Being spoken to in an unpleasant voice is bad enough, but listening to reading under such circumstances becomes little less than torture. The nurse who is a poor reader, and who is aware of it, should either put herself into training or else forego all attempts at entertaining her patients in this manner.

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Practical Sanitation. Disease Generally Caused by the Lack of Proper Care.

IF IT were possible to gather statistics relative to the original causes of diseases it would be found that a very large percentage of them are due to carelessness of one kind and another. If each individual were absolutely hygienic in his habits of caring for his body, and kept his immediate environment in a sanitary condition, there would be little disease—providing, of course, his mind were in a corresponding condition. The germomaniac can never hope to be absolutely well; in fact, he sometimes becomes a victim to the very disease for which his mental functioning has unconsciously prepared his body. The mind must be sanitized as well as the body; but when this fact is accomplished, we must see to it that the external conditions continue to correspond with those within.

While yellow journalism has created a harmful panic concerning the terror of germs and the housefly, well known to be a carrier of these germs, we know that we have these menaces to reckon with, and that our first safeguard is to create cleanliness within the household, and then to shut out its enemy. Early in the spring, or the year round, if necessary to the climate, screen the windows and doors, and also the porches; for the porches should be used freely, which they will not be unless they are protected, and made comfortable. When this is done, remember that odors attract flies. When flies find entrance to the house there are never so many in the parlor and halls as in other parts of the house; and fewer flies in the bedrooms than in dining-room and kitchen. The fly being a scavenger, when we find his kind thickly covering the outside of the screen, it is a warning to the householder to do away with the odor that attracts him, and with the cause of the odor. Immediately after the cooking is done with, and the meal at an end, all food should be put away in cupboard or ice chest, carefully covered. All scraps should be removed at once, and burned, or scraped into a tightly-covered pail, which should be removed for disposition. Under no circumstances should food be allowed to stand about uncovered; it is not good for the food, nor for the inmates of the household. The ice chest should be scrubbed and scalded twice a week; and once a week it should be emptied, thrown wide open to air, and the sunlight be allowed to pour into it for at least an hour. The bread box should be given similar treatment; and in each case the receptacles should be thoroughly dried before returning the food to them.

Prompt dishwashing should follow the disposition of the food, and every cooking utensil should be thoroughly cleansed. A spider or kettle should never be hung up—as it often is—with particles of food adhering to it. The next duty will be to sweep up all crumbs; and see that the floors are free of grease spots. Then the pantry shelves and ice box must be carefully inspected to see that no spoiled or decaying food be forgotten there, and that there are no spilled crumbs to attract vermin. After everything is clean and orderly, a good disinfectant, properly diluted, may be sprayed about in cupboard, closet and corners; and if any particular species of vermin is specially threatening prompt means should be taken to rid the household of it: for it is possible for vermin to spread infection of one kind or another. When flies have found entrance to the house, when all particles of food are removed, ordinary fly paper, sprinkled with a little sugar, will quickly attract and rid the household of the little pests. Both dining-room and kitchen should be thoroughly ventilated in both hot and cold weather, after each meal.

All of this may seem a great deal of daily labor, in the culinary department alone, to the housewife at first reading; but if she will arrange a system by which to take care of it immediately after breakfast; if she will not allow herself to think about it before undertaking it to the extent of disturbing or hurrying her own breakfast, it will soon lose its formidableness, and she may develop that sleight-of-hand that will dispose of it "in a jiffy." If some of her plans for the day make it difficult to attend to all of these details in the morning, many of them could be disposed of the night before, and the dishes, in an emergency, could be covered in a pan of hot water and soap powder, the knives and silver being removed, washed and dried immediately to avoid rust and tarnish.

As to the bedrooms, all the slops and waste water should be removed as soon as the morning ablutions are over; and if each member of the household would carry his own jar to the bathroom at this time, emptying it, the possibility of odors would be removed, and a few steps saved for the little mother. Furthermore, each one should turn his covers open to air, and raise his window before leaving the room. Who serves the household in these small matters, is also serving himself.

The mother of a family of beautiful young people, very close together in their ages, attached a set of sanitary rules and regulations to each bedroom door, including the above items; also the hanging of the nightie on a small rack outside of each window to ventilate each morning. Each young person must gather up his own soiled clothing, and deposit it in the porch closet. And each one must carry his clothing from his closet to the lines to be ventilated each week. Clean clothing and baths were a religion. Order, cleanliness, mutual consideration and healthfulness reigned in the household, making it a delight to each member, and to all visitors.

Dust in the corners and under the beds is a favorable breeding place for germs. It should, by no means, be allowed to accumulate; and when disposed of, the disinfecting atomizer should be used freely. All wire screens should be gone over frequently with a whisk broom, and disinfected, for dust and flying dirt find lodgment in them.

Carelessness about the dumping places for garbage and miscellaneous trash is very common. The writer has seen cellars in households, otherwise clean and orderly, that were a menace to good health. They had accumulated filth of all kinds, including old tin cans in which particles of food were mildewed or decaying. If you have such a cellar, clear it out immediately. Preferably, burn everything you can in the furnace or the back yard; or lose no time packing the debris into barrels, and placing them where the city scavenger will get them on his next trip. Then ventilate, cleanse, and disinfect your cellar; for you have been living over a mine of infection.

From cleanliness of environment we come to the more intimate subject of cleanliness of the body. People living in a country home, where there are no conveniences, and where the bedrooms are seldom heated, often grow careless, especially during the winter, about the cleanliness of their bodies. For the sake of warmth they will don a woolen undersuit at the beginning of the week, often sleeping in it, and not removing it until the week's-end bath has come due. Each morning, upon arising, they will hastily sponge face, neck, ears and forearms, and hurry into their clothing, not properly caring for teeth, hair or body. At night the outer clothing is thrown off hastily, with no thought of the niceties of toilet, and a plunge is made for the covers. Often the window is not raised for ventilation during sleep. These facts account for the farmer folk—with all of their advantages and opportunities for outdoor life—being no better off in the matter of health as a rule than their city cousins.

Unfortunately, many who have the advantage of all conveniences, through carelessness and indifference, give their bodies no better grooming. Cleanly in their outer garb, they form the habit of wearing one set of undergarments, and refraining from the bath until the week's end has come around. With these people the odors of old age accumulate early. The pores of the skin become clogged, and the waste material of the body, that is habitually thrown off through the pores, is not allowed to escape. Hence, deterioration and mustiness. With the daily bath, the interior of the body is given opportunity to free itself of that portion of the poisonous and waste matter which must be exuded through the pores. The daily bather will retain a fresh, sweet flesh odor to the end of his days, providing he give equal attention to the sanitation of his clothing.

In closing, something may be said of the danger of hirsute growth on the faces of men. It is safe only when a man's habits of cleanliness are most particular—when he thoroughly shampoos this growth twice a day. If he does not, the beard and mustache become a menace to good health and cleanliness. The large majority of men are satisfied with combing, and mere surface grooming. Many of the tiny particles of food and dust and dirt that filter in remain undisturbed. The long, luxurious mustache, hanging over the lips, with a beard beneath render absolute cleanliness difficult; and where there is uncleanness, there is breeding of germs.

Sickness comes upon us, and we know not whence it comes; when, in many cases, we have given its bacilli favorable breeding ground in our homes and about our persons. The subject is not a pleasant one, but it will give pause for thought.

Water in Food.

While the drinking of water is fully recognized as a prime requisite for sustaining life, the general public does not realize the great quantities of water which exist in food, or the high prices paid for it in making purchases in grocery store or meat market. The May Popular Mechanics Magazine cites some interesting examples of this. It says:

"Take, for instance, the butcher's bill, which is usually a considerable item of household expenditure. It is a trifle disconcerting to be told that when the thrifty housewife expends from 20 to 28 cents per pound for the best cuts of beef, about 60 per cent. of the sum is being paid for water. Yet such is the case, about 60 per cent. of the bulk of uncooked beef or mutton being water. . . . The flesh of pigeons is about 70 per cent. water; that of fowls and ducks, 65 per cent. while a really fat goose may have as little as 38 per cent. of water in its composition. The flesh of fish varies considerably in the quantity of water contained, the figures ranging, according to the kinds of fish, from 40 to 80 per cent. The salt-water fish generally seen upon a fish dealer's slab approximate to the higher rate."

Outdoor Life a Disinfectant.

[Dr. O. F. Kunkel in Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette:] With children over two years of age greater insistence should be made for outdoor life. During this period the chances for getting contaminated food are greater than before. Bread, cake, fruit and confectionery are often handled by consumptives at the shop and handled with unclean hands. At this age the child plays on the floor, on the sidewalk, handles door-knobs and latches, public drinking cups and numerous other things which may convey infection. At this age more than any other is thorough cleanliness the most effective prophylactic measure. The butter and cream-eating habit should be acquired at this age.

[756]

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The Health Balance.

Harmony and Co-operation in Functioning Essential.

IF IT were possible to bring about and to maintain an equilibrium among the bodily forces and functions health would become a matter of course. Children would be born to it, and medication would become a forgotten art. It is a condition that all of us are trying to approximate. And there is no reason why it should not be attained, since knowledge concerning hygiene and therapeutics, which in times past was not supposed to exist outside of the medical profession, is now so easily accessible. The first step must be to study out the existing conditions of our own constitutions, and if there is not balance between the different systems of functioning, to locate the difficulty, and learn how equilibrium may be restored. Over-civilization has produced so much that is artificial in our manner of living, clothing and feeding ourselves that it becomes a little difficult to find our way back to "first principles," separating the essential from the non-essential, the falsely stimulated desires from healthy, normal craving. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge in the shape of highly seasoned and bizarre dishes and beverages which have produced abnormal appetites, so that they have become an unsafe guide in providing the body with the nourishment best suited to its well being.

For the safeguarding of the health of the body, and the "preservation of the species," certain habits, inimical to physical well-being, were, once upon a time, labeled immoral; and they have retained their labels to this day; while those for whose benefit they were labeled try to dodge the warnings, hoodwinking themselves with sophistries, and hoping to escape the inevitable consequences of breaking not the man-made law, but the natural law behind it, the result being the destruction of the delicate balance in the physical system of the law-breaker. It may be called delicate; for even the healthiest constitution, where life is in its most rampant condition of persistence, may be brought to a state of collapse by the turn of a finger, providing the turn be made on the right spring.

To preserve the body in health, the physical forces must be kept in balance, and this is adjustment with the mental and normal faculties; for perfect health cannot be maintained in the body whose brain harbors unhealthy mental habits. And neither can a healthy, active brain be maintained in a body whose blood and tissues are diseased.

The first step toward securing a balance of the powers, is to gain control of the mental forces. Until this is done, the health of the body is never secure. The ordinary wear and tear of life, which cannot be avoided, leaves the body in a bad state of demoralization after it has gone through the ordinary processes of the day unless the mind has retained control of the nerves and the physical fibres, in order to prevent waste and dissipation of the energies. Life is full of shocks, great and small, and the mind should prepare itself to meet them calmly—not passively, but with the forces well centered and under control to effectively resist, when necessary, and to let the wave pass over without creating wreckage when it cannot be resisted.

To gain this mental control, concentration must be practiced. The subject must periodically seek a few moments of solitude, utterly relaxing, and becoming still. Then the quieted nerves may be centered, and the energies brought under discipline. After this activities may be resumed with the forces refreshed, and a clearer directing vision.

Rigid business and household habits are enemies to good health. People who form them become easily demoralized when these habits are interfered with, which must often happen in the very nature of things. It is, of course, necessary to lay out some orderly plan of procedure; but if the mind is under control, it will retain the flexibility that will enable the forces to adapt themselves to any new contingency in the situation that may arise, thereby saving the waste and scattering of energy through temporary loss of command.

Occupation and labor of some kind are necessary to the preservation of equilibrium in the physical and mental health. An idle mind will deteriorate the body; an idle body will deteriorate the mind. The body that does not work must spend its energies; and if it does not spend them to build, it will spend them in tearing down its own tissues and mental fabric. The idle mind may dissipate the physical forces in a number of ways. Through morbid self-study it often develops the hypochondria, who will fasten disease upon himself by dwelling on its symptoms.

As to the moral constitution, any act or habit violating the physical welfare of the body is "immoral." Smoking is immoral for the sole reason that it involves taking into the system a certain amount of poison. The drinking of alcoholic beverages is immoral for the same reason. The drinking of tea and coffee, the eating of meat, pie or griddle cakes may constitute an immorality if they create gastric disturbances. Gourmandizing is certainly a vice, as is also any excess which depletes the fine energies of the body entrusted to us for use, and not abuse. But the anchorite, who castigated, starved, mutilated and mortified his flesh was equally guilty of an immoral act; he differed from his brother, the gourmand, only in the nature of his excess.

Study the needs of your body, and cater to them. But this does not mean study your unbridled desires and gratify them. We do not mean by this to preach a homily upon the virtue of self-repression; we recommend rather expression through all of your forces and faculties. But we recommend first the clearing of the blood of all fever and insanity, so that the natural cravings may be recognized in their pristine purity.

This may be done by a period of fasting, followed by a natural diet of fruit and vegetables.

Cleanliness is the first essential of health; and there cannot be cleanliness of body, unless the mind be clean; for unclean thoughts lead to unclean habits; and baths alone will not insure bodily cleanliness. The second essential is sound, healthful sleep. If the mind be not at peace with itself, if the body be gorged or its forces dissipated, sleep will not prove refreshing. One should not deceive himself in this matter. There is a deep sleep that comes to the brain deadened by excesses; but it is of little benefit. The third essential is proper food in proper quantities. Its selection must be regulated by its effect upon the system rather than desire, although the ideal food is that which caters to necessity and desire at the same time. As to quantity, this must be regulated according to what the system is able to take care of comfortably. The quality of the food being correct, when there is pain, a crowded sensation, or constipation the quantity should be reduced. The fourth essential is plenty of fresh air and sunlight and deep and free breathing. The fifth essential is intelligent exercise, taken with zest and energy, but without hurry. The sixth is the drinking of plenty of fresh, clear water. The mystic seventh is the thinking of constructive thoughts, and the avoidance of all that are of a negative nature. Thoughts of disease, fear, apprehension, hate, vindictiveness, disaster, crime and things unclean should be shut out and banished the moment they knock at the mental door. They are destructive. The vibration which they create in the brain sends its message of fluidic poison through the entire system; while thoughts of health, joy, fearlessness, prosperity, love and good-will set into vibration the forces that build the cells of the body and the corpuscles of the blood into healthfulness.

Raw Meat and Cancer.

[Baltimore American:] That cancer, in at least one form, is the result of infection, thereby having that dreaded disease open to a new method of attack, is the opinion of the specialists at the Baltimore Cancer Hospital. That cancer was infectious was proven by experiments at the hospital lately, when mice were used as subjects, and it was shown that by transplanting a cancer from one mouse to another the one to which it was transplanted was soon affected with cancer.

It is the belief of many cancer specialists that the great majority of people now suffering with cancer have caught it from eating the meat of some animal that had a cancer, and the germs grew in the human body. It has been found in experiments that if cancer germs are infused into the body of a mouse, in a short time the mouse will die from cancer, but that by infusing into the same body a germ that will combat the cancer germ, the animal will recover. The cancer germ is found to great extent in lower animals, and when the meat is eaten by the human being, he naturally becomes infected with the germ unless the meat has been put under 212 degrees of heat, which will kill any germ.

The physicians at the Baltimore City Cancer Hospital have believed for a number of years that cancer is infectious, but not contagious. Until recently, however, this was not known to be the truth, and they could not combat the disease in that way.

In speaking of the recent discovery Dr. George H. Everhart, head of the Baltimore City Cancer Hospital, said last night that there is no doubt of the parasitic theory being true, and that in the future cancers will be cured.

"For years," said Dr. Everhart, "this has been the theory that I have been working on. We have been experimenting at the hospital for some time. People should not eat raw meat, as that is what I consider the greatest cause of cancer. The great majority of lower animals are infected in some way with cancer and the germ goes right through their body. If the meat is not put under sufficient heat the person who eats it will become infected with the germs and eventually develop a cancer. There is no danger if the meat is well cooked, but the trouble comes by the majority of the people liking their meats rare. I think that in the course of a year cancer will no longer be considered an incurable disease."

Anent the Ear.

[Dietetic and Hygienic Magazine:] In his treatise on "Physiology," Mr. Hinton is quite emphatic in his effort to make us understand that the passage of the ear does not require clearing by us. Nature undertakes the task, and in a healthy ear it does it perfectly.

Her means for clearing the ear is the wax, which dries up into thin scales, and peels off and falls away imperceptibly. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty, but an attempt to clean it will infallibly make it so. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist, when it ought to become dry and scaly, and makes it absorb dust. But the most hurtful thing is the introduction of a corner of a towel, screwed up and twisted around. This proceeding irritates the passage, and presses down the wax and flakes of skin upon the membrane of the tympanum, producing pain, inflammation and deafness. The washing should only extend to the outer surface, as far as the fingers can reach.

Disinfection of Books.

An exposure of two hours to formaldehyde fumes, the book being suspended over the basin containing the formaldehyde, is recommended by a recent writer as a safe and satisfactory method of disinfecting books. The rule should be observed of exposing as much surface of the leaves as possible, the covers being held wide open and the leaves loosely apart.

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Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff

Woman in Art

HELEN HYDE OF SAN FRANCISCO MAKES COLOR PRINTS IN JAPAN.

A FEW weeks ago the young Nipponese art students living in Los Angeles gave an exhibition on East First street. What made the show of especial interest was the evidences of an earnest striving after the Occidental spirit in art. These young Orientals had all studied in Los Angeles art schools, and the technical methods taught them were distinctly "American."

Some of the Japanese artists seemed to have been able to emancipate themselves from the traditions of unnumbered centuries, but the most of them subtly suggested the soul of the East with the painting materials of the West. For the most part their efforts were crude enough; oil paints and flat bristle brushes presented almost insurmountable difficulties; in the novelty of modeling, the students made everything as round as a drum. The water colors went a trifle easier, for the flowing colors were more like their own.

While looking at these tentative efforts at expressing, in a new language, the art of an adopted country, the writer harked back to the case of Helen Hyde, the young San Franciscan who went to Japan a few years ago to study the painting of Japanese pictures with the supple native brush. Her difficulties must have been very much like those of the Japanese students in Los Angeles, though of course she brought with her an exceptionally liberal and cultured training in European and American art, as well as an exceptional talent.

She studied with Raffael Collin in Paris, with Skarbina in Berlin. Then, after Holland and England, she went back to San Francisco, where she won an enviable reputation with her brilliant renderings of little intimate bits from the picturesque life of Old Chinatown. She used brush, pencil, and finally the etching needle, and always with remarkable skill and success. She vitalized her etchings of little urchins and maids by printing them in colors—touches of vivid red and green and blue, with the pale refinements of old rose in broad, flat masses.

And then she sailed for Japan to learn to paint kake-monos, and there she has lived and worked, off and on, ever since. The painting of designs for wood blocks in the Japanese manner did not come easy, for all her enthusiasm. It takes long and arduous training to wield the brush as the Japanese do, for their brush work is radically different from our own. But Miss Hyde succeeded at last, and so well that she received the great honor of being asked by Tomanobu to paint a kake-mono for the annual spring exhibition. So she painted her well-known "Monarch of Japan," a chubby baby, held up in the loving arms of a dotting Japanese mother. The picture was awarded first prize, not for its sentiment, which is not considered of any artistic importance in Japan, but entirely because of its handling. Yet, despite its undoubted beauty and charm, the feeling, the point of view of the picture, is occidental rather than oriental.

This kake-mono Miss Hyde reproduced on a wood block, according to the custom of the Japanese artists of the last century, and thus her first color print was produced. She followed it up with others, winning marked success in her renditions of women and children.

All this was not simple nor easy. She had to work very hard. But her hour of triumph came, and her work has now received recognition all over the world of art. At first she herself went through all the steps and processes of cutting and printing, but now she relegates this work to assistants, the marvelously skillful cutters and printers of Japan, while she devotes all her energies to the design.

The color prints of Helen Hyde are beautiful—but they bear the form of the East with the spirit of the West. And this brings us back to the Japanese students in Los Angeles, who may be said to be reaching "hands across the sea" to Helen Hyde. Isn't this the way, indeed, in which a "universal" art shall be found?

Woman and Music.

"Woman's sphere in music," said a well-known woman vocal instructor, in conversation with the writer at Blanchard Hall, "is particularly interpretation, rather than creation and composition. It is the feminine phase of the musical faculty; and in this, she rises supreme. Her fine and subtle sentimental and emotional nature opens vistas to the listener undreamed of before. Her possibilities are practically limitless. She must dream the composer's dream before she can image it forth in her voice; and as it filters through the alembic of her genius, it becomes something different from what it ever was before. It has flashed into a life touched with her own color and magnetism."

"When an artist has stage setting, costuming, and dramatic action to serve her in the interpretation of the story and character which she must vocally portray, she feels that her responsibility is not without reinforcement. But the Lieder singer must depend upon

the expression and modulation of her voice alone to place story, setting, dramatic action and characters before her listeners. A whole tragedy must sometimes be condensed into a brief space. Every note must be true to its purpose, and its value properly conceived. No slender vibratory thread but must carry something beyond the tone and word of the singer. She must bring the full resources of an infinitely delicate appreciation and understanding to her performance. A writer on this subject has well said that 'the Lied, in its interpretation, becomes a living crystal whose transparency may be fatally blurred by a breath.'

"The famous Lieder singer from Leipzig, Elena Gerhardt, whom I had the pleasure of hearing and meeting when she made her American debut in New York, brings to her work that perfection, subtlety and fineness that grips her listeners, and carries them with her where she will. Miss Gerhardt selects her songs with great care. No matter how beautiful the music, she will have none of it if the words are not what she considers in spirit with it; for she places great store by the word. In learning her songs, she always studies text and music together. 'Things make a picture to me as I sing,' she said. And when she becomes saturated with the mood of the song, text and melody become one."

"Lieder-singing is, in my mind, the highest form of vocal art. And woman is best suited to its interpretation."



WEEKLY HINT FROM PARIS.

Old gold and white brocaded wrap, black velvet collar, revers, black jet cord ornaments and tassels.

tation. Its nuances are so complex, so subtle, so concentrated necessarily, on account of its brevity, that the masculine voice cannot slip from one to the other with sufficiently rapid adaptability. And Miss Gerhardt is in the foremost ranks of Lieder interpreters. Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Tosti, Strauss, Rubinstein—she knows the spirit of their songs as she knows her own soul. And Wagner's fateful note draws from her splendid throat its true response. There is much in her interpretation which I carried away with me, and shall endeavor to infuse into my teachings here.

"I taught singing—Lieder interpretation—in New York before teaching here; and I find the voices of the California women much more flexible, responsive, spontaneous, and capable of emotional expression, as a rule, than those of the eastern women. I can do more with them. Women are wonderful in their emotional nature; they are capable of such an infinite variety of shades of feeling, and these I endeavor to draw out in the work of my pupil. By talking over a song with her, I endeavor to saturate her, as it were, with the story—with the emotions and sentiments involved before allowing her to start actual work on it. I select songs with regard to the words as well as the music, and I encourage the method with my pupils practiced by Elena Gerhardt, that of learning the musical phrases with their corresponding words at the same time, for they must be identified with each other literally and in spirit."

Beauty and the Stage.

Exactly how far the element of beauty figures in the success of an actress is a question the answer to which

will probably remain, to a certain extent, surrounded with mystery. "She could not be successful without it," sagely bubbled an enthusiastic matinee girl; "this must be so, because she is always beautiful." "Good-looking most of them to be shuah," drawled a dyed-in-the-wool first-nighter, who displays her jeweled coiffure decorations in the "second row;" "but you must take into consideration the make-up, my dear!" "And that's what you must," asserted Texas Guinan, the charming young actress, who divides honors with May Boley at Fisher's, when the writer repeated these remarks, as Miss Guinan removed the last traces of paint and powder with cold cream, showing a face more fresh and girlish than it had ever appeared, even under the glamour of the stage lights. But where one actress is thus blessed with beauty when "clothed and in her right mind"—for the street, many of them are less fortunate, and some show marked peculiarities of feature when exposed to the naked light of day, when these peculiarities may have proven one of the actress' greatest charms behind the footlights.

To attain effects that will appear natural on the stage, Muriel Starr tells us, everything must be exaggerated. The actress in perfecting her work, must concentrate and block out every position, pose, gesture and expression. At first she exaggerates them immeasurably, until they become fixed, and fit in with the work of those with whom she is rehearsing. As the time for dress rehearsal approaches she modifies, furishes, finishes and refines her performance, until, from the front, if the actress knows her business, it assumes an aspect of absolute naturalness, when, in truth, the performance is as far from being absolutely natural, were it suddenly transplanted into real life, as are the lakes of blue chalk that surround the eyes of the actress, lending them added beauty at a little distance. This habit of concentration and exaggeration will almost invariably intensify, and sometimes cause the facial features to become more pronounced. Interest will have been added to the personality of the actress herself, and to her interpretations, but something may have been detracted from the actual physical beauty itself.

That magnetism and that subtle quality which we name "charm" are more potent factors in the success of an actress than beauty is evidenced in the case of Sarah, the divine, at whose feet all of us must fall adoring when we come within her aura. And although you will swear, and actually believe that she is beautiful when you are in her presence, you know, when you have recovered your equilibrium, that she is not. And the charming but unbeautiful Ellen Terry flutters the world by marrying a man half her age.

Maxine Elliott, so magnificently endowed with beauty herself, declares ruefully that when she first appeared she "had the ill-luck to be announced a beauty," adding that "beauty on the stage creates a sense of disappointment unless she does something." Miss Elliott is of the opinion that beauty too often interferes with really serious dramatic work—that an actress will place too much store by it, and not develop the real abilities within herself, by which she must stand or fall. She refuses any claim that she has attained her success because of her "beauty and charm;" with the final poser "Don't you know that to get charm over the footlights is acting?"

Margaret Ellington Bowes, who is also really handsome, says: "Actresses, as a rule, know no more about making themselves beautiful than does the average woman; neither are they naturally more beautiful. For a few moments she (the actress) walks the stage in the finest of raiment, and illustrates that trite saying about birds with fine feathers. Nine-tenths of the women in the audience would look quite as well under the same circumstance. I think great beauty is a detriment to an actress. One never looks at her from the viewpoint of her work. In fact, she is never given credit for anything but beauty. If you make yourself interesting, you can snap your fingers at blemishes."

"Frankly, I don't believe in the so-called beauty culture which we hear so much about. I am a devotee of fresh air and long walks, because they refresh and stimulate me. I eat simple food because I am not fond

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of rich food. I try to sleep nine hours out of every twenty-four because I love to sleep. The strenuous hunt for beauty is like looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Romping Club for Women.

A number of women have banded together in Cleveland, O., forming a "back to nature"—or rather a "back to childhood"—club. Its object is to promote healthful, rejuvenating exercise among women. They meet frequently in some park, or other open space, to romp and play ball, run races, have jumping contests, golf, play catch and tag. They are not afraid to shout and play games which will bring every muscle into action, scream, and otherwise relax the conventionalities while on the field, to the great benefit of nerves, mind and body. The women who belong to the club are ruddy, healthy-looking specimens of femininity; and they look happy, which is a condition normal to properly oxygenated blood.

When a member first joins she must of course go through the rigorous experience of sore, lame muscles; but continuation of the exercise soon works the soreness out of them, and makes them full and firm.

If the women in every city of the United States would follow the example of their Cleveland sisters, we would soon have a much more magnificently built and a healthier race of women, and a more splendid standard of both manhood and womanhood in the generation to follow.

La Esposa y Madre Chiquita And Her Wise and Timely Observations About Familiar Things.

BY GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND.

I. DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR AUNT TABBY.

DON'T allow yourself to become self-conscious and sensitive because you have passed those years in which a maid must usually marry, without becoming "attached." Many a sweet and lovely woman who would make an ideal wife is passed by because of her modesty and fineness of fiber. (A dainty compliment, but empty consolation!)

If you have elected to remain as you are because you have in some way lost the one object of your heart, do not carry a sour and mournful countenance that will make you an unwelcome sight to others. If you have known an ideal that has left your faith unimpaired, you have had more than many a woman of many loves. It should beautify, deepen and broaden your nature.

Don't grow narrow and jealous, and grudge to others that which yourself does not possess. The loss of others would not be your gain.

Don't adopt a critical attitude toward buds of girls, with whom life is untried, and who are filled with the desire to taste its sweetness; nor toward the woman in full bloom, at whose feet life seems to lay her treasures in full measure. If you stop to count the riches which you yourself possess in the silence of your soul, and those within your reach, you will find them more than you had reckoned.

Don't indulge yourself in peculiarities of dress, or peculiarities of habits and manners, which, for want of a better term, we call "old-maidish." Study the styles, adopt them as far as you possibly can with dignity, and be as other women.

But don't wear clothing that is ridiculously youthful, and affect kittenish ways: for then you will become pathetic.

Don't pretend that you do not like men because you are smarting under the belief that you have passed beyond the possibility of drawing them to you. Associate with them in a comradely way, and cultivate the higher womanly charms of intellectuality, sympathy and understanding. Do not be afraid of them. Study them, as the widow does; you are no older than she. You will find it immensely entertaining, and illuminating.

Do not disdain the offices of a face masseuse, to keep your skin clear and smooth, nor the help of a gymnasium to round out your figure, and relieve your body of its physical self-consciousness; nor the aid of the hair dresser to give you a stunning coiffure. These are not devices of the devil.

Don't allow yourself to become a pitted appendage in the home of some relative. Establish your own home. Invite the nieces and nephews, have dances and candy pullings, and Halloween parties; and let yourself become a part of the merriment.

If you have not an occupation or a profession, fit yourself for one. The zest of study and pursuit of an object will lift you out of yourself, expand your intellect and broaden your horizon.

Don't be frightened to death by the sight of a baby. Take the little one in your arms just for once, and don't be ashamed of the little sigh that escapes you.

And—O Aunt Tabby! Try to forget that first affair, and don't keep the minister waiting too long.

II. FABRICS, FROCKS AND FANCIES.

The new silk and lingerie fabrics are charming in the extreme this season. In silks the leaning is toward taffeta. Some of the new taffetas are very soft and supple, wonderfully light and lustrous, and capable of exquisite modeling. The quaint Toile de Jouy, or antique cretonne, designs are much favored, crowding upon the popularity of chameleon effects. Many of the prettiest Jouy taffetas have a ground of white, checked or striped by hairs of black, and over this dainty spring designs in odd soft colors are scattered.

In the simplest of chiffons, Jouy designs have ap-

peared in comparatively dark tones, and are effectively combined with white or plain one-tone chiffon. Often there is a deep border of this Jouy design on a delicate one-tone chiffon, with a bordering band of black, or of a dominant color in the design.

Take your choice in lingerie fabrics, between the crashes, piques, bedford cords or heavier linons suitable for tailored gowns; and the soft, clinging stuffs such as marquisette, voile, mull, batiste and crepe.

Quantities of lace are being used, even to garnish the tailored gowns, with their straight, narrow skirts, and short cutaway coats. Broad insertions of filet, cluny and other heavy laces are popular.

Cream, champagne and ecru are superseding white in fashionable favor, and lend themselves to gowning with subtlety and smartness.

White buckskin boots with pearl buttons will be much worn, the soft leather fitting up around the instep, and conforming to the entire foot better than the stiff canvas. Pale tan suede boots and creamy satin ones are particularly fashionable with the new champagne and ecru colorings in costumes.

The popular novelty in stockings will be those with lace inset. The lace will be dyed to match the color of the silk in the stockings. Stripes of lace will be inset in some cases, while in others the lace will be in the form of butterflies, or true lovers knots.

The very latest is the rainbow stocking. Can the imagination conjure further?

III. BABY AND HOT WEATHER.

Hot weather, and baby's "second summer" are almost invariably anticipated with apprehension by young mothers. Certain traditions have educated them to "look for the worst," and in nine cases out of ten they get it. How would it do for a change to look for the best? And also to search out the real causes why the worst so often happens? One of the causes is that there are too many rules and regulations of baby's life, which are used on all youngsters alike; when, as a matter of fact, there are as many differences physically and temperamentally among babies, as there are among the grown-ups. For instance, one baby will go to sleep unrocked, as soon as he is laid in his crib; another one will, as soon as laid down, waken suddenly out of his sleep, and sit up wide awake, repeating the performance as often as it is hushed to slumberland. It is no use to get into a "peeve" over the baby. Try giving it a cold sponge bath. If this does not prove effective try a warm bath the following night. Sometimes rubbing the little body all over with olive oil, very gently, will soothe the child. Another remedy is to place the child in its carriage, wrap it up well, and wheel it in the open air for half an hour. The fresh air, in many cases, has produced such drowsiness that baby was scarcely conscious of being undressed.

One baby will perspire profusely in the hot weather in the same clothing that will leave another child cool and comfortable. This must be watched, as an excess of perspiration is weakening; and the child must be more appropriately garbed. But care must be taken not to go to the other extreme. If the abdomen and feet are kept always comfortably warm, a child will seldom suffer from colic.

At sundown, a warm bath with a little pure alcohol, will ease and cool baby, after which he must be freshly dressed, and laid away for the night.

In the very hot days, baby should be relieved of the larger part of his clothing, placed in his carriage or crib in a cool spot, and allowed to kick and wave his little bare limbs.

An ounce of cool, purified water—not too cold—frequently administered, will quiet his nerves, and provide his system with needed moisture—a matter which is too often neglected.

The less handling and excitement for baby in the hot weather, the less chance for fretfulness and sickness.

Pink and Magenta Feathers.

[Baltimore American:] The small hat is becoming so popular that the modistes are trying to give as smart an effect to their toques as is possessed by their large models. For evening wear most women seem to require a fairly generous brim shading the face, or throwing the complexion into relief against the velvet background. To trim these hats, the most popular method is still the ostrich feather, a bright pink being greatly used, as well as a soft magenta. White on black—when it is a case of the plumes in question—is less elegant, for some reason, than black on white, and the newest model is of the favorite white plush—and which has for trimming a bunch of ostrich feathers, the curved brim being lined with black velvet.

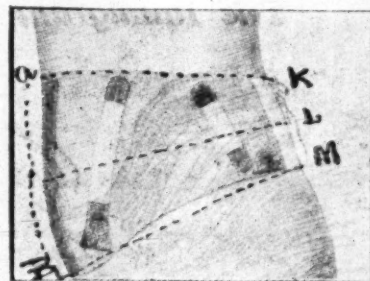
A panne hat in black is another safe investment, as it always has a "full-dressed" appearance, and by ringing the changes in white tulle and white feathers one can make as many new hats as one requires.

TO INQUIRERS.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

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Good Little Poems.

A Ballade of Inclinations.

One's a bibliomaniac,
Others run to tapestries,
China, rugs, or bric-a-brac;
Some devote their energies
Unto butterflies and bees.
I am bent a different way,
Leaning to a life of ease.
Give me three square meals a day.

Some are always on the track
Of a dado or a frieze;
Some grow happy o'er a pack
Of strange things called Japanese,
Going into rhapsodies
Over bits of painted clay;
But my longings to appease,
Give me three square meals a day.

One with experts at his back,
Goading them with liberal fees,
Looks for Sheffield plate, alack!
And such strange inanities;
Chippendales do others please,
Peachblow vases some make gay.
To the winds with fads like these,
Give me three square meals a day.

ENVOY.

Jades, enamels, ivories,
Be the hobby what it may
That excites your ecstasies,
Give me three square meals a day.

—[New York Herald.]

Earth's Playground.

"But California is bound to come into her own. She is destined to be the playground for all the peoples of the world."—[Editorial in the Los Angeles Times, April 12, 1912.]

The playground of the peoples! Happy land!
Our toiling race earth's freshness hath outworn;
The treadmill of life's tasks could not be borne
Without some respite for the mind and hand.
The rugged mountains and the smooth sea sand,
And forests vast, of their best growth unshorn,
For the sick body and the mind forlorn
Are Nature's own prescription. God hath planned
A playground here, where sunshine and bright flowers
Enchant the eye; where every changing scene
Reveals new beauties; where in groves and bowers,
Fruit-laden and vine-sheltered—ever green—
Millions can rest or play; the healthful hours
Drifting away in fairy splendor sheen.

J. D. DILLENBACK.

Lumber and Timber.

[New York Sun:] Among the differences existing in the names of various employments and callings in this country and in England may be mentioned those pertaining to the forest industries. What Americans call a lumber dealer is known in England as a timber merchant.

Timber, in New England, is applied to trees large enough to cut logs for the mill, to the logs entire and to the large single sticks into which they are hewn or sawn.

When the logs are cut into boards, planks, joists, and so on they form lumber. In the West timber is generally standing trees, and it includes all trees, large and small, without reference to their fitness for the mill.

The cutting and hauling of this timber is lumbering there; but in a large part of New England it is logging. What is in some quarters known as joist is called elsewhere scantling, and what Americans call boards or planks the English call deals.

In this country a person who splits out shingles is called a shingle weaver. In England shingles are not made in this way; but lath are regularly riven, and a maker of them is called a lath render.

What Does Your Dog Think of You?

[Suburban Life for May:] Quoth the colonel: "If I had an enemy, I would give him a dog; the bitterer mine enemy, the better the breed. And, when he lost the dog, I should gloat over my r-r-revenge." His militant eyes grew reminiscent. "I had to leave my last dog in Egypt," he mused. "Never another dog for me. They get into your life—the life of the lonely man especially—and when—you—lose—em." His bark of a cough, always indicative of suppressed emotion, sounded raucously through the room.

Now this is the point of it—for the dog. We are all over-ready to tell what we think of him. Do we ever stop to consider what he thinks of us?

It is just as essential that you should live up to his ideas of your being his master as it is that he should live up to your ideas of his being your dog.

We have taken and made him what he is—dependent upon man. His honest and loyal heart is proud of his vassalage. He is over willing to do his duty by us; let us attend, then, to the noblesse oblige of it, and do our duty by him.—"The Joy of Owning a Dog."

New Byron Memorial in Greece.

[Mesolonghi correspondence, Pall Mall Gazette:] In further commemoration of the poet Byron, whose name is still deeply revered throughout Greece, the government has just passed the plans for the erection in Mesolongian of a suitable monument, to be surrounded by a small ornamental garden, upon the spot where Lord Byron died in April, 1824.

Already a monument exists here in the "Heroon," or burial place of Greek champions of freedom, many of whose mortal remains repose beneath a large mound.

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The initiative in connection with the idea of erecting this further memorial is due to the Prime Minister, M. E. Venizelos, whose admiration for the English poet and friendliness for Englishmen generally have been demonstrated upon more than one occasion.

Thomas Hardy's Story of His Grandfather.

[London Evening Standard:] Thomas Hardy attended a meeting of the Natural History Society at Dorchester, at which Alfred Pope related a story communicated to him by the novelist. The story concerned Mr. Hardy's grandfather, and told how one night he outwitted two men who were bent on robbing him.

He sat down on a furze faggot, placed his hat (on which he had previously put a number of glow worms) on his knees, stuck two fern fronds on his head to represent horns, pulled from his pocket a letter he chanced to have with him, and began reading it by the light of the glow worms. In a few days there was a rumor in the neighborhood that the devil had been seen at midnight reading a list of his victims by glow worms light.

Didn't Fit the Place.

[Young's Magazine:] That courtesy is a matter of the heart is illustrated by an anecdote told by Miss Constance Collier, playing in "Oliver Twist." The cavalier of whom she speaks possessed a big heart, but his anatomy, alas!—here's the story:

"It was a wet day, and the car was nearly full, when a very small man entered.

"As he was both short in stature and narrow in beam, he managed to squeeze himself on to the seat, occupying the last available space.

"At the next stop there entered a very large and handsome lady. Without fuss she caught hold of the strap in front of the small man.

"But if his height was little, his chivalry was great. "Take my seat, madam!" he cried, struggling to his feet.

"Thank you very much," replied the lady, pleasantly; then a little smile stole over her face as she eyed the full seat. "But—er—where did you get up from?"

Businesslike in His Play.

[Young's Magazine:] Louis Mann, of the "Elevating a Husband" Company, gives an example of elevating a son. "A young and pretty matron," proclaims Mr. Mann, "put her head out of the window one afternoon and called:

"Tommy! Tommy!"

"Her little son looked up from his play—he was

"For playing with you," said the clean boy, calmly. "Wait for me. She never takes long. I'll be out again in less than five minutes."

playing with a very dirty and disreputable urchin—and said:

"That's mother. She's going to spank me."

"Oh, my!" said the dirty boy. "What's she going to spank you for?"

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, May 6, 1912.]

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity, 6 miles. Thermometer, highest, 66 deg.; lowest, 50 deg. Forecast: Cloudy Monday, probably showers, light southwest wind.

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Heart of Gold:

A Pen-pictured Pageant
of a Californian Century.

A Story of Early Days and of Recent Times. By Myra Nye.

X.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

NO ONE ever heard Jim Harris say either in his own southern patois or in Spanish that he was pleased with anything; to go so far as to say delighted would have been to let loose the bull of strong silence into a veritable china shop of school-girl hyperbole. However, the china would have remained intact, the bull would have scorned it by ignoring it. When, therefore, Jim remarked to Joseph, "I reckon I'll stay" there was a whole dictionary of praise in his brevity.

Joseph, too, had no other desire for further traveling, and strangely enough his mother was contented to remain.

"I have gone through so much, Joseph," she said slowly, "perhaps there is left in me only capacity for love for my children. Yet I do love my country, the old home, the old State, a part of a great Union. Your forefathers helped to found it, to mold it. Joseph, I can not help thinking that this land, too, this lovely paradise, will some day be born as another child of our flag. So this affection in my heart is a woman's, prenatal. I find it constantly growing. I am not disloyal."

The last was half a question and Joseph hastened to reassure her, telling her that he, too, loved this new land. How much he was thus influenced by his ever-deepening love for Laura de Lara he himself could not have determined so mixed always are motives in life.

Though the spring had flowered into summer and the summer had matured into autumn, Joseph had not ventured, by word, to make known his love for the Senorita; for she was besieged by lovers, gay caballeros who played their guitars outside her rose-bowered window. They had no encouragement. Asa, who aped these suitors in dress and serenading, was openly avowedly wooing; yet it was plain to Joseph that each move of Asa's was checkmated by the Senora or by Senor Enrique de Lara. Even Jim, silent old Jim, was ensnared; but none possessed the knowledge save Joseph. As for Joseph, while he never belittled his birthright, that of a free-born American citizen, he realized that only the mate deemed fit by her guardians would be chosen for Laura.

So few were the women of blue blood in this new country that the betrothal of Senor Ignacio Vallejo to Maria Antonio Lugo when she was but an infant and he a man grown, had become a household word from Sonoma to San Diego. The match had proven good and now as greatly desired and as long awaited was a daughter of the De Laras. Her desirability would have been great even were her face unlighted by stars and her voice unlike the singing San Gabriel.

Another barrier that Joseph did not disregard was her religion. Yet it was not this altogether, or even primarily, that caused him on St. Stephen's day to go down into the old baptistry at San Gabriel and there with others receive from the hand of Padre Estenaga the holy water in baptism. There under the media haranja at the font of gleaming brass hammered by the Indians the heart of the devout padre was made glad when he poured from the shell of silver the water upon this stranger whom he had taken in from the cold; one in distress whom he visited, and naked, whom he had clothed. So on the records of San Gabriel the name o. Joseph Carew accompanies others of American birth, all pioneers in the valley of The Heart of Gold. These were, Henry Williams, Daniel Martin, the Anglo-American from Boston, Joseph Rice, Robert Caldwell, Joseph Chapman and so the list proceeds with the good old English names.

That feast day Laura de Lara felt a joy undefined. It found expression only by added depth in her eyes which while gleaming and sparkling yet shone with tranquility.

Days had become weeks after St. Stephen's day. In quartettes the weeks happily sang into months and still Joseph and Jim had not ventured to look for their treasure. One thing after another had hindered. At first it was Joseph's ill-health, then the late storms, the knowledge of Indian depredations: this time the Piutes and the Indian Horse Thief tribe; all had combined to retard them. Now Joseph felt a great desire to possess land near the pueblo. He had knowledge of a sheep rancho in the valley, of The Heart of Gold through which ran the silver-spangled San Gabriel. Enrique had told him it was of easy acquisition and his mother greatly desired it. From the first she had known of the treasure of gold, but by common, unspoken consent, they had spoken no word of it to Asa.

The hidden gold was no more than three days away, both Joseph and Jim felt sure. They also were certain they would find it with ease. During those long days of convalescence at the mission Joseph had carefully gone over their journey in his mind. When he became stronger he drew a map of the country through which they had passed.

"Here were the two springs," he would say to Jim, "and here were the mountains and the pass."

"Yes," Jim assented.

"Here is the spring from which you drank, the poison one. That is why you are so queer."

"Umph-m," again came the assent, and only a slight twinkle in the inscrutable eyes betokened his interest.

"So queer as to lug this old body of mine instead of looking out for yourself."

This elicited from Jim no satisfactory expression. "Here is where we first scented the Apaches, and here the trail to our first camp that night. Why, I could find it in the dark. Then we went north and a little to the west. It was dark when we went, but I know the lay of the land. There was a bank or a cliff, then the rocky bed of a stream, higher ground, a mesa above us, and near the sycamore. Oh, I know it!"

Jim, too, felt secure in his knowledge; so one day, early, they left the Pueblo telling no word to any one of their adventure save to Mrs. Harbin. With them as their only guide they took Joseph's map, made when memory was fresh, and dark adventure was indelible ink to print each turn and curve of their journey.

XI.

THE TREASURE.

Winter rains had not yet fallen, myriads of seeds lay in the soil choking with dry sobs, languishing for the love-touch of the rain. Tracery of flower and hues of spring-time had been effaced by the heat of September and October. But the beauty of outline was there nevertheless. The immutable mountains and hills varied their glory with each season, but never suffered it to wholly vanish.

Joseph loved the valley more than ever. He rode through the acres, which he hoped to purchase, with the pride of ownership. He planned, he dreamed, the very cattle on the thousand hills seemed his. In fancy he named these wide fertile acres "Corazon d'Oro." Heart of Gold. He saw all these stretches brought into use; the flocks of sheep that should be his terracing the hills, the waving grain in the valley, orchards of almonds and figs in the upland and vineyards laden with their ripening clusters for miles. Then he smiled to himself.

"One acre at hand is worth miles of castles in the air. Wait until I get my purchase gold."

Then there came to him for the first time the thought of Ruth's and Asa's share in this venture. Regarded as an inheritance more surely was this treasure theirs than his own. Very well they, too, should possess it. As for Ruth, dear, gay inconsequent little sister, it was with joy and affection he planned for her welfare, but as for Asa, his heart hardened.

Joseph looked back through the months and noted how unfair an advantage Asa had taken of his half-brother's misfortune. More than once Jim had come across direct evidence of harm he was trying to do Joseph in the De Lara household. He had maligned him! he had even endeavored to blacken his character, as if by doing so his own would shine whiter.

"All is fair in love and war, and there is no doubt that Asa loves her too, but—not that" and Joseph clinched his hands as he rode through the sunlight. Jim was, as ever, silent behind him.

"Yet the gold is his, too. I shall be just. Perhaps—oh, there is enough for all. Asa can not be all father, my mother's nobility must be somewhere hidden within him. He is only twenty and yet—" Joseph continued to think with darkening brows as he remembered his brother's deeds. He thought of the long nights spent in carousing with runaway sailors, with Indian and Mexicans and of his many impositions in the home of the Senora, which Joseph felt sure were excused and condoned only because of his mother and Ruth. All this he had known and rumors of affairs with the brown girls of the lowlands had come to him too and at this his thought most rebelled. A suitor of Laura de Lara! And yet to let lower nature triumph over his heart where was enshrined such an image of purity; Joseph doubted whether such a heart as Asa's could be purified for any shrine.

With an effort he banished from his mind Asa Harbin and resumed his plans for the purchase of the rancho. He became interested in the needs, the exigencies of the journey, and its purpose.

As they had foreseen, it was noon of the second day when they reached the rounded hill beyond which, to the eastward, was the arroyo and their treasure.

"Plenty of daylight, Jim, to do all of our digging. No prospector ever struck it richer. We won't even have to pan our gold, we'll pocket it."

Jim nodded.

"We can't take the furs and the baskets and truck this trip; but we will take all the gold." Then Joseph pointed with length of fringed arm. "It was in that direction we saw the signal fire."

"Yes."

"We camped first about two miles away"—they encircled the base of the hill and Joseph uttered a little exclamation.

"Well, where did we miss it?" he questioned with emphasis.

Jim made no answer. He gazed straight ahead into an Indian village.

"Could we have passed through so large a village as that in the night and not know it?"

"I reckon not."

"Well, what then? Let's go on, and go over our old trail from the other direction."

"No use, this is the place."

"It's very near it, Jim, but there isn't any sycamore. We must find the sycamore."

"Go ahead."

"Some of the squaws were already showing much

wonder and interest in their movements. Indian boys came up to the trail and stared at them steadily. They touched their spurs to the horses' flanks and soon left only swirls of dust to show the way of their going.

They reached the place, unmistakable, of that first camp. They had stopped there before nightfall. There could be no doubt of their accuracy. Joseph leading, they turned about, horses' noses westward and northward. In imagination Joseph saw it as he had that night by starlight.

"It isn't easy," he remarked finally, "but I am sure this is the way we came. I remember how Princess slipped here, how I hated the noise the falling stone made and Buckles, poor old Buckles, how he groaned and cursed me and Princess, till his horse was slipping worse than mine and his swearing was louder than everything put together. I could swear now that this is the exact place."

"Sure."

So Joseph was reassured and continued his way waveringly till at last again from a view quite different they came upon the Indian village.

"Jim, you are right. This IS the spot. This is a new village. They are living right above our gold."

"Unless they have got it."

"Yes, unless—but, Jim, we can't keep riding up at them this way. It looks too suspicious."

"Keep right on then up to the door of the first hut."

Joseph was still leading. He tossed over his shoulder "All right" and broke into a canter. He did not stop at the first hut but at the third. As an electric message there passed between them the exclamation "The sycamore!" There at the very door of the hut with a bear skin partly concealing it, a papoose propped against it, a naked child playing about it was the only stump to be seen in the village. Three live oaks sheltered others of the dwellings but no sycamore branches intercepted the sky line.

The village seemed an integral part of the landscape, as though it had sprung from the ground in some bygone age and grown with the mountains. Others would spring up as new mountains would spring from the ocean already pregnant of them. A cienega not far from the village was indicative of moisture and made the only green spot on the brown of the uplands. The huts were of reed and straw and boughs so cunningly made they were as growing things. There were already in these few months the store of acorns and nuts in their granaries, which stood more than half the height of the huts, huge birds' nests of interwoven twigs. Great stone jars fashioned from the red earth contrasted their vivid color with the grays of the meal and the pestles. Women were carrying them about on their labor, sometimes on their backs, sometimes about their heads, giving them grace of carriage. Old men were gathering bundles of small wood, children had been leaping and running in their games. Some of the old women at the doors of the huts reminded Joseph of gray and shriveled corpses slowly moved by invisible wires and their skin was like sun-dried apricots. The younger women were plaiting baskets, one or two were fashioning lace, which gave Joseph hope that they were from the mission. Now all, as though drilled in secret, ceased their idling or occupation and drew nearer the horsemen.

Joseph addressed the squaw squatting out in the sunshine by the stump. He ventured the dialect of the Mission. There was one chance in a hundred that she would understand, for it seemed that each village had a new language. The squaw returned his gaze with one of blank stupidity. It was a desperate case. Sign language was not adequate in this exigency. He tried the Coahuillan. To his relief and somewhat to his surprise—for he thought all Coahuillas were further south—she grunted a reply.

"When do we strike next water?" Joseph asked in random.

"Two days."

"Two days!" Joseph was glad; but tried to conceal his gladness, to change his tones to surprise. "Then we must stop here, or near here!"

An Indian squaw, to a stranger, is no more talkative than Jim. There was no knowledge to be gained here. Joseph's mind was working quickly, but no solution seemed to offer. In all probability the men were hunting and at any moment they might return; not surely by nightfall. Then the chance for regaining the gold, did it still remain buried, were lessened. Joseph was thus reviewing the situation with some anxiety when Jim said in English:

"Give her the truth."

"That's our one chance, I guess." Joseph dismounted and came close to the squaw.

"We traveled this trail last winter. You understand?" Joseph paused and the squaw nodded.

"Was your village here then?"

"No."

"How long?"

"Since acorns fall."

"This tree was growing when you came here."

Again the squaw nodded. Joseph went on as he could with the stumbling staccato of the strange language. This time he did not stop for questions.

"When we came by, our loads were too heavy. The Apaches were behind us. We had to lighten. The horses could not make the journey. We had two in

dians, Coahuillas, like you. We camped here. They slept with us here. The Apaches came on us. Afterward they killed the Coahuillas." Joseph pointed to Jim and then to himself. We camped here. We buried here our treasure, our beads, our shells." He touched those on the skirt of a young squaw. She drew away proudly.

"We put them beneath the tree. Let us dig. We give you many shells; many, many beads. We will send more back to you and silver. As he spoke he began to take the trimmings from his saddle. It was all that he had bright and shiny, and now he was glad of the vanity which had induced him in Los Angeles to have his plain saddle exchanged for one more like the ones of the Caballeros who courted Laura de Lara.

He even unfastened one of his silver spurs. Jim followed suit and they offered all to the squaw by the greasewood stump.

"We shall dig now. We will not harm your hut. We will not even disturb the children. We wish to make haste."

Still she remained stolid.

"Go ahead," Jim said with some insistence. "You begin; I will stand guard."

They picked their horses. They brought their rude picks from the horses. All the while the squaw remained like a sphinx. As the preparations continued, other women gathered from the huts standing about in a semicircle. They did not chat as might others of their sex. They were a quiet, an ominous phalanx.

The two men were far from comfortable, but a smile twisted the corners of Joseph's mouth and Jim was not unaware of the humor of the situation.

In a moment the first ringing stroke of the pick started the phalanx forward. Joseph did not pause. One blow followed another. The earth was packed like cement. The tramping of many feet had completed the work of a long summer's baking. It was effectually sealed. Joseph continued his strokes till Jim said:

"Now!"

As if they had rehearsed it and it was a part of a play, Joseph was standing, hand on holster and hidden weapon, while Jim was making swift inroads into the earth as had Joseph. Only a few strokes now and the sound of the pick's fall was different. Involuntarily Joseph uttered a swift: "Ah!"

Even Jim allowed a sigh of relief to escape him. He threw aside the pick. He began with his hands. He took out chunks of the baked earth. He scraped aside the loose soil. There snug-fitting, the color of dirt, was disclosed the queer bags of deerskin. Joseph immediately recognized his own handiwork and smiled. Jim tugged, jerked, then one long pull and Joseph's smile became audible laughter, for Jim lay sprawled on the ground in the midst of a group of half-grinning squaws. Not at all disconcerted Jim handed the bags to Joseph.

It required no planning together to refrain from opening it, and disclosing the contents to this gaping, curious femininity. By a dexterous movement, almost ledgered, Joseph managed, as he stooped over, apparently struggling with the hard knot of split rawhide, to insert into one pocket a few bullets, and his own beaded purse. Never before had he so longed for Indian finery to appease the squaws who were crowding closer. Not for a moment did he grudge payment in the coin of his suggests or he would even have given a garnet or two from the small store of jewels he had brought around The Horn, but it would never do to let them see the shine of gems or the gleam of gold! So when he stood up from his struggle with the knots, Jim meanwhile had dug further and recovered the smaller treasure of Buckles, he opened the bags and apparently apportioned the contents. The beaded purse and the bullets were for the squaw at the outside. Then he placed on the ground beside her all the spoil he and Jim could muster between them. A Spanish sash, some fringe from their garments, a gay handkerchief, a bit of carved leather, and Joseph even gave up some links from his bridle in his haste to appease and be off.

When at last they were started it was to gallop with seeming indifference to the base of the hill. Once around it Joseph could scarce refrain from a loud shout. Together, neck to neck, side by side, they set off down the shallow valley, racing for pure joy as a couple of school boys off on a holiday. At length Jim ventured the remark:

"That gold of yours is sure hoodooed."

"Well, wouldn't you think so? First it has to be stored in the earth, then a human body becomes its next abode, then back again to the earth under an Indian village. What next I wonder? Of one thing I am sure, I am going to get it out of my possession as quickly as I can, before it plays me any more queer tricks. I'd rather have land than gold any day. I'll buy that land from Senor Torres. He is anxious to be rid of all his acres to be free to return to Spain. Senor Enrique de Lara tells me that whole stretch from the mountains to the hills may be had for a bargain. I'd rather own it than any in the valley, or any the world over for that matter."

"I reckon there ain't none likelier."

"Will you go in with me old man, be my partner? My brother," Joseph hesitated, "will not care for ranching, nor for land as my mother and I do. Yet to be fair I must divide some of this gold with him Jim, it was his father who mined it. What do you think?"

"Give him a third but don't let him mix in this deal!"

"Will you mix in to the extent of a third or a fourth? Keep your little pile and work it out? I'll give you a third if you will stay by me and see me through. If you start, it isn't in you not to stay by me."

"I'll go you," Jim answered, and thus easily was an important bargain made between these two men who so well understood each other.

"I'll call our place Corazon d'Oro: I think you know why. The gold that buys it was actually a 'heart of

gold." Jim, no one knows that queer story except you, now that Buckles is dead. I don't expect to tell it, no one would understand. I shall not even relate to my mother the way I obtained it: she would be only saddened and shocked. Now it is up to you. You are my great obstacle. Your tongue is always on the wag. You gossip so much throughout the whole pueblo. We will no sooner be back than you will spread the whole story. You see my trouble, don't you? If you could just do more and talk less, maybe I could get to like you a little."

At this badinage, Jim flashed across the space between their horses a look of understanding and, Joseph dared to believe, of affection.

"When the De Laras came here all lands were by royal decrees direct from King Charles of Spain. Later there were many Spanish grants and now it will be, no doubt, a Mexican grant which I must get. I have talked it over with Senor de Lara. I have read all I can find on the subject and there seems to be few restrictions. One I remember is for the Indians. They are to be left undisturbed. Only such transactions are to be made as are without injury to them. That, I believe, is the phrasing. When you come right down to rock bottom of this question of ownership, there can be no doubt that the copper-colored native has the first right. For my part I have no desire to see him go. If I get that rancho every one shall be fairly treated. For that matter there are two sides to the question and where else could the rancher get such honest and industrious labor for sheep shearing and tilling as the Indians?"

"How do you reckon those Indians came to that new land back there?"

"That is what I have been wondering. The Coahuillas cannot properly be called nomadic. They do not wander about for the mere love of change. Why, some of these villages are older than America. It makes me think it is the white aggression pushing back such as we have seen on the eastern coast. The Spaniards and the Mexicans seem friendly to us, though, and I for one mean to see that they have no reason for anything but friendship or the Indians either."

They made the return journey unmolested. So eager were they to be back they grudged the time they must needs take for rest for themselves and the horses.

XII.

JOTA ARGAEONESA.

Los Angeles looked good to them. It was home now. The very dust of the Plaza, the loafing groups of Indians and Mexicans who nodded carelessly as they galloped down the rough main street past the single storied adobes. All these had the aspect for Joseph that familiar and loved objects assume on a return. To one not caring, this pueblo might seem only an insignificant grouping of a few cracked adobes: for it is true that there were here customs and ignorance and superstitions of mingled Indian and Spanish origin. There was not a single school where the ambitious might learn, but to Joseph the little town promised much. Without visions a town must perish. Joseph Carew was of the few who foresaw something of the future; and now on this return he tingled with pride to be one of the first American families in a town which he believed would one day be a part of his own great America. Had he foreseen, also, the unjust methods, in the mode of acquiring it, on the part of some of his countrymen, his pleasurable anticipations would have been tempered with regret.

The bells from the Church of the Angels seemed as a home welcome; and down at the end of the row of adobes was one of more pretension than the others. Here was the home indeed, made doubly so by a mother and sister. The three had insisted that they should no longer impose upon the hospitality of the De Lara household, where Ruth and her mother had been for so long. These two were waiting now on the gallery for Joseph and Jim. Ruth was tending a straggly rose vine, and Mrs. Harbin had brought her wheel for spinning to the cool of the gallery. Joseph was scarce down from his horse before Ruth's arms were around him.

"Where have you been, you old truant?" she demanded. "Do you think this is the way to win Laura de Lara? You goose! Why she has had a dozen offers while you are away. And Jim here looks as solemn as an owl, as if you had been doing something important, when all the time you have been skylarking, and have left poor mother and me lonely."

"Did you need me, mother? Asa was here?" Joseph's hand was on his mother's shoulder and his eyes questioned deep into hers.

"I missed you, Joseph, of course, but we have been in no danger and I am never afraid in this village."

"But Asa?"

"He hasn't been here, except for meals; that is the way he protects his women folk at night," Ruth said spitefully.

"We have been all right," Mrs. Harbin assured him.

"You look all right to me, two of the prettiest ladies in all California."

"Now Joe, be careful," Ruth teased; but Joseph seemed not to hear her.

"Whoever would take you for mother and daughter? Look at them, Jim" and Joseph playfully put them shoulder to shoulder. Surely California has seldom seen greater contrast in feminine apparel. Mrs. Harbin in modest dimity with kerchief and cap, even the lightness of dimity being a concession to the country and its climate, for she was accustomed only to stuff of dark and somber hues. Ruth was gay as the oriole in her own rose-vine. She was wearing a Spanish skirt of green, a yellow satin bodice gave sheen to her plumage, while a green gauze rebozo and a black mantilla were things to confound with.

Ruth whirled away from Joseph's encircling arm and

went down the length of the earthen floored gallery, her steps breaking into the Jota Argaeonesa. With beautiful arms uplifted, and rhythmic step, she advanced to Jim, who stood like a post which on'y made Ruth dance the harder and laugh the more. She retreated and then advanced again. In his agitation he sent Mrs. Harbin spinning wheel sprawling. Ruth did not pause. She advanced to Joseph who was laughing too. Immediately his steps fell in with hers and together they finished the beautiful figure while Joseph called over his shoulder to his astonished mother the sentence:

"A Ruth and Joseph from New England in the Jota Argaeonesa. Next the Jota de Los Toreadores!" he half chanted.

Their mirth was infectious. At first not even Mrs. Harbin was aware of spectators, till a movement of applause arrested her attention. Down the Plaza, a group of caballeros were enjoying to the limit this dancing of the Americanos. That night every one in the pueblo knew of the scene. Not one of the Angelenos but what had a kindlier feeling for the whole American group, on account of Jota de Los Toreadores danced by Ruth Harbin and Joseph Carew.

Joseph and Jim were both hungry and in the first coolness of the evening savory beans were delicious. They were pink beans, not prepared with peppers and onions, but in the old New England style and they lost none of the savor for the fact that they were cooked in quaint Indian pottery. The meal scarcely over (during which the travelers had told of the manner of securing their gold) when Joseph ventured to ask his mother:

"Do you think I will be unwelcome in the patio on the hill? I want to consult the Senora and Senor de Lara concerning this land and its purchase."

"I think you will be welcome, my son" and she smiled gently, while he covered the significant smile with a kiss of protest.

That night was moonlight in the patio. The whole place became an enchanted bower where the air was pregnant with love. Laura de Lara was never more lovely. Joseph began to hope that the lustre of her eyes was not all reflected from the pools of light. He felt sure she was glad for his coming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Crocodile Catching in Borneo.

[Chambers' Journal:] It is a common sight in Borneo to see a large crocodile sunning himself on the muddy bank of a river. He takes no notice of the natives even though they pass quite near him. So common, indeed, is the sight that the Dyaks themselves pay no heed to these dangerous reptiles; and yet it is no unusual thing in Borneo to hear of some human life being taken by a crocodile.

For months perhaps the crocodiles in a river live at peace with mankind and then suddenly one of these creatures will carry off some lad bathing in the river or even attack some one paddling along in his boat. I know of a Dyak girl who, when sitting and paddling at the stern of a canoe, was knocked over into the water and carried away by a crocodile and her companions could do nothing to save her.

There seems to be no reason why the crocodile should suddenly show a man-eating propensity in this way. The Dyaks account for it by curious superstitions. They say that if food is offered to a person and he refuses it and goes away without at least touching it, some misfortune is sure to befall him and he will most probably be attacked by a crocodile.

Also it is said that one of the ways the gods punish crime is by sending a crocodile to attack the culprit; and I have often heard it said by Dyaks of some one who has been killed by a crocodile that probably he has displeased the gods either by paying no heed to the warnings sent him in dreams or by means of some birds or by committing some hidden crime.

The Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile except in revenge. If the animal will live at peace with him the Dyak has no wish to start a quarrel; if, however, the crocodile breaks the truce and kills some one then he feels justified in retaliating. Under these circumstances the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit and go on catching and killing crocodiles until they succeed in going so. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments, and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish.

Too Much to Ask.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "The queerest talk I ever had over the telephone," confided Myron T. Herrick just before he left us, "was down in Columbus, when I had the honor of being Governor of this State. 'I was about to retire for the night when a local reporter rang me up. You must know that I had been reported dead that evening. I was in the best of health, as a matter of fact, but it was said that I had gone the way of all flesh. On this last call I answered the phone myself."

"Mr. Herrick's residence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he dead?"

"No."

"Do you think he will die tonight?"

"I do not."

"Well, if he does, will you answer the phone and tell me?"

"It won't be possible in that case."

"It won't, eh? Well, get somebody on the line that can help me out—you are useless!"

"I acknowledged my limitations," continued our new Ambassador, "and sent the cook to see if she could do better."

How Local Family Spent One Summer.

By Addie Hull Doerr.

ON A BORROWED FARM.

WE, AS a family, had always succeeded in making a dismal, usually howling, failure of our summer outings. No matter who planned the outings where we went, or who went, we always came home tired and disgusted and often sick.

That dreaded question—how shall we spend our summer vacation?—had not begun yet to disturb us one summer, when Sister Sue came home from Arizona, with her two full-blooded cowboys, aged three and five years, and a little, cuddling, cooing baby girl, and great was the rejoicing all round.

About two weeks of confined cowboys began to tell on our nerves, so we decided to get them out into the open as often as possible. The interurban trolley

"catch," such lovely backgrounds for Aunt Clair's snap-shots; such a cool, shady lawn to rest on. When we entered the grounds, the poet of the family burst into song—

"Here let us bide a wee,
And set the captive cowboys free!"

Old Towser adopted the cowboys, and he proved a fine guardian, much to the relief of grandpa and Yours Truly, who were usually the ones to "run find the boys." Old Towser was always with them now, and Old Towser barked loudly every other minute, so we always knew where the cowboys were.

One rule father insisted on having obeyed, cowboys and all, namely: "Early to bed and early to rise." Oh, the bliss of digging potatoes before breakfast. Such appetites we never enjoyed before. The taste of father's salted potatoes will remain in our palates for many

now there must be a last day, for our friends would be home soon. That last day was a genuine holiday, fun and feasting, and when we were all ready to go home, we gathered around father and gave three cheers and a "tiger" for "mine host of the borrowed farm."

A City Flute Player.

Fluter, you pipe so fine a reed
Here 'mid the city's dust and din
That I am borne on fairy speed
Away by lea and linn;

Away from this unceasing moli
Away from this unending strife,
Where, if there needs be vexing toil,
It means a larger life;



Digging potatoes before breakfast

system has made it so easy to spend a day at any one of a dozen seaside resorts, that we anticipated a series of delightful excursions.

But, alas! we had forgotten to reckon with our cowboys!

We would make our start: Grandpa and "Aunt Clair's beau," the well-meaning, but hapless young man aspiring to the hand of the cowboys' Aunt Clair, each with a cowboy in tow; Sister Sue carried the precious baby, Grandma with the "bite to eat," consisting of wafers, sandwiches, salad and a few other things, which she insisted on taking on every trip, and which always tasted so good at last. Aunt Clair carried the kodak, while Aunt Nen and Yours Truly were always loaded with the necessary luggage.

Sister Sue must go inside the car with the baby, but she would always, sooner or later, usually sooner, come swaying out to the platform, her large eyes starting out of her head, poor baby hanging perilously over her arm. A child inside the car had whooping cough, or she had sat down beside some one with such catching-looking sores on face and hands, or some other danger had threatened baby, and put them to flight.

The cars were always so crowded that the trips going and coming were very tiresome. Grandpa was so fat and slow, and the cowboys were so daring and quick motioned; dear little grandma was so nervous and fidgety, Aunt Nen had such spells of laughing, that we were afraid she would surely "die a-laughing," and Aunt Clair was such a fiend with the kodak, we had to be constantly on the alert lest she take a shot at us in some ridiculous pose. It was, altogether, too great a tax on our vitality.

There was a tiny fear springing up in each heart that these excursions might have to continue for several weeks, for as yet no one had hit on a plan for an all-around good way of entertaining our guests and ourselves for the summer.

One evening father came home, about supper time, from a trip out in the suburbs. There was a look and manner about him that aroused our curiosity. We felt that he had interesting, important news, which by questions, exclamations, interruptions, and verbal prodgings and pokings on the part of us women folks, we might be able, in the course of an hour or so, to get out of him. At last, when supper was nearly finished, he laid down his knife and fork, and in his very deliberate way, announced that he had planned our summer outing. When the "wheres" and "whys" and "hows" had subsided, he said: "I have borrowed a farm for the summer, and ask you all to be my guests."

And it was so. Our friends, Mr. White and family, had gone on an auto trip, and father had borrowed their charming country home for two months, on the condition that he keep the lawn watered and feed the old dog Towser. We all promised to help water the lawn, and the cowboys immediately volunteered to take charge of Towser.

Our we all went, for the time of our lives, and we had it. Here was rest and peace, nothing for baby to



Such glorious wash days



Mine Host of the Borrowed Farm



Such backgrounds for Aunt Clair's Kodak

years. He would put a pot of water on the fire, add salt enough to make a brine that would float an egg, then get uniform-sized potatoes, wash them thoroughly, being careful to not even crack the "jackets," pop them into the brine and boil three-quarters of an hour. We were invited to each take a potato on our plate, peel it, mash it up, add pepper, butter and cream, and we all declared they were the best potatoes we ever ate.

Mother could make buttermilk biscuits that fairly melted in our mouths, and the sweet, yellow butter Sister Sue churned was grand.

On washday grandma would tend the baby, while "we girls" all did the washing. Such fun and fine work no laundry ever produced.

When a party of friends came out by auto to surprise us, they found father in his shirt sleeves digging potatoes; when he took out a cob pipe to smoke, their mirth was uproarious. One man exclaimed, "Well, Tom, you are to the manner born!" When they found us women folks in sunbonnets and gingham dresses, and the cowboys in overalls gathering roasting ears and summer squash, they declared we were the happiest looking people they had seen all summer. Such a feast we gave them! No such successful outing had any of them been having. We were to be envied.

There had been such grand, quiet Sundays, such delightful washdays, and all kinds of enjoyable days;

A larger life mid God's free airs
Blown about wooded hills and streams,
Where, after day's rough round of cares,
There come refreshing dreams;

Dreams where through poignant notes like yours
Falter and float—nay, are not gone
Till o'er the broad and brackened moors
Beacons the gold of dawn.

Then, fluter, pipe, and bear me far
Into the wood, into the wild,
That I may roam 'neath sun and star
Again a country child!

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun]

Of His Own Household.

The frightened fox, when baying hounds pursue,
Flies to his hole and there is lost to view;
The dove, with arrow pointed at her breast,
Drops to the hidden covert of her nest;
The savage, with his enemies at hand,
Seeks tent and kinsman for his final stand;
Instinctively the hunted seeks its lair,
Hoping that peace and safety may be there.
How wretched he who to his hearth-fire goes
And there beside it finds his dearest foes!

—[Alice Learned Bunner, in Scribner's]

Terrible Fate of John Norris.

By Eunice Hodgson.

"HIS DOG'S VOICE."

THE dismal howling of a dog fell upon John Norris's dulled ears. Whose was it? Could it be his own faithful Jerry, his companion upon this seemingly God-forsaken island? A stinging pain in his right knee aroused him still further. His fluttering lids opened to the glare of snow, and he feebly thrust out his numbed hand, encountering the shaggy coat of his howling dog. The animal ceased his cries, and with a glad yelp began licking his master's hands and face.

Norris moved painfully and gradually sat up. Remembrance of everything came over him with a rush. He groaned aloud.

"Jerry, old boy," he said harshly, "I was a fool to have come to this cursed island. They trapped me—trapped me like a wild beast. They said there was very little snow all the year round, a fine place for hunting strayed seals, and plenty of game to be picked up for food. That was in September, Jerry boy, and here it is May. You know, old fellow, what a freezing winter we have had and what small success in seal hunting; but June will soon be here, and they promised they would return for me in June."

The injured man raised himself, desperately trying to use his hurt leg. With a groan he fell upon all fours, and after a moment's rest began crawling painfully toward an overturned bucket some feet away. The dog followed whiningly. Having at length reached the bucket, he filled it at a spring near by, and began crawling back toward his cabin some distance away, supporting the full bucket by slipping the bale over his head.

The one-roomed cabin being reached, the exhausted man threw himself upon his couch.

"Must have been lying there some time after falling," he thought aloud. "I've wrenched my knee badly." He pulled his rough medicine chest toward him and feebly attempted to doctor the sprained knee. Then, completely exhausted, he fell asleep, his faithful dog by his side.

It was far into the morning of the next day that John Norris awoke. His injured knee was throbbing painfully, his throat felt dry, and his lips burned feverishly. Outside, Jerry was barking furiously. John knew from experience that he was hunting a fox or ptarmigan, but the man felt no excitement nor desire to join in the hunt. The lonely months had taught him to talk aloud to himself, or Jerry, as to another human being. Now his eyes glittered feverishly.

"Ole Olson and Tim Brown," he cried fiercely, "if I had you here, I would crack your two thick skulls together till you yelled for mercy! Curse you! Curse you! Why did you tell me all those lies about this devilish place? Mild climate, little snow, many strayed seals, an ideal spot for a hunter anxious to do well and be able to marry the woman he loves!" His voice broke, trailing off into groans of anguish, as the hurt knee twinged.

"Why, there's no worse snow-covered island in all the Aleutians than this one," he muttered, "none more dreary in midwinter; but I've weathered the worst. The schooner is coming in June, and this Robinson Crusoe existence will be over. Then, ho! for Annie and home! The island Unga will be like heaven, and Annie with her soft, gentle ways, will be an angel of comfort and sympathy."

Norris covered his face with his arm and lay silent. Somewhere without, Jerry was still yelping and worrying the trapped animal. A sudden fierce revolt seized John. Why had he had this misfortune so close upon the return of the schooner? Another month at further-on would have seen him safe at Unga. Provisions were getting low. He must portion them out more carefully.

"Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" he yelled fiercely, and throwing himself from his couch, he seized his gun and crawled to the cabin door. Oh, if he could but aid in bringing down fresh meat! It might mean life for the schooner's return. But Jerry came whining back, disappointment written in drooped ears and tail, and crouched on the threshold. Silently the man crept back to his couch.

Day followed day, and June arrived. John had ascertained that although the snow had been severe, the ice had not closed up all around the island, and from day to day he watched for the schooner. With his meager remedies and the necessity of waiting upon himself, the injured knee had failed to heal properly and had grown stiff.

One day, as he watched at his cabin door, he saw the masts of a schooner rise above the ice, and, excited though he was, he sprang up with a joyful cry that echoed weirdly in the snow-wrapped silences.

"Thank God, they are coming at last! They've kept their promise! God forgive me my bitter curses!" Suddenly he paused in his half-incoherent muttering, and rubbed his eyes wildly, then looked slowly disappearing instead of coming nearer!

"Stop!" he shrieked wildly, and started running, rising, crawling, down toward the shore. At every rise he saw the masts farther away. The last

time he arose upon tortured knee, the schooner had slipped completely from sight. Cursing and shrieking he fell upon his face. One minute he cursed these friends and their false promises, the next the steamer, the ice, the snow, the island; and in the same breath prayed to God for pardon.

"Let me have no regrets!" he moaned.

Once more he arose and searched the icebound horizon, but no schooner met his gaze. With a bitter moan he sank down. Then a strange thing happened. He thought he stood upon the schooner's deck, and there before him stood Annie, the Aleut half-breed. By her side was Ole Olson, the giant Swede. Norris went up to them and asked them sternly where they were bound and why they were retreating from his island. Tears stood in Annie's dark eyes, the dusky red of her cheek turned to a ghastly pallor; but neither seemed to hear his question. Annie only looked at Olson with beseeching eyes.

"I am sure this must be the island," she murmured in her soft, broken English. "Why did I ask to come along if my heart was not to tell me where to find him? Let us land."

Ole Olson gave a loud, strained laugh which only accentuated the fierce gaze he turned upon her.

"It is not here, I tell you. It is yon. And if we don't find him there, you've given me your promise that you'll be my wife. We'll go to Unalaska and get a home. So forget this fellow Norris!"

The Swede broke sharply off, for Annie flashed upon him a look so deadly that all her ancestral savagery seemed concentrated within her eyes.

"If Tim Brown had stayed at Unga, he would have brought me to this island. John is there, and he's still alive. You've deceived me. Take me there and prove you are right or I will never be your wife."

Again the loud laugh of the Swede smote John Norris's ears. He tried to cry out to the girl, to advance upon the Swede, but heavy weights seemed to chain him where he stood. Neither seemed to see him, and bitterly he realized that he looked upon them only in spirit. He saw Annie stretch out yearning arms toward his island, saw the Swede guiding the schooner carefully through treacherous channels, farther and farther away from the longed-for landing. Norris gave a terrible despairing cry, which brought him to a consciousness of his surroundings. He was lying in a crushed heap in the snow. Jerry crouched some feet away, looking at him with estranged eyes, and howling fearfully. He thought of the schooner and his strange vision with a dull apathy, and gradually crawled back to his cabin.

Some time after, Norris began a systematic examination of his scant stores. June was almost ended, and he began to realize that either his companions had deserted him or some untoward accident had prevented their return as early as promised. He had been left only sufficient provisions to last until June, but had hunted so persistently that he had been able to use them sparingly, and with care could make them last much longer. Jerry, however, was his greatest care. It was difficult to find food for the poor beast, and he often whined piteously with hunger.

After the schooner's disappearance, a sickness fell upon the deserted man. Hope left him, only to return at delirious intervals. A great weakness assailed his limbs, and often he fainted when crawling to the spring for water. At these times he would be guarded by the faithful dog, who always made the slow and painful trip to the spring with his master.

Another month slipped by and melted into August. Each day, the failing master portioned out food to his starving companion. Poor Jerry, grown so thin and weak he could hunt no more, would crawl to his master's side, whining and licking his hand, and there fell fitfully asleep.

Day by day Norris wrote painfully in his diary, which he kept on an upturned box at his bedside. Sometimes he cursed, sometimes he prayed. Sometimes, in his delirium, he talked to Annie and of their home in Unga; but in his saner moments hope deserted him, and he prayed no more for succor, but only for release from pain.

He lost all count of time, so many times had he been unconscious, unknowing how long he remained so. At one of these times his watch had stopped, and so he could only guess at the passing hours.

One day, he awoke to the fact that Jerry's last meal lay in his weakened hand. His eyes roamed to the starved animal lying on the threshold.

"Poor Jerry," he said softly, "there you lie dying of hunger, my good comrade. Your bloodshot eyes and swollen tongue warn me of your danger and tell me of your suffering. Not once have you reproached me for your pangs. Lord give me strength to end your misery before you go mad!"

The sick man's hand fell upon the medicine chest close at hand. With thoughtful care he portioned out a large dose of poison and placed it upon the food.

"Good Jerry," he called gently, and as the dog responded to his master's call, he patted him lovingly. "Dear Jerry, forgive me, old fellow, in this last extremity. I wish to save you the fate that awaits your master. To die by my loving hand will be as nothing to dying by yourself in the madness of starvation and

loneliness. Good-by, good Jerry," he murmured chokingly, while the animal alternately fawned upon him and glanced longingly at the bit of food.

"Man never had better friend than you, Jerry boy. A more than human heart beats beneath your shaggy coat." Again he fell to petting the poor beast, but as he suddenly set up a dismal, broken howl, Norris hastily held out the poison and the starved creature greedily ate it.

With one sharp yelp, the dog ran dizzily about the room and out the open door, and fell prone a few yards away. The master had done his work well, and Jerry's sufferings were over. Crying like a child, John Norris buried his face in the pillow.

After Jerry's death, increasing weakness and delirium held Norris chained to his bed. His only occupation was writing in his diary. Sometimes even in his delirium he wrote. Sometimes he still called down curses and reproaches upon the men who had deserted him, but mostly it was a continued prayer for relief or a release from suffering by speedy death. But never for one moment had he doubted the facts of his vision the day the strange schooner appeared. At times he felt comforted to feel that his spirit had been strong enough to leap forth and see what was forbidden to his material vision; and Annie, the poor ignorant Aleut maid, had felt his presence and defied the Swede, though helpless and in his power. So, one day, he wrote his will in his diary, leaving to her all his earthly possessions at Unga.

"Just in case, Annie, my girl," he whispered, "just in case you outwitted Ole Olson at last and got back safely to Unga, and then when they find my bleached bones here, you'll know that I thought of you and believed in your love to the last."

It was some two years later that an adventurous trapper arrived upon the little island of the Aleutians. Being temporarily driven in there from a storm, he sought shelter and found it in the deserted little cabin. As he advanced, he noted with surprise the open door, and the air of occupancy which the place wore. At this moment his eyes fell upon the skeleton of a man lying upon the tattered, weather-worn couch. The head seemed to be turned in a listening attitude, the hands were folded as if in prayer. By his side was the pathetic chronicle of his existence on the island and the delirious ravings of his last hours. Outside, in the snow, the trapper found the skeleton of poor Jerry as chronicled; but the secret of the deserted man's vision was buried forever in the dead man's breast, and no one knew the fate of Ole Olson, the Swede, and Annie, the Aleut half-breed.

The Force of Lightning.

[Chicago Tribune:] The amount of light given by a single lightning flash is enough, an electrician calculates, to illuminate an area of two square miles. The bolt itself would be visible several miles further off, but the remotest part of the region mentioned would have as much light as would be given by a candle—quite enough to read by.

To produce such a light it would be necessary to expend 13,000 horse power for a second. These figures appear large, but the time is short. The flash might be for only 1-1000 part of a second, but the impression on the eye would continue for a tenth of a second, anyway. Reckoned down to an exact hour, this moment of force would mean only about four horse power.

The question of how the static electricity gets into the clouds is difficult to answer. One theory is that it is generated by the evaporation of water by the sun's rays. Another is that static discharges are continually taking place from the earth into the air, and are there readily collected by particles of moisture. When the particles of moisture condense they form heavy thunder clouds, and this formation of raindrops causes the lightning flashes as explained.

Tunic of Ivory Lace.

[Baltimore American:] Shot taffetas make a very pretty frock for the evening. A lovely model was of rose pink, shot with gold, which appeared to give the silk a soft and downy surface. The gown was made with the utmost simplicity, being fashioned in a single straight piece reaching to the feet, while the skirt was cut perfectly round and was guilottine of a train. It was completed by one of the new short tunics of ivory lace which formed the corsage, a wreath of tiny pink velvet rosebuds outlining the décolletage above the narrow tucker. This was of drawn tulle, and was not more than an inch in depth.

A California Sunset.

When the sun goes down in a bank of gold,
Behind the wide Pacific's blue,
And the mists which the day in its wake has rolled
Have deepened their tints to a purple hue;
When the far-off mountains dim on the sight
And hide their forms in the cloak of night,
And the sound of the surging sea is stilled,
There's something within you waked and thrilled—
And you feel the thing that is called the soul
When the sun goes down in a bank of gold.

VIRGINIA KEATING.

Government as Traveling Salesman.

By Carolyn Cross.

DRUMMERS AT WORK.

UNCLE SAM in the role of a traveling salesman is by no means familiar to the American people. But, that he dons his plug hat and star-spangled coat and, in sack suit and traveling cap, with a sample case in one hand and an "order book" in the other, sets out "on the road" to drum up trade is attested by the work of the Bureau of Manufactures of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington. Through his corps of trained experts in this bureau and his consuls abroad, he visits the industrial centers of foreign countries to ascertain what the people of those lands want to buy, and, if possible, induce them to purchase from his "house"—the U.S.A.

He does not "take orders" in the strict sense of that phrase, for he represents no particular American firm. But he does strive to discover and develop markets abroad for all the manufacturing and mercantile industries of the United States by instructing them as to what to sell and how to sell it. He compiles for

tains the names of approximately 125,000 individuals and firms engaged in the import trade in foreign lands.

By far the most picturesque phase of the work is that done by the corps of commercial agents, under the direction of A. H. Baldwin, chief of the bureau. They go "out on the road" just as any traveling salesman does for months at a time and then report to their "house" for new instructions and new routes. While the reports of the American consuls are more or less superficial—because of their many other duties—these "government drummers" investigate everything thoroughly, pushing a specific "line" for months at a time.

They are appointed by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who considers applications for such positions with the utmost care. Frequently when a new man is needed manufacturers all over the country are consulted and asked to recommend one. Often he appeals to the various chambers of commerce for recommendations. Every agent appointed must possess a special and technical knowledge of the "line" he is chosen to represent. Practically all of them are col-

The American Consul—wherever there is one—is of inestimable help to him, for the latter is naturally in touch with the business pulse of the community in which he is stationed. Above all, he must "tread softly and speak low" to avoid straining international relations. Finally, he must endeavor to pick up all information on "lines" other than his own and report it.

Tanned by tropic sun and pinched by the cold of northern climes, these commercial agents are globe trotters of the first water, braving the perils of land and sea travel and making themselves at home under any and all conditions. Knights of the road, they are ever on the move, ready to strike their tents at a moment's notice and blaze out a new trail.

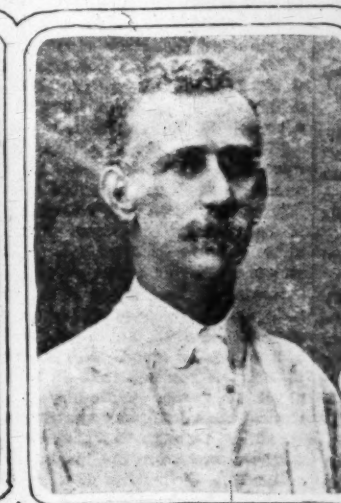
One of them, R. M. Odell, whose special "line" is cotton textiles, covers a territory which, compared to that of the average traveling salesman, is as the entire United States to the original thirteen. When he sets out from his "house" on a trip, he prepares to visit Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Egypt and Africa. And he doesn't run



A. Skinner, Asst. chief of Bureau of Manufactures.



E. P. Sack, Expert on Timber products.



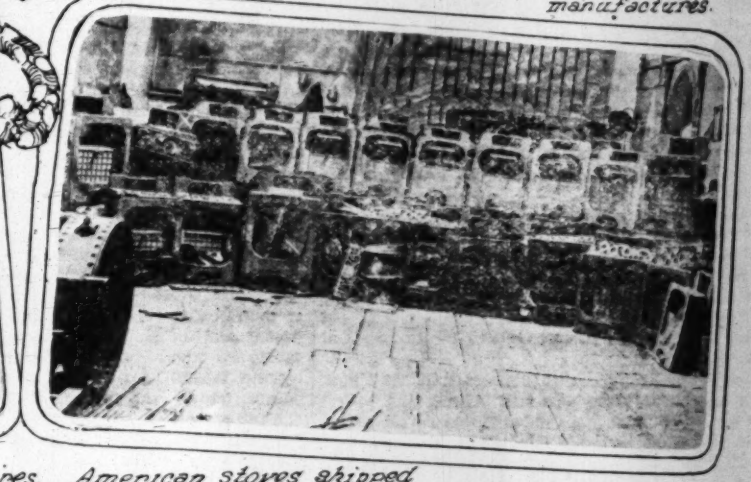
Lovett M. Wood, Expert on trade conditions in the Far East.



Albertus H. Baldwin, chief Bureau of manufactures.



Cattle from Buenos Aires, worth \$1000 apiece imported into U.S.



American stoves shipped without crating, thus subject to damage.

them, from time to time, information and statistics concerning trade conditions in foreign lands. And he seeks to improve and expand the business of the "house" he represents and trade conditions at home by ferreting out the best foreign methods of manufacture and commerce and then showing Americans how to adapt them to their own use.

These jottings on his "order book," made by his special commercial agents and by his consuls, are turned in to the Bureau of Manufactures which, in turn, acts as a clearinghouse in disseminating this information to the interested public. Their reports are sent to all reputable manufacturers and business men who apply for them. They are in the form of consular reports, special monographs, confidential circulars and bulletins, tariff pamphlets and a trade directory. In addition, lectures and talks are given by specialists before chambers of commerce and commercial and business organizations in all parts of the country.

The Daily Consular and Trade Reports is really a daily newspaper published by the bureau and sent free to over 20,000 business men in the United States. It contains information from consular officers and commercial agents concerning trade conditions, markets for specific articles, descriptions of new inventions, announcements of expositions, opportunities for the sale of merchandise and the changes in the customs tariffs of foreign countries. The World Trade Directory con-

lege men and they must be able to converse fluently in at least one foreign language. They are paid not to exceed \$10 per day and traveling expenses, and are allowed not to exceed \$5 per day for their actual living expenses.

"The commercial agent," said Mr. Baldwin, "is really more of a diplomat than the average man who represents his government in that capacity. His work is difficult and fraught with all sorts of unexpected and unpleasant experiences. Frequently he must prove himself the master of acute situations. He enters a country under peculiar circumstances. He must be alert, wide-eyed, ready to obtain a bit of information here, another there, and piece the whole together into a definite statement of commercial value. Some one has termed him a 'spy of peace.' That may be carrying it a bit too far, but it gives an idea, at least, of the manner in which much of his work is done in the dark. He must labor on a big scale. To get a few facts regarding a certain industry from one, or even a half-dozen small merchants, for example, is not enough; many must be interviewed.

"He works chiefly through Mayors of towns and cities, their chambers of commerce and business organizations, for they possess catalogued lists of their manufacturers, industries, etc. He must interest and cultivate men of affairs and convince them that it is to their financial interest to deal with American firms.

through them like a tourist abroad intent on "doing the sights;" he remains in each country until he has fulfilled his mission there.

An experience that befell Mr. Odell on a recent trip is typical of many that are a part of the day's work of the commercial agent. Arriving at Sofia, from Bucharest, he found that, in lieu of a bridge, passengers were transferred by ferry over the Danube to the train waiting there. Usually, the scheme was satisfactory. But, on the evening of his arrival, the river was so full of ice that small boats had to be used. Odell's capsized in midstream and he had a narrow escape before being picked up by another boat. But that was not the end of his predicament. He did not reach the other side until long after the train had left. And then he discovered that there wasn't a hotel or lodging-house in the place. At 1 o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer around freezing point, he was forced to walk ten miles further on to a town where accommodations could be found. And to cap the climax, he had to walk all the way back the next day to catch the train he had missed the evening before.

Beside that of Durand C. Alexander, who "pushes" machinery and machine tools, Odell's route might be classed as a pleasure trip. Alexander, it is claimed, covers the largest territory in point of miles of any salesman in the world. He "makes towns" in all parts of Manchuria, China, Japan, India, the Philippines, etc.

the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand. Before he entered the service of Uncle Sam he had traveled extensively in the Far East as the representative of an American tool firm; hence, he possesses both the "road" experience and the technical knowledge to fit him for so important an assignment. Instead of "showing samples" of his line, he reverses the usual custom and obtains them from his customers, makes drawings and detailed descriptions of the tools and machinery needed in the respective localities he visits and forwards them to the bureau whence they are sent to the manufacturers of those articles.

E. P. Secker, a comparatively new man, is now en route to Germany to find a market for surplus lumber and to ascertain such related facts as the size and quality desired, etc. He is from Missouri—literally and figuratively—and has been well known there as an expert in the lumber business. In addition to developing markets for American lumber he will investigate forest conditions in his territory—Germany, England, other European countries and the Levant.

A. J. Wolfe's mission is quite different from that of the above-mentioned agents. He is to look up credit terms and extensions of credit to foreign purchasers. Before traveling for Uncle Sam he was employed for many years by the National Association of Manufacturers as the head of their credit department. In that capacity his finger was ever on the pulse of Credit all over the world. "Europe claims American manufacturers are not allowing them satisfactory credit terms," said David A. Skinner, the assistant chief of the bureau, "so Mr. Wolfe is now engaged in looking into the matter. England and Germany, in particular, grant much longer terms of credit than do American merchants and he is to ascertain the reason for this and the various other intricacies of their systems. A while ago the Secretary of Commerce and Labor requested American consuls, through the Secretary of State, to furnish data on the credit methods of their respective countries. Mr. Wolfe revised their reports and is now endeavoring to secure supplementary data on the subject."

Some idea of the wide scope of "lines" handled by these national drummers may be gained from a statement of the work of a few of the men now in the field. L. M. Wood is responsible for reports on the subject of general trade conditions in the Far East, a very complex and extensive work indeed; he has just returned from a lengthy trip over his territory. Maj. John M. Carson is investigating the best methods of packing American cotton so that it will not be damaged in transit. We are losing from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 each year, it is said, because American shippers in the South do not pack their cotton properly. Stronger burlap and more uniform packing and tacking is needed, the experts claim. And, to substantiate their claims, they point to the condition of Egyptian cotton, after transit, and our own. In fact, they assert, both England and France are placing large orders with Egyptian firms instead of with American chiefly because of the superior, undamaged condition of the cotton when received.

R. M. Odell, formerly mentioned, is also interested in the subject of cotton and is trying to convince Russia that it is as convenient for her to buy cotton from the United States as it is to raise it herself. A 5-per-cent import duty on cotton textiles into Russia makes it difficult for America to compete with Manchester, England—the real textile-producing center of the world—and for good reason, too. There, labor is exceedingly cheap; father and son, for generations, become weavers and seem to inherit an extraordinary skill at the loom. Moreover, they are encouraged to put their personality into their work. Peculiar conditions of the atmosphere and water in Manchester are uniquely conducive to the manufacture of textiles. These are but a few of the influences that have won world-wide fame for the Manchester goods and J. M. Hause, another agent, has the difficult mission of solving the secrets of these "wonderful weavers."

H. H. Brooks confines his investigations to electrical machinery, goods and supplies in England, Germany, France and Spain; he was formerly an expert in the Bureau of Standards at Washington. A. B. Butman is from Massachusetts, and was almost "raised on boots and shoes" in one of the towns in that State famous for their manufacture; naturally, then, he attends to matters pertaining to those commodities for Uncle Sam in England, Germany, France, Russia and eight other countries. E. A. Brand, having just returned from a trip, now concerns himself with commercial organizations and lectures before various chambers of commerce. Thomas H. Norton, the American Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, is now on a special detail to investigate chemical goods and products in nearly all parts of Europe, being temporarily relieved of his regular duties because of his expert knowledge of chemistry and his proximity to the centers from which information is desired.

"There are many interesting phases of the work," said Mr. Skinner, "and no agent finds his trips quite the same in experiences and incidents. I recall that several of our agents have been required to write their statements across the face of their passports. Their statement of 'Investigating General Trade Conditions' has created an unusual degree of suspicion; their baggage has been examined surreptitiously and their passports held up for days at a time. Many hesitate to facilitate the gathering of infor-

mation frankly intended to be used by a 'competitor. One of our agents had a narrow escape from death from the bubonic plague and another was quarantined for a long while.

"In former times the reports from our consuls abroad were merely incidental to their duties, but today the Department of State is inclined to rate a consul to a surprising extent according to his efficiency in sending in competent and reliable trade reports. The Consul watches the newspapers and makes inquiries of governmental officials and civilians. Suppose he reports certain facts that tend to show a good market for American shoes. A commercial agent is then sent to dig deeper for the desired information. He really supplements the work of the Consul, for he is the trained scout and the Consul the layman.

"American manufacturers—some of them—want to sell what they make to the foreign trade instead of making what it wants to buy. As an instance of this sweeping statement let me cite conditions now existing in Turkey. For many years the Turks bought nearly all their dress goods from Italy, but now, with the dogs of war let loose between them, they no longer do so. Right now we have at the bureau stacks of samples from our agents of the kinds of goods that please the Turk. There are calicoes, ginghams, cotton goods, etc., all of lurid hue and soft in texture. If American exporters would offer materials of this sort for sale there they should find a ready market. They cannot, however, sell old or stock goods, unless they meet these requirements.

"From Mr. Butman we have recently received a large box of the sort of shoes the German prefers. On application, our manufacturers can examine these samples and supply their own salesmen with similar ones.

"It is hoped soon to take up the matter of exporting our various food products so that the demand for them abroad will be great. And the subject of cattle is also pressing. Recently one American firm imported five splendid bulls from the Argentine. They sold for \$1000 apiece and were magnificent specimens, much superior to the majority of our stock. The bureau hopes to send an agent to investigate the raising of cattle and to discover how such fine ones can be reared on the small ranges they necessarily have there—small, at least, in comparison to our own former broad ones. The carelessness of the American method of packing does not apply solely to cotton. Stoves, for example, are frequently shipped uncrated, with their loose parts liable to loss and injury. All this, please understand, not by way of criticism, but as suggestions."

That the Daily Consular and Trade Reports is of value to all Americans who care to make use of it seems unquestionable. A section of it is devoted to the publication of short paragraphs that set forth specific opportunities for the sale of products abroad. These are sent in by consuls and commercial agents who have secured them authentically. The names and addresses of prospective customers are not printed in the Report but are supplied to American concerns upon request. After that it is up to the firms to make their sales. In other words, Uncle Sam tells them where and how to sell but does not, in any case, effect the sale. Up to the present time over 8000 such notices have been printed.

An idea of the practicable hints they contain is obvious upon perusal of them. The Latin-American, for example, is naturally a proud individual and resents any reflection, even implied, upon his business ability. If his self-esteem is catered to, much has been accomplished toward winning his confidence. Again, all catalogues for our neighbors to the south should be printed in Spanish.

A low-priced shoe, regardless of quality, is the most popular in Egypt and Turkey. Shoe-polishing outfits should find a ready sale in Liverpool, England. The Consul from Erfurt reports that, in spite of the advice so frequently given by American consuls in Germany, a large number of American firms still persist in making their propositions to German merchants in the English language, which is a severe handicap since the recipients find it difficult to form the German equivalents for technical trade terms and idioms. An American Consul in France reports that he has been asked to recommend a reliable American incubator capable of "taking" at least 300 eggs. A business firm in the West Indies desires the exclusive agency for the sale of American agricultural implements. From Turkey comes a request for building equipments for a large hotel and business building. Australia desires the name and address of a reliable firm from which to purchase barber chairs. And so the list runs—available to all who care to follow up these openings, and without cost to them.

That there is a wide interest in the expansion of the foreign trade of the United States was attested in no uncertain fashion several weeks ago when the National Commercial Conference met in Washington, D. C., to effect the permanent organization of a central body standing for the actual manufacturing interests of the country. In view of such a movement, the officials of the bureau believe, its work of gathering information concerning foreign markets and disseminating it among those interested will become of even greater value than it has been in the past.

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[743]

Pearls.

Float 'mid tropic breezes, ambient,
Freighted deep with spice breath, where
Be it sun or moon light, radiant—
Floods the limpid, languorous air.

O'er pellucid southern ocean,
Where your prose seems to be
Vibrant 'twixt skyed blue in motion,
And a coral clustered lea.

There strange shellfish open waiting,
For some ulcering germ of pain,
Nucleolar, harsh, birth dating
Of the gem they fain would gain.

Pearls grow only from a paining
Firm embraced to inmost heart,
Worth's worth just the cost of gaining
Love were not, were not grief's smart.

Still the shellfish turns to heaven,
That the pearl within shall grow,
Seizes sunbeams, and the seven
Hues the rainbow arches know.

With white Luna's milder glory,
Softly run in lines between,
Waved to tell the zephyr's story
Of the night gleamed ripples' sheen.

Pearl of iridescent splendor
Crystallized beauty from above,
Garnered nature, tinted tender
Gift as pure as mother love.

Comes the diver, with the daydawn,
Floating o'er old Orient's rim
Cleaves the water until Triton,
Wearied, yields the prize to him.

Myriad shells are void of treasure,
Some enshrine one tiny pearl,
One at length fills fullest measure,
Sets the diver's brain awl.

Divers in life's psychic ocean,
'Twixt eternities, both strange
We seek with the best emotion,
Kindred soul with soul to range.

Many pause, clasp hands and name you,
Some make pulses faster beat,
But the friendship which must claim you,
Is the pearl makes life replete.

Give me then the friend, true, leal,
Though that love leave sorrow deep,
Deeper than the deepest real
Fast the outmost star gleam's leap.

Though the pearl fish meanly perish,
On the beach sands swift decays,
His pure pearl life men shall cherish,
For its wealth of joys of days.

Who in love's pearled light live, basking,
Win a worth grand as sublime,
Some way somehow seeking, asking,
Pathway past the gates of time.

—[G. Henri Bogart, M.D., in Medical Herald.]

Foiled by Field Glasses.

[Youth's Companion:] The first field glasses brought to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple-minded natives, who of course thought them the product of wizardry. Florence Coombs tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a tiny figure in the distance.

"There goes one of my enemies," said he.

The white man, drawing out his field glasses and adjusting the focus, handed them to his companion, who gazing through them in excited amazement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows and once more was baffled. To lose such an opportunity was hard indeed. A bright thought suddenly occurred to him.

"You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him."

The Keynote of the Home.

Advice worth dollars is given by Lou D. Stearns in "The Home Beautiful," an admirable, common-sense article in May Suburban Life Magazine. Regarding the keynote of the successful home, she says:

"Let, then, the keynote of her who is seeking to make the home a perfect home be comfort, convenience, usefulness. Do not fill it with useless furniture for mere show—articles that but take time and strength in order to be kept clean and free from dust. Far better, fewer furnishings, selected with a view to their real need, either in the line of use or comfort, with time for rest and recreation, that you may meet your family and your neighbor with a smile. What think you a man cares, when he comes home at night, tired and worried with the work and problems of the day, about a few rugs and vases, more or less, if he be met by a wife, dust cloth in her hand and discontent in her heart, who is too tired to smile?"

Uncle Sam World Power Without Army

By Capt. Haldane George.

Troops Unorganized.

CAPABLE AS COMPANIES, BATTALIONS AND REGIMENTS.

WAR DEPARTMENT AND GEN. WOOD NOTE SHORTCOMINGS OF OUR MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT—SHORTAGE OF AMMUNITION, FIELD RIFLES AND GENERAL EQUIPMENT—REGULARS LACKING IN CO-ORDINATION EFFECTIVE AS COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS.

WITH the Mexican children boiling, with frequent indications that a big military force may one day be needed to uphold the dignity and this great wealthy world-power, interest has been awakened generally as to just how the United States is fixed for soldiers. It is known that the navy is a capable one and big enough for present needs and possible emergencies—but how about the army?

The fact is that the United States hasn't any army, in the accepted technical sense of that term as understood among other powers. For an army means a force that is organized, trained, equipped, prepared and ready for operations as a great fighting unit or series of units. And the best Uncle Sam can boast of is a small force of armed and uniformed men who are organized into capable companies, battalions and regiments, but who know naught of brigades, divisions, corps and armies.

So despite the fact that the government is spending \$100,000,000 a year for an army it hasn't any. This assertion is made by no less a person than the biggest general in the service, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff. Here are his own words as given out lately in a signed interview:

"It is the natural popular belief that we have an army—a mobile army, properly trained and organized, and though small, always available for use. As a matter of practical fact we have no such army."

Official statistics on the subject show that the United States army is made up of 77,502 men of all arms. This is rather a formidable force. But should Uncle Sam have to depend on the regular army the largest force he could mass on the Texas frontier, or at any other

company is sixty-five men. But the inspection returns show that in scores of the companies in the regular army from twenty-five to thirty men only are on hand. Gen. Wood recently has called attention to this startling fact. It is estimated that the actual force is about 60 per cent. of the authorized force, which leaves approximately 28,000 men for immediate use—and a good 10,000 of these would have to be taken from coast artillery garrisons.

or even for reasonably effective operations against trained soldiers. But the organization in larger units marred by the same weaknesses as mar the regular army. In short, in the whole United States military establishment there has been no provision for concentration—for the concentration and operation of a fighting machine such as a division or even a brigade. Men are plentiful. It is recorded that the United States could get 10,000,000 men if needed. But the government couldn't begin to arm and equip a tenth of the force. In fact with all the new modern Springfield rifles now on hand and in process of making, the reaches but little over 600,000. And the reserve of ammunition falls short of 200,000,000 rounds, which is insufficient to last an army of 500,000 men through a single tense campaign. For instance, Gen. Kuroki shows in volume 2, page 149-50 of his book on the Japanese war, that a single infantryman in a day's battle will use 350 rounds if the fighting is brisk. At that rate our total national ammunition supply would last an army of 500,000 less than a day and a half.

Then there is a shortage of field artillery. The government has in fact, just half enough of the three-inch field rifles to go around. Should the regular militia be recruited up to war strength, bringing total of 212,520 infantry, the War Department could provide them with an artillery force of some 450 guns, whereas double that number would be needed if we were to have artillery on a scale to compare with any of the modern armies of the world.

Cavalry is about the only thing we have enough of there being fifteen regiments. Congress recently undertook to cut down the cavalry very materially, but failed by a narrow margin. Cavalry is used mainly for reconnaissance. Cavalry charges, mounted, are a thing of the past and in modern warfare. It is the mission of the fleet horsemen to work far ahead of the main columns and keep in touch with the enemy.

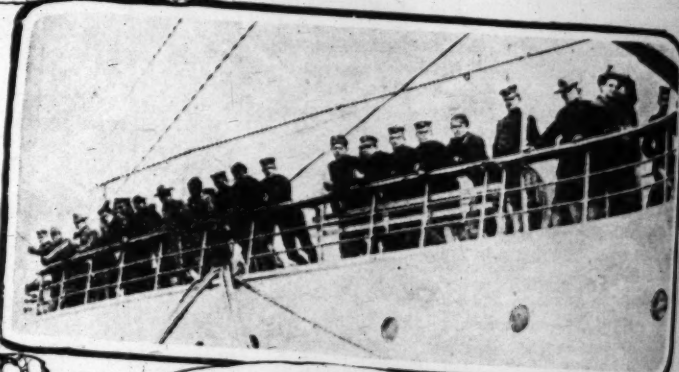
In a current booklet being sent out by the War Department to all applicants for information about the United States army, the following statement is made:



Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood.



Types of American regulars in camp.



Troops aboard a transport.



Mountain battery and pack train on the march.



A field battery in action.

point, would be less than 30,000 men. And to do this he would need to call on the coast artillery, converting it into infantry for the time being.

Here are some significant facts and figures, fresh from the army list and directory for 1912 issued by the War Department:

Total authorized strength of army, 77,502 men; on duty in Philippines, 12,000 men; on duty in Hawaiian Islands and Alaska, 3000 men; on duty recruiting parties, depots, etc., 7000 men; on duty service schools and prison guards, 903 men; on duty pay department and other non-combatant branches, 3497 men; required for garrison details, not fewer than 6000 men.

The special duty figures show a total of 26,000. Subtract that from the total authorized strength and the product is 48,000. But the authorized strength and the actual strength are two different matters, so inspection returns show. For instance the peace strength of a

Even for a Mexican campaign the government would have to depend on militia and volunteers. It would take at least 100,000 men and possibly 200,000 for that bit of police work and the bulk of such force would have to come from civilian ranks, so the army war college has announced.

The organized militia has some 120,000 officers and men. As the law now stands these troops would have to be sworn into the service of the United States as volunteers before they could be utilized. There is a bill now before Congress and an effort is on hand to push it through, making the militia or National Guard susceptible for any service, at home or abroad.

The militia, of course, is not set down as being uniformly efficient, although in point of equipment and organization regular army standards are followed. With a month or two of preliminary training it could be gotten into shape for such service as a campaign in Mexico

with relation to the personnel of the army: "The backbone of the army is the infantry. At present we have only thirty regiments of this important arm. The War Department has planned a joint force of infantry and militia for national defense. Orders have already been issued for the formation of the first army; but as a matter of fact this is a field army, a name only, so deficient is its organization and equipment today."

Another paragraph in the same booklet, with reference to the calling out of troops when war arises, says: "Perhaps the worst feature of all is the absence of a law which would work automatically in case of an outbreak of a war and permit the government to call out, organize and equip what troops are deemed necessary."

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without recourse to further hasty legislation enacted at the last moment."

It is pointed out by military experts and students the country over that warfare has been reduced to an exact science and the art of killing has been highly developed in these advanced days of peace-loving civilization. They also declare that the day has accordingly passed when the farmer can leave the plow, take down his enemy's flag and rally to the colors. That we have developed into a great world power without a general growth of the public mind to meet our new level is the contention also made.

Ask the first army officer you happen to know and he will tell you frankly that we would make a bad showing for the first year or two in a war against any first class land fighting force.

As to the sending into the field of hastily organized volunteers and improperly trained militia, as well as poorly organized regular forces, the official booklet already quoted notes the saying of a famous soldier: "A government is the murderer of its citizens which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they are to meet men of the same age and strength, mechanically educated and discipline for battle."

Coming of the Motor Ship.

[London Standard:] Great economic advantages in the use of the motor ship are shown in the first series of comparative data that have been made public.

The success of the maiden voyage of the Selandia, the big motor ship of the Danish East Asiatic Company, has stirred British shipbuilders to consider the possibility of still further developments in this new system of marine propulsion. Draughtsmen and mathematicians are busily engaged in applying to the particular requirements of their respective firms such data as are already available.

One of these tables, prepared by the representative of a prominent steamship company, forms the basis of an article in the current number of the Motor Boat. Here the Selandia has been compared with a steamship of similar tonnage and speed. The comparisons show that in the matter of dead weight cargo capacity the steam-

ship shows a saving of £1575 on the round voyage. Against this appears a saving of £1575 in fuel by the motor. On a year's work with heavy cargoes the motor ship is given a net gain of £3621, or with light cargoes £3600.

The extra initial cost of the motor ship (which is estimated at £15,000) should, according to these calculations, be wiped out under the most adverse conditions within four years. Under favorable conditions two years might be sufficient. With the extra constructional cost defrayed the motor ship is shown to have great economic advantages, and as these data are built upon a comparison of the very first motor ship with an equivalent steamship of mature design, the writer naturally concludes that the future of the motor ship is assured.

He appeals to every shipowner in the kingdom to take the lesson to heart—even if he be not willing to look sufficiently far ahead to understand that the Selandia represents not the last, but the first word in the economy of the marine Diesel engine."

The Real Harbingers.

The jowl and
The jay
Are both on hand
Today.

As harbingers they duly harp,
Each in its own peculiar garb.

But we refuse
To sing;
We can't enthuse
On spring
Until the sycamores are green
And one or two straw hats are seen.

—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Beggar Maid.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Father: Go away and let me read, you naughty little baggage.
Daughter: Well, if I am baggage, daddy, don't you think I ought to have a check?

Judges and Diplomats Fond of Walking.

[Washington correspondence, Boston Advertiser:] Quite the whole Supreme Court can be seen walking in Washington. Chief Justice Fuller was too old to walk, and he rode, but Chief Justice White dearly loves to walk, and is usually seen in company with some of his Associate Justices, Holmes, McKenna, Lamar, and now Pitney, who promises to use the streets of Washington as often as his distinguished predecessor, Justice Harlan. And since he requires some coaching from the Chief Justice, it is natural to see him in Justice White's company. Justice Hughes is also often seen walking on the streets of Washington.

The diplomats like to walk. Ambassador Bryce, as typical of the Englishman he is, never misses his daily walk. The Cabinet men are also fond of walking, and especially Secretary Nagel and Postmaster-General Hitchcock. The Italian Ambassador is frequently met with his daughter, the Donna Beatrice Cusani. The Turkish Ambassador likes to promenade Connecticut avenue with his daughter, Mlle. Zia.

Mirth Unending.

Oh, wherefore should a mortal sigh
And vow that life is full of care?
Each moment that goes swiftly by
Is sure to bring a laugh somewhere;
And the supply is ever new
And louder grows the note of cheer;
The clothes that Fashion brings to view
Are getting funnier every year.

These hats and shoes and all the rest
Of the attire that meets our gaze
We'll greet with wild hilarious zest
As now we jest of other days.
The present price tag may exert
A certain influence severe.
But look ahead for laughs alert:
Our clothes get funnier every year.

—[Washington Star.

Russia's Second Tag Day. By Christina Krysto.

DAY OF THE SPIKE OF RYE.

FAMINE and Russia are inseparable companions, and have been such since the beginning of time. The country is used to it, takes it as a matter of course, shrugs its shoulders and thinks of pleasanter things. But the siege which began last year, and which now holds twenty Russian provinces in its grip, is a thing which would not be shrugged away.

Many months ago, private means were offered to aid the peasants. The government declined. Everything is being done to better conditions, it declared, and matters are progressing satisfactorily. Under these tender ministrations, the number of sufferers grew alarmingly. The rye crops of last summer failed (the peasants use rye almost exclusively) there were no seeds for the autumn planting, no grain for immediate use. The government was besieged on all sides. People begged for the privilege of helping the needy, for the permission to establish "feeding rooms," and were told that private aid societies were against the government's "policy." Thousands of disappointed students offered to give up their studies and they might go into the villages to do what could be done—to take charge of supplies, to distribute medicine, to look after sanitation. The powers that be still shook their heads. The teachings of hot-headed young radicals, which the peasants would receive with their bread, would be most destructive to the peace of the empire, they said, and, "We cannot run the risk of having revolutionary pamphlets smuggled into the villages in flour sacks," declared Kokovtzeff, the Premier.

And the famine grew. Grew so swiftly that some sort of action became unavoidable. The government relaxed and women were allowed to go among the peasants "provided their characters were blameless, in the eyes of the police." This held back the majority of those willing to go, for the pawn of the government finds little to tempt him into the hungry hovels. Private money was accepted, but it had to go through the hands of the government officials, and be disbursed as they "saw fit." And the number of the famine stricken rose to 20,000,000.

It was then that the change came. The ban was lifted from non-government dining-rooms, and those who were allowed to go among the destitute. Thousands of workers came together for a day of charity, the rye boutonnieres to be sold, and then came the day of the Spike of Rye.

It was the first day of peace which Russia had, enjoyed in many a year. The strife of class, the strife of empire, the bitterness of political oppressions, all were forgotten for a space of eighteen hours. Not a city held closed. There was one aim for every soul in the land. There was one aim for every soul in the land. There was one aim for every soul in the land. There was one aim for every soul in the land.

true Russia, which took the lead. In this city, between morning and midnight, 230,000 roubles clinked their way into the collection mugs of the nose-gay venders. They came in thousand-rouble checks, in hundred-rouble banknotes, in gold pieces, in silver dimes, in awkward copper kopecks—230,000 roubles, and not one frown. It was a glad day for "Mother Moscow."

They began early in the morning, eager-faced college girls, staid matrons, children, all with their bags of rye, boutonnieres and their huge collection mugs, followed about by the automobiles with fresh supplies of rye. The shops entered gladly into the spirit, all show windows were decorated with rye and field flowers, every clerk began the day by buying a nose-gay. In many streets barricades were erected and "toll-gates" installed. Everywhere the workers were welcomed with happy smiles, with jokes, with laughter—everywhere except in that part of the outskirts where, in hastily prepared poorhouses, the famine sufferers brought in from the country were being cared for. Here the joy was too real for laughter. At first the inmates were skeptical—they well might be. "It is for some of their own fun-making that the rich are gathering the money," they said resignedly. When finally convinced their happiness was unbounded. Sobbing women crowded at the windows to watch the venders pass by, and crossed the window panes in their thankfulness. For they saw too clearly still, the horrors from which they themselves had escaped.

Early in the day a "nose-gay" child walked into a court room where a damage case was being tried. At sight of the youngster with her bristly load, the plaintiff rose suddenly. "I withdraw my complaint, provided the defendant pays fifty roubles for his badge." "And I agree," came the ready answer, "if you pay ten for yours." And upon the inspiration of the moment twenty sufferers will be fed during a whole month.

Out on the street corner, a beggar, half naked, held out his hand and stopped a girl. She hesitated a moment. Had she the right, even in the face of this immediate need, to touch a copper in her mug? But it was he who was holding out the money to her, a kopeck from the depths of his greasy sack. He fastened the badge upon his tatters with a proud, toothless laugh, and the girl went unseeing past the next half dozen people.

The rich paid well, the middle classes were not grudging, but it was on the dark, narrow streets that the money flowed most readily. True, the count was small, there was scarcely any silver, and fifteen mugs would net but two roubles, but the "merchants" could not be provided with fresh rye quickly enough, and the heavy clink of copper was a never-ending sound. It is a curious fact that the heaviest toll, proportionately, out of all the sections of the city, was taken in the homes for unfortunate women.

And what of the other end? What of the villages, where men and women fight over the carcasses of horses and cattle, which have themselves perished of hunger? Where a handful of resolute faced young men and women, lacking in funds, lacking in supplies, lacking in everything except courage and love of humanity,

make their desperate stand against the triple spectres of famine, sickness and ignorance? To these, the news of the coming Tag Day, brought a breath of long-needed encouragement, but there was scarcely time even for thankfulness.

It takes ten kopecks (5 cents) to feed a person one day, but on account of shortage of funds only the aged and the young children are enrolled on the lists of the dining-rooms. And even then the fight between them for bread is a bitter one. In one family there were two old women, relatives whose presence was tolerated in time of comparative plenty—whose death became a necessity in the last months. Little by little their rations were cut down: now they were fed but once a day, now a day slipped by during which they were content to watch their grandchildren munching the crusts. Under this treatment the grandmothers soon sought their beds. There the village clergyman found them. He inquired what their ailment was. "It is life," they told him; "we have to be cured of living." And this in utter earnestness. He brought them bread and called next day. "We got none of it," they said wearily, "we hid it under our pillow, until the children should fall asleep, but they smelled it and wrested it away." Again he brought them bread and had to watch the children tearing it from their very mouths. The double death was a brief moment of thanksgiving in the family circle.

It is thus that they die in the far villages, calmly and quietly, as if it were but the business of life to die. Long centuries of oppression have taught the moujik to submit unquestioningly, and as unquestioningly as he has accepted the other indignities throughout his life he now accepts starvation, and starves without a word of protest, without a moan even, lest he disturb the "officials." And the officials do not love to be disturbed.

Through the blackness of this isolation, this feeling that he is cut off from the world, and the world will have none of him, the news of the Day of the Spike of Rye cut like a shaft of light. "Some one really does care, then," the moujik said and crossed himself in bewilderment. "Someone does care then," he repeated when the crowds of strangers began to come in from the cities, asking only for the chance to help. And someone really does care, for already the long boards of the tables of the dining-rooms stretch in many villages.

A very small drop in a very big bucket—such in truth is the offering of last month, but it is the first movement which foretells awakening. Russia, the educated Russia, has been so torn by civil strife, so engrossed in the vain attempts to work out its own salvation, that the sympathy for the more immediate need of the lowly brother was stifled and forgotten. Now the helping hand has been stretched forth: will not the eyes follow it into the haunts of misery?

That question will be answered later: for the present, with the collection mugs emptied of their load, the money counted, the crowded trains already on their way, and Tag Day a blessed memory—the official bulletin has been issued—"The crops of the last year were complete failures, but the rye crop harvested on the twenty-ninth of March, has been found to exceed all expectations."

The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Branton.

Brazilian Bougainvilleas.

THERE ARE MANY VARIETIES FOUND IN MANY PLACES.

THERE are but three species of bougainvillea, and all are native to Brazil, though these have many varieties and are found outside the confines of that country. Bougainvillea spectabilis was the first one introduced to horticulture, followed by varieties of the same. This species has larger bracts (called flowers by some,) and is more variable in color than the other two. B. Brasiliensis is but a variety of this species, and so is the brick-red one known as B. lateritia. The species we know as B. refulgens has no varieties, and it is more than suspected that it is but a variety of B. spectabilis. Granting it to be a species, we have a third one in B. glabra, and it has a variety known as B. Sanderiana.

All bougainvilleas are tropical in their requirements, and all species and varieties get nipped by frost in some parts of our city each year. B. lateritia is the weaker, for it has "sported" farthest from the normal type. None sets seeds here, but in their native home, and in the West Indies, where B. lateritia seeds have been planted, the plants produced always bear magenta flowers, so the only way this most desirable sort may be perpetuated is by rooting cuttings, a task that baffles our best plant propagators.

instruction, until school came to an end and more practical life in front of one. Now the school garden gives us chapters from the book of nature. One is on soils, another on plant foods and fertilizers, another on the germination of seeds, one development and reproduction of plant life, and so on to a score or more things we all should know from garden experience. The three R's are not neglected, but they are sugar-coated so well that you scarcely know you have swallowed them.

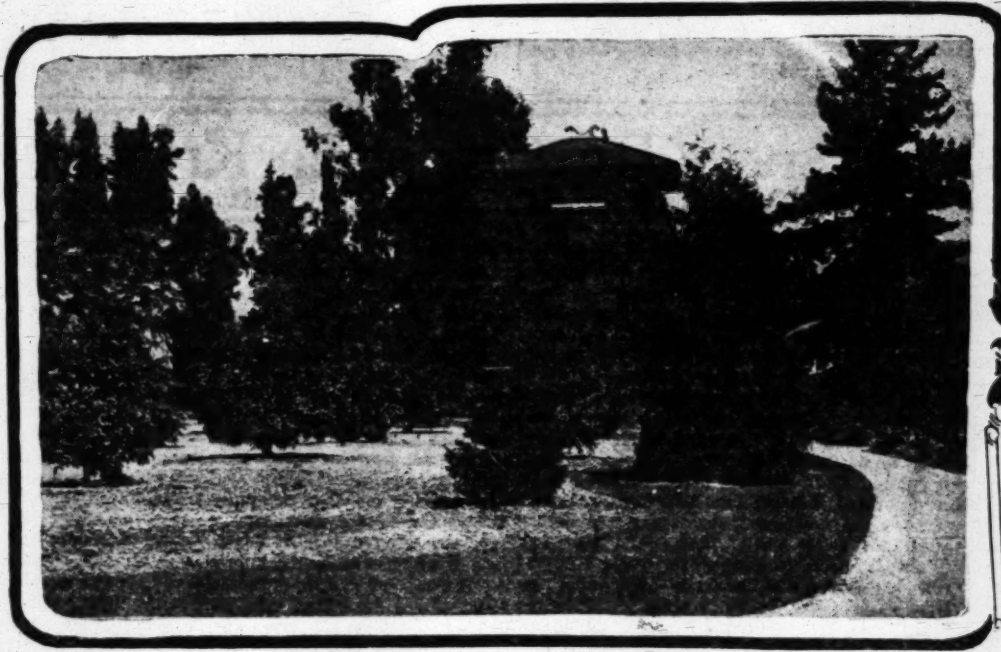
The Chinese Wistaria.

THOUGH deciduous, and therefore not a thing of beauty during the rainy season, there are few vines that compare in beauty with the Chinese wistaria: none that has such a wealth of blossom for a brief period. Aside from the lilac-colored sort, there is a white, two shades of purple, doubles, and several slight variations. All thrive abundantly in Southern California and appear happy in almost any situation.

California Banana as.

"CAN bananas worth eating be grown in Southern California?" is a quite common question thrown at the writer. None have been grown on a commercial scale, but bananas of fine quality have occasionally been grown locally and on Santa Catalina

Planted in rich ground, well drained, one containing plenty of humus, it thrives abundantly, if fed. It is best to allow them to grow in clumps. The best success attained by any one locally of whose work the writer knows, came from planting strong new



CARMELITA PARK, PASADENA.

Wherever the climate will allow of its growth the bougainvillea thrives in any soil and under almost any conditions. Could we grow them from seeds we would have a great variety of shades. H. Wilfrid Walker once told the writer that in Trinidad and adjacent islands he has seen them in every possible shade in the range from a milky-white to deep purple. No plant that climbs, and few that do not, can compare with the bougainvillea in the production of a show of color, and we would welcome any shades of color not bordering on magenta. In spite of its great cloud of color, the popularity of the magenta sorts is waning, because these shades will not harmonize with aught else in the garden.

In plant relationship they are close to the common garden four-o'clock (Mirabilis Peruviana,) also to our native species (M. Californica,) and belong to Natural Order Nyctaginaceae. The flowers are small, long-tubed, and light yellow; it is the subtending floral bracts we so much admire.

The School Garden Boom.

HOW prosy and ill-balanced seem our old school days in the light of the twentieth century! Then it was a constant grind with the three R's, until when one got out to play his senses all but reeled with the close and constant application. In this way many a child of frail constitution, having need of diversion of studies and more fresh air, went to its death as a martyr to ignorance of the child's welfare and its greatest and most urgent needs.

Now all is changed. Schoolrooms are larger, lighter, better ventilated, and every possible precaution is taken to safeguard the health of each pupil. School grounds are larger, equipped with many devices for amusing and entertaining the pupils, and healthful recreation is encouraged. Added to this, the child is taught, at an early and therefore most impressionable age, somewhat of the world about him, which in bidden times remained largely a mystery, unless given home

Island. They are still better with ordinary care. "What are the proper cultural directions?" is next asked.

It is evident from the rank growth of the banana plant that it must have an abundance of nitrogen, and it is a gross feeder. It will grow splendidly on an old pile of stable manure, without any admixture of soil.

Don't Worry.
It makes Wrinkles



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in each spring, just as soon as they showed vigorous growth. A mulch of several inches or even a foot of stable manure will help much. Bananas need an abundance of potash, and some of this may be supplied by using wood ashes, perhaps a sufficient quantity. Yet by reason of the large amount of lime ashes they contain, it will perhaps be wise to experiment with potash from some other source.

Persea.
WHILE we are making so much ado over *Persea gratissima*, the avocado, native to South America, let us not forget that the northern continent also has a form of some commercial value, perhaps an important one in the near future. *Persea pubescens*, the swamp bay occurring in marshy lands from North Carolina down to Florida and west to Texas, is an aromatic evergreen large shrub or small tree with a very strong, pleasant camphoraceous odor; it may be utilized as raw material from which to obtain camphor oil and other similar distillations. The tree belongs to the family Lauraceae, to which the camphor also belongs. It is not cultivated in California nor offered for sale in California plant catalogues, although it might thrive well enough to induce its planting in large gardens having suitable conditions.

Home in Home Surroundings.
NO HOME is either beautiful or attractive through the appearance or charm of the house alone, no matter how beautiful nor how costly it may be. The house should be a gem, but in an appropriate setting. It may be considered with its surroundings. To harmonize house and garden is the peculiarly artistic office of the landscape designer, and seldom indeed is a perfect state of harmony manifest without his magic touch. The picture must be made by an artist, and by him

Homer Laughlin's, on West Adams street, where one has flowered annually for many years.

Soil for Lawns.
A CORRESPONDENT states that a lawn made last year upon very sandy soil and "given an abundance of good manure," already looks yellowish and sickly. "A house that is builded upon the sands cannot stand," nor can a lawn. To make a good lawn, and sustain it, the underlying soil must have body or substance; sand will not do. Our heaviest soils make the best permanent lawns, and here is where our black adobe shines, for after a lawn is established in this sticky stuff it cannot be surpassed in beauty or luxuriance by lawns grown on any other sort of soil. That containing large per cent. of clay is also famed for its support of luxuriant blue grass.

Spot Disease of the Violet.
OCCASIONALLY there is much trouble with a fungus known as the "spot disease," for which there seems to be no certain remedy. Plants in vigorous, normal health are generally immune. Extreme conditions of any kind appear to induce the appearance of the trouble. Even plants grown too rank, and therefore of a soft, flabby texture, are quite sure to catch the disease if it is to be had locally. Destruction of infected plants and a new start under better conditions would seem the best way out of the affliction. As the disease consists of a parasitic fungus which spreads through the leaves, it gradually destroys the plant infected.

Our Natural Park.
AT NO TIME of the year is Southern California more charming than vernal spring. All that the poets



GIANT CHINESE WISTARIA.

placed in an appropriate frame. The greensward is the canvas upon which our picture must be spread; the trees and shrubs will make the frame. The lesser flowering plants will embellish and make bright. These come harmony and beauty. Do you have it in your home? If not, why not?

Tea Plant.
THE tea of commerce consists of the leaves and tender tips of a plant known to botanists as the *Sinen*, native to Assam in Southeastern Asia. It is very closely allied to the camellia quite common in our gardens. By the way, a major portion of the public will persist in pronouncing this name with the long *a*, as though it were spelled with one *i*. It should be noted that the spelling is "ell," and should be so pronounced. The plant was named for Kamel, a Arabian monk, whose name suggests the proper pronunciation.
To return to tea. Our climate is too dry for successful tea culture, though the plant, which is very ornamental, may be grown in cool, shady places in local gardens. In the Carolinas tea of commercial value has been grown at a profit, though on a very limited scale. The quality is of the highest.

White Ginger.
A WHITE species of one of our so-called gingers (not, however, a true ginger,) is *Hedychium coronarium*, a plant not rare, yet not so common with us as it should be. A yellow species, *H. Gairdnerianum*, is not so often met with, though still more desirable than the white-flowered species. This fine yellow has a peculiar spike of flowers, hard to describe. A local paper seems to give a recognizable description of it as it was found blooming in Judge Silent's garden last summer, for one was blooming in the writer's garden at that time, and the description fitted very well. There are only a few of the plants in the city. The writer's is from a seed matured on an old plant at

have sung of this glorious season (real poets, not the periodical spring variety,) applies to California springs, and "the half was never told."

At no time of the year may the great value of Griffith Park become so impressive as now; it is well worth all it costs of time and money to journey out there and see what a priceless heritage we are cherishing for generations yet unborn. On every slope, in every canyon, out on the bosom of every meadow, the wild flowers are fairly rampant and riotous in their beauty. Catch a glimpse of it before the summer's sun bleaches the picture.

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We shall be glad to show you other letters and give you a list of TUEC users in this vicinity, if you will write us or call at our office. We have also interesting information for you concerning the simplicity and efficiency of the machine and its very reasonable cost, both for installing and operating.



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Gentlemen: The cleaner purchased of you last spring (1911) continues to give perfect satisfaction—satisfactory to the ladies of the family, because of the thoroughness of the work and the ease of its operation, my semi-invalid sister even finding delight in running it—and satisfactory to me, as since taking out the portable vacuum cleaner, with its loud whirling (to say nothing of the poorer quality of the work), I can now take my afternoon nap, without suspending the house cleaning.
Yours sincerely,
P. G. GATES.
South Pasadena.
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Figs in California.

YEARS OF EFFORT FINALLY ASSURE SUCCESS IN CULTIVATION.

By Edwin F. Schallert.

IT IS quite probable that producers of dried Smyrna figs in Asia Minor will find some years hence that they will have to seek another market than the United States for much of their produce, if the steady increase in the output of the California dried fruit continues. At present the merchants of the Old World have a ready market for all they can send to this country, as the last few years have shown. However, the California dried product is gradually finding its way to all parts of this country, because of its superior flavor and quality in every respect to the Smyrna product.

The fig industry in California, although it had probably the smallest beginning and was among the latest to develop, is now firmly established, and it is only a question of time until the output will be of very large proportions. It has been only during the last ten years that anything like real success could be said to attend the work of the growers. Now, however, the California Smyrna fig, or California fig, is a factor in the horticultural development of this State to be reckoned with.

The growth and maturing of the Smyrna fig is entirely dependent on one of the most peculiar processes in all nature. It is absolutely necessary in the production of the fruit to have two entirely external influences of an unusual character to bring about results. One of these is another variety of fig tree called the Capri, and the other is a small wasp known as the Blastophaga grossorum. This little insect is really responsible for the success of Smyrna fig culture. He is the agent by which is effected the fertilization, or caprification of the fig, as it is called, so that the fruit will come to maturity and be valuable as a commercial product.

This is how it is accomplished:

The Capri fig tree, which is the home of the Blastophaga, is raised in conjunction with the Smyrna fig tree merely for the purpose of supplying insects. In June and July when the female wasp is about to leave her birthplace in the Capri fig of the first crop, which is called the "profichi," the picking of the Capri figs takes place. In Asia Minor the fruit is then strung on reeds and these are thrown into the trees so that they hang among the branches. When the female wasp, covered with pollen, emerges from the Capri fig, she seeks for a nest in which to deposit her eggs. Boring her way into the Smyrna fig, she finds that, unlike the Capri product, it is not a suitable place for their disposal. In her frantic struggles to find some place to fulfill her life work, she scatters pollen on the flowers of the fig, which, strange to say, are inside the fruit. This fertilizes them, and they mature into seeds producing the fully-ripened fig.

The introduction of these insects into this State was the problem which confronted California horticulturists, and it was not until the year 1900 that success was at last assured to their work. In that year George Roeding finally accomplished the propagation of the Blastophaga or fig wasp in this country after years of effort.

Early History of Industry.

The early history of fig-growing in California is connected with the missions. The fathers were the first to plant the tree, but it has been impossible to ascertain whence they succeeded in getting the plants. This mission fig is the common black variety and, like many of the other varieties, does not require fertilization by the fig wasp.

Not until 1880 was an attempt made to bring the Smyrna fig into California, although on account of resemblance in climatic and soil conditions it had been thought very probable that the fruit could be grown very well in this State. A shipment of 500 clippings was made for the San Francisco Bulletin Company in 1880 through the assistance of E. J. Smithers, United States Consul at Smyrna. The following year another shipment was made for this same company through the aid of Alexander Sidi, an American merchant in Syria. These clippings were given to the subscribers of the company free of charge. The trees were planted, and commenced to bear after a few years, but did not mature. People became disgusted with the results obtained, and the Bulletin company suspected that they had been tricked by the inhabitants of Smyrna. No doubt this was the case, for it is certain the natives of that country would do everything to prevent the transferring of the fruits of their industry to foreign hands. The effort on the part of the Bulletin company was probably the greatest made by a large number of culturists to introduce the fig into the country.

George C. Roeding Enters the Field.

With the advent of George C. Roeding in the field the movement toward establishing the Smyrna fig industry in California began to have a definite bent. This was in 1886. Mr. Roeding was at that time proprietor

of the Fancher Creek Nursery. He had made numerous attempts at drying the White Adriatic fig, but had found that in no respect did it compare with the Smyrna variety. He therefore sent W. C. West to Smyrna to secure a variety of cuttings and information for experimenting in planting.

In October of that year Mr. West reached Smyrna. He secured more than 20,000 slips of the Lop Injir—which Mr. Roeding states is the only true commercial variety of Smyrna fig—several thousand of the wild or Capri fig, and several hundred each of the Kassaba, Bardajir and Cheker Injir varieties. The shipment weighed about ten tons, and Mr. West had to abandon about half of the Lop Injir fig cuttings on account of the enormous expense involved in shipping them. Owing to delays along the road the consignment of slips and cuttings failed to arrive in Fresno before May 24, 1887. They were so well packed, however, in moist sawdust and paper-lined cases, that they were in very good condition. These slips were planted in a nursery, but many of the plants were retarded in growth and died because of the hot weather. This was the first step, however.

In 1888 the plants were set out, and the following year twenty acres were planted. Mr. Roeding, knowing that the Blastophaga was deemed necessary for a successful culture of the fig, made some attempts at artificial fertilization. These, however, were unsuccessful.

It became imperative, therefore, to secure the fig wasp, and in 1892 Capri figs containing the insects were sent by Thomas Hall from Smyrna to Fresno. They arrived in June and were in pretty good condition, but a later shipment was absolutely worthless. Evidently these first Blastophagae did not find the West very suitable to their tastes, for they did not thrive in the least.

Several years of waiting followed this attempt, and in April, 1895 a package containing about six Capri figs in excellent state of preservation arrived from Smyrna. These had been forwarded to Mr. Roeding by M. Denotovich. The insects were not at all developed, and when it was sought to breed them the attempt failed.

This, too, was followed by another failure. This period marked the darkest years in the work of introducing the Smyrna fig into America, and Mr. Roeding almost came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to make a success of it, unless the Capri trees bearing figs containing the Blastophaga were shipped from Smyrna; for it seemed impossible to bring about the breeding of the insects in the trees which had been planted in California. They refused to recognize their old home since it had been transported.

In 1897 the first signs pointing toward ultimate attainment of the object of so many years' work became apparent. In that year the State Board of Trade at San Francisco brought to the notice of Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, in a forceful letter, the great value of introducing the Smyrna fig industry into California. The result of this was that Walter T. Swingle, in the Department of Botany and Pathology, who was in Europe at the time, was communicated with by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Division of Entomology. Mr. Swingle, who had already become interested in the process of fertilization described in the early part of this article and known by the technical name of caprification, set about working out the problem under the instruction of Dr. Howard. He sent several consignments of figs to Fresno during 1898. Some of these arrived in a good state of preservation; others were mouldy. Despite all the care used to make the caprification experiment successful, it was a failure. The figs were placed in jars which were hung in the branches, but none of the insects could be induced to find a home in the Capri fig trees of California.

The following year came another shipment from Mr. Swingle. Each fig was carefully wrapped in tin foil, and then packed with cotton in a wooden case. Mr. Roeding hoped for no better results from this experiment than from those of former years, and the following extract from a letter which he wrote to Dr. Howard at the time, and which appears in his book, "The Smyrna Fig at Home and Abroad," showed the state of his mind:

"I will cut the figs open and place them under the Capri trees, which I have covered, but anticipate no results, nor do I think a success will be made of this matter until fig trees with fruit on them are sent out here during the winter months. If this is done the insects will have a chance to develop in the natural way, and being full of vitality, will enter our wild figs, just as they do in their nativity, passing from one crop of Capri figs to the following one."

It is always darkest before the dawn, for in this very year came the change in the fortunes of the great horticultural experimenter. One of his employees, while working at artificial fertilization, one day informed Mr. Roeding that he had discovered seeds in some of the Capri figs. Upon inspection the seeds were found to be galls. After carefully examining the product from the tree from which this fruit had been taken it was found that a great many of the female wasps had left the original figs and had taken up their quar-

ters in others on the same tree and on neighboring trees. Thus was that remarkable destiny of the fig insect accomplished in a new land, for to every fig the one tiny wasp entered, life also entered.

With but few setbacks the work of carrying on the process of regeneration was continued. A remarkable thing was discovered with reference to the California product in that four crops were had annually instead of three. The trees were carefully protected during the winter months, to preserve the lives of the insects during the hibernating period, but it was found that even where great care was not used little was to be feared from the climatic conditions of California.

Two years after this Mr. Roeding himself went to Asia Minor to give especial attention to some details of importance in the cultivation of the products. He paid two visits, one in June and another in August. This trip was of great value in the subsequent development of the fig industry in California. By careful questioning and close observation he secured a large amount of important information. The people of the

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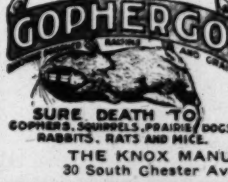
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Fifty Years After.

MEMORIES THAT MELLOW ANIMOSITIES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Col. J. A. Watrous.

RECENTLY I had a talk with a hard-headed, stout-hearted old Yankee soldier who spent four years gunning for Johnny Reb, during which his flesh was torn by three of Johnny's bullets. In time we drifted to war-time music, talked about the popular songs born of the big family row—"Rally 'Round the Flag," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—by all odds the grandest of the lot—"The Battle Cry of Freedom," etc., etc., and then of "The Star Spangled Banner," "America" and "Yankee Doodle."

My Yankee friend waxed enthusiastic as we recalled and hummed the old favorites—declared that they had a large part in bringing success to the Union cause, and remembered occasions when it was patriotic music that alone keyed him up to go into a fight with "Johnny."

The old man chose to call the Confederates "Johnny," what in war days the most of us called the men in gray. Suddenly he stopped talking, dropped his face into his two big brown hands, where it remained so long that I said: "It's all right, Tom, thoughts of the old songs as we used to sing them when boys on the march and in camp, are a bit too much for me, too, at times, and a few unbidden tears have helped to clear the atmosphere—go and have a good cry."

"Get out; that is not what made a baby of me. I was thinking of the other Old Boys—the Johnnies, and their war songs."

"Anything tearful about such thoughts, Tom?"

"Probably not for flint-hearted old boulders like you, but it was too much for me this time."

Tom lost a brother in battle, and for twenty years after the war was very bitter on the South and its army. Now hear him.

"Yes, I was bitter. It was natural. Billy was my twin brother. It tore me to pieces to see him killed. We were young—mere boys. But things have changed. Billy died for what we all showed a willingness to do when we held up our hands and took the oath to serve Uncle Sam. He died for the best of causes. I revere Billy's memory but rejoice that he was willing to die for the flag and the Union—willing as we were, if that were demanded of us."

"Do you mind what a good time we had a short time ago talking about our songs of the war time? Do you mind how dear those songs and the national airs were to us while campaigning—how they thrilled, lifted us up and fitted us for facing Johnny and his brave old gang? Well, now, did you ever stop to reflect that Johnny and the rest of his tribe in gray had the same love for their war songs—for 'Dixie,' 'Maryland, my Maryland,' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag'—that their songs cheered and uplifted and helped them in their battles?"

Then the old fellow's face again sought his hands. After a bandana had brushed something from his cheeks, I said:

"Old softy, what is the matter? What are you working up to?"

"Apparently I am not like you, for I have a heart that feels for others, eyes that see their situation, their point of view, as well as my own. Please let me have my say, in my own way, without further interruption."

"Johnny, like us, is an old man. His soldiery was as heroic as was that of our fellows. That is not owning up that his cause was as good as ours. He looks back to those brave old days—days when Yank and Johnny were making world history, very much as the boys in blue do, with the exception that at the end of the four years of hard campaigning, many battles, great sacrifices, including hunger from lack of rations, which often happened, and cold from lack of clothing and blankets, they had to go home under the cloud of defeat, and many of them to homes of abject want. We missed these; we came home as victors, in the main to homes of plenty, with the doors of opportunity swung wide open to us. They, in the main, had to make opportunity, under great difficulty. All of these years the most of them have had a constant fight on hand to keep the wolf from the door, and it has been an honest, manly, brave fight. They haven't had the help of such pensions as our boys have had; their States have given them, or some of them, a small pension, in case of loss of limb or health. Old Chum, those old boys in gray have made a heroic fight ever since 1865."

"But, Tom, what made you shed those tears?"

"Keep still, you stone image. Did you ever have something get into your throat when you heard the school children sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' or 'America' and saw Old Glory waving from the flag pole, and suddenly thought what the flag meant, and that you had had a part in making it mean what it does? I've cried like a child more than once at such a demonstration just before Memorial Day—and so have you. I have the same choking sensation nearly every time a band or an orchestra plays Johnny's favorites. Why? Because I feel that I know how well Johnny and his comrades enjoy them, and also for the further reason that Johnny and his comrades are as good Americans as we have—as loyal to the United States as any citizens."

"I have taken a good deal of time to tell you that I have a whole lot of sympathy for the old Confederates, that I admire them for their soldiery, for their courageous battles ever since the war; that I want them to have all of the comfort, pleasure and happiness possible during their remaining years; that I am touched to the heart whenever I think of their life struggles, their days of want, their good citizenship, their worth

as men. These are some of the things that come to mind, heart and eyes after we had recalled our experiences, and hummed the familiar and patriotic airs. I like the South and her people, and I am proud of and in love with those brave old American soldiers—Johnny and his comrades in gray. And I am not a bit ashamed of the apparent weakness you noticed. It was not the result of a drying up brain, but a heart that goes out to and feels for others."

One, and maybe it is the chief object in quoting Tom's talk is to say that I believe he has spoken about the veterans of the Southern army very much as most of the survivors of the Northern army feel. Next year, for four days, on the Gettysburg field, thousands of men of both old armies will meet in the most memorable soldier reunion ever held in this or any other country. You will not watch in vain, there, for an abundant show of the kindly feeling Comrade Tom gave expression to. It will be meeting of brothers tried as by fire, American soldiers than whom there are none better, citizens of the United States whose loyalty to it is surpassed by no other class, North or South, East or West.

The Better Plan.

The Rev. Dr. Aked, said at a banquet in New York: "Some clergymen preach sermons to wake the people up; but a still better plan is to preach sermons that won't let them go to sleep."

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Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Discovering the Leaks.

ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING TAB ON YOUR BUSINESS.

AN EXPERIENCE of twenty years with poultry journalism and methods in the growing of fowl and carrying on the business is sufficiently convincing to warrant the statement that the average breeder is decidedly deficient in his book-keeping and the filing of records showing the actual results of his operations, be they large or small. Not only is the average plant deficient in specific data bearing on the cost of production, but also in records touching on the management of the birds themselves. It is indeed a good habit to jot down briefly the day's happenings, especially if they possess an economic consideration. Every day some little thing or suggestion is brought to mind in the discharge of routine duties that possesses a practical value on present conditions, or a hint for the betterment of future operations. An inspiration of this kind should be jotted down for future reference. Going about his business, every breeder has suggestive thoughts come to him showing where this year's work can be improved on next season. Unless these are jotted down, he often forgets the inspiration of the moment, and next year the improvement is forgotten and lost. The habit of keeping a close tab on any business is to be commended, but on none more so than that of poultry. How often do we hear the expression: "I'll know better next year!" But unless the inci-

dent is a matter of record it will surely pass to the limbo of forgotten things.

Put down the remedial measures that afforded best relief in the case of injurious insects and disease that may have caused you trouble and corresponding losses; make a note of the practices employed in growing your best layers and your fine breeding birds; tag the hens that made the best mothers and reared the largest number of robust chicks; "spot" the cock birds that gave you the largest percentage of fertility in your breeding operations; "write up" your daily egg record and the feeding that gave best results both in vigor of stock as well as product in hen fruit; record the crops of green food that gave you maximum results at a minimum cost of time and labor; keep books on daily or weekly receipts and expenditures. This requires but little time each day, but at the end of the year it affords a record of your operations that will be of inestimable value in shaping up your operations for the coming season.

Rations for and Method of Feeding Chicks.

Though spring hatching is pretty well along and much young stock is already "on its feet," the following feeding rations and method of giving them, from a late bulletin of Cornell University, is not without interest to breeders in the Southwest. It is here published with the feeling that in a modified form it will prove of service:

Mixture No. 1—8 pounds rolled oats, 8 pounds bread crumbs or cracker waste, 2 pounds sifted beef scrap (best grade,) 1 pound bone meal.

Mixture No. 2—3 pounds wheat (cracked,) 2 pounds cracked corn (fine,) 1 pound pinhead oatmeal.

Mixture No. 3—3 pounds wheat bran, 3 pounds corn meal, 3 pounds wheat middlings, 3 pounds beef scrap (best grade,) 1 pound bone meal.

Mixture No. 4—3 pounds wheat (whole,) 2 pounds cracked corn, 1 pound-hulled oats.

Mixture No. 5—3 pounds wheat, 3 pounds cracked corn.

1-5 days. Mixture No. 1, moistened with sour skimmed milk, fed five times a day; Mixture No. 2 in shallow tray containing a little of No. 3 (dry) always

before chicks. Shredded green food and fine grit and charcoal scattered over food.

5 days-2 weeks. No. 2 in a light litter twice a day. No. 3 moistened with sour skimmed milk, fed three times a day; No. 3 (dry) always available.

2-4 weeks. As above, except that the moist mash is given twice a day.

4-6 weeks (or until chicks are on range.) Reduce meals of moist mash to one a day; dry mash always available.

6 weeks to maturity. No. 3 and No. 5 hopper-fed. One meal a day of moist mash if it is desired to hasten development.

When Is an Egg Really an Egg?

Obviously, immediately after it has been laid, every hour added to its age after birth changes its distinctive character of really being hen fruit at its best, and places it on the highway to becoming only decaying animal matter. Chemically an egg is a combination of lime, water, proteids, carbohydrates, fats and ash, of which the lime in the shell is 11.2 per cent, the water 65.5, the proteids 11.9, the fats 9.3 and the ash 9. Average length of an egg 2.27 inches, diameter 1.72 inches, weight 2 ounces. Briefly stated, an egg is 11 per cent shell, 32 per cent yolk and 57 per cent white.

Now what happens to this precious product immediately after it is laid? Chemical changes, which is the phraseology of science—in other words, decay. Allowing for this fact, be sure that you are breakfasting only on really fresh hen fruit; any other kind is really to be avoided.

of which fell into the hands of Isadore G. St. Hilare, the French naturalist. These curiosities were afterward distributed among the largest museums.

What About the Earth-Floor Poultry House.

A correspondent writes for an opinion on board earth floors in poultry-houses in the Southwest. Naturally we surmise our inquiry is from a recent arrival from the region of snow and ice, though board floors are not uncommon with us. For the past fifteen years the writer has used medium-sized floorless houses with excellent satisfaction. By raking out the droppings at regular intervals and occasionally sprinkling with air-slaked lime the earth floor is kept pure and sweet; or if available ground is sufficient to allow it, remove the houses at intervals to fresh ground, and spade the droppings under ground. Either way is good.

The Cock "Henry" Enters the Ministry.

The following "important if true" story is by the gallinaceous sharp of the Washington Journal:

"A motherly hen hatched out thirteen chicks, only one being a male. Him she named Henry. She tried to bring them up right and gave them much good advice.

"Now, children," she many times warned them, "when the preacher comes around, you watch out and run and hide, or you may lose your precious lives. It is always dangerous when he stays for dinner."

"They heeded her warning for a time, but finally Henry became careless, lost his head and was eaten."

"The old mother grieved for a while, but at last became resigned.

"Perhaps it is just as well," she mused, "that Henry should enter the ministry, because the rest of my flock can never be anything but lay members anyway."

Movable Yards or Pens for Young Stock.

It is often desirable to confine young chickens and ducks to limited areas, and yet afford them the privilege of fresh pasture or new ground. Especially is this true where one's ground is limited, or there is a garden to protect from the scratching depredation of fowl. For such, the movable wire pen shown in the illustration will find admirable usage. Size can be adjusted to meet individual requirements, though the larger sizes have a preference, because affording wider scope for exercise. The one we have under consideration is 10x10x2 feet, made in two parts of fine mesh poultry wire. This can be readily moved over a lawn, athletic patch, or from one place to another in an orchard without injury to surrounding vegetation. In this way ducklings and chicks are afforded conditions and environment that stand for health and a robust development.

Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

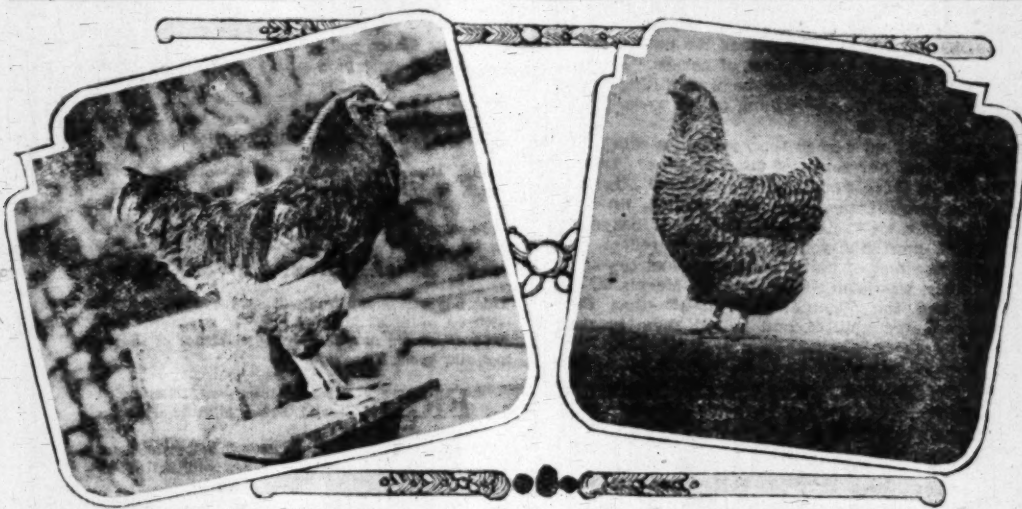
Show dates are already announced for Oakland, Los Angeles, Stockton, Fresno, Napa, Monrovia and Pomona for the coming show season.

Poultry culture is no "get-rich-quick" scheme, but intelligently followed it is always good for a comfortable living and a fair margin of profit.

Cull early; your weakly specimen is more apt to show as a chick rather than when mature. It is poor economy to nurse along the slow growers.

The Rhode Island Red breeders enjoy a paper devoted exclusively to that one breed. That is certainly going some.

In building a nest for the sitting hen be sure to



BUFF ORPINGTON COCK.

BARRED ROCK HEN.

The Leaders in the American and English Classes.

In the Southwest the two leading breeds in the American and English classes have long been great favorites alike among fanciers as well as commercial breeders. Each breed of both Orpingtons and Plymouth Rocks is represented by several varieties, of which the Buffs in Orpingtons and the Barred in Plymouth Rocks are indeed familiar subjects on our fruit orchards and ranches. And well they may be, for they appeal alike to our sense of the beautiful and the economic, both breeds being good egg producers and making a fine carcass either as fryers or roasters when killed for the table. The Buff Orpington shown in our illustration pictures a fine specimen bird bred by J. J. Dean of Moneta, and the Barred Rock female is a product of the breeding yards of William Arps of Santa Cruz.

Larger Than Minorca Eggs.

Under a recent date the Boston Transcript says that "in several museums in Europe there may be seen specimens of birds' eggs which are almost as large as a two-gallon jug. These eggs are laid by the epornis, an extinct and gigantic bird of Madagascar. The cubic bulk of these eggs is eight times that of the egg of the ostrich which means that each of them is equal in point of capacity to 150 hens' eggs."

The first discovery of these interesting relics of past times was made by the captain of a merchant vessel which had stopped at a port on the northeastern coast of Madagascar to trade with the natives. During the stay at this point mention of the curious vessels used by the natives for water vases attracted the attention of the captain. Upon investigation it was found that these odd utensils were in reality gigantic eggshells, cut in halves. Upon questioning the water carriers in regard to the bird that laid the eggs and the place where they were procured, the captain was given to understand that the bird itself was unknown, but that the eggs were discovered in a large sand bank some distance away in the up-country, and could not be found elsewhere to the knowledge of the natives.

"An offer to purchase all that could be procured soon resulted in the discovery of several fine specimens, all

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is large enough to allow her to shuffle around in, thus preventing the "turning" of the eggs without breaking. A suggestion for the cook: "To boil cracked eggs, add a teaspoonful of salt to the water. The eggs will cook without any of the white coming out." Take good care of the cock bird in the breeding pen; he is so gallant that at times they go hungry. Hold the blood line true in your breeding operations, then breed from the most vigorous and you will soon have a strain "worth while." Do not waste the shatterlings from hay fed to your chickens; gather and throw it into your scratching yard, as it makes a fine litter for the hens to work in. Vary the mash food. One morning season with salt and pepper; the next with onions, the next add alfalfa meal, etc. Water in which meat has been boiled is excellent and keenly relished by the birds. The breed standard for Plymouth Rocks is now in the making, and is promised at an early date by the American Poultry Association. Let it be soon, as it is badly needed. Ditto, the meat and egg standard. Don't consider why fowl enjoy a dust bath? Because it smother vermin of skin and feathers. Of course your birds have free access to it. White-shelled eggs seem to have the call in the trade, and their popularity is a growing factor. To be sure, they are more readily candled, but otherwise they are no better than the brown-shelled.

Oldest Bible Translation. EGYPTIAN VOLUME OF THE FOURTH CENTURY BROUGHT TO LIGHT. From London Standard.

Recent excavations in Egypt have brought to light many documents of extraordinary value, but none of them has been of greater importance than the papyrus codex containing the Coptic texts of three books of the Bible. This priceless volume was acquired in the early part of last year by the trustees of the British Museum, and for the benefit of all students of theology its contents have now been published by their orders in the form of a book entitled "Coptic Biblical Texts in the Dialect of Upper Egypt." One of the most interesting points raised by the appearance of these documents concerns their date, and, though the question must to some extent be left open, it seems evident that they form the earliest existing translation of any considerable portion of the Greek Bible.

When the volume was found, we learn from the introduction, it was in an exceedingly dilapidated state. All the leaves had broken away from the back of the cover, many of them were torn, and were so brittle that it was difficult to turn them over without causing the ink of the letters to fly off the surface of the papyrus. Many of the pages were more or less worm-eaten, while

small piece of vellum, used to strengthen the binding, bears two verses from the Book of Daniel in Theodotion's version, and the probable date assigned to this is the first half of the fourth century. There are also fifteen fragments of Greek papyrus, the writing on which refers to accounts and contracts, and their character suggests an origin early in the fourth or late in the third century. The priests of Hermes and Aphrodite are mentioned frequently as paying and receiving money, while there are no certain Christian references, the inference being that Christianity was at the time neither widespread nor officially recognized.

Copied by Egyptian Scribe.

Old as these documents clearly are, they contain abundant proof that at an even earlier period translations of the Greek Bible were in use among the Egyptians. The codex at the British Museum is, in fact, not a direct translation, but a copy of one which already existed. The formation of the letters, the grammatical forms, and the spelling of certain Greek words adopted by the Egyptian Christians all go to prove that the three books were copied by the same diligent scribe. In the Acts of the Apostles he seems, however, to have done his work extremely carelessly, or only to have had the use of an old and much obliterated text from which to copy. Words and whole lines are frequently omitted, and there are few signs that the writer was aware of his faults. In one case, by a change of letters, he gives exactly the opposite of the sense which he should have conveyed, writing a word meaning "destruction" in place of "healing."

Dr. Budge, the editor of the Coptic text, states that the codex at the British Museum appears to be too small to have been used as a church service book. In all probability it was intended for the use of some devout person who wished to possess his favorite portions of the Scriptures for private reading, but this latest discovery from Egypt proves beyond doubt that certain books of the Old and New Testaments were in the Coptic tongue in the early part of the fourth century. And the origin of the version itself cannot be traced later than the third century. According to Coptic tradition, the first Patriarch of their church was appointed by St. Mark, who is said to have visited Alexandria about the year sixty-four, and the greater part of the early Christian congregation must have been Alexandrian Jews, who would have readily understood Greek. Before the end of the second century, however, the new doctrine must have reached all parts of Egypt and Northern Nubia, while the Ethiopian baptized by Philip must have proclaimed the Gospel at Meroe before the close of the first century. Among the native Egyptians, therefore, the demand must have arisen for certain books of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, especially as companies of men were already retiring into monastic seclusion among the mountains and on the islands of the Nile.

Tradition Borne Out.

In the third century organized monasticism was actually established by St. Anthony, who was born in Upper Egypt. When he was a young man of about 20 he attended a church in his own village, where, according to tradition, the Gospels were read in a language "understood of the people." It has been argued that the reader of those days must have made a running translation to the congregation from the Greek, but it seems unlikely that any person in a village church of Upper Egypt would have known the language sufficiently well. Later, when the famous monastery was founded at Tabenna, an island of the Nile, the monks were bound by rule to repeat daily a part or all the Psalter in Coptic. These statements, as well as many others touching the spread of Christianity in Egypt, have long suggested the probability of a version of the Scriptures in the language of the country; and this papyrus bears out in striking fashion the traditions of the Copts. The public has now been put in possession of the oldest important translation from the Greek Bible, and there is, indeed, no reason to suppose that any substantial part of the Bible now existing is of earlier date than this Egyptian text.



Colony house of R. B. Hayes.



Houses and runs on the plant of R. B. Hayes

COLONY HOUSE AND HOUSES AND RUNS ON THE PLANT OF R. B. HAYES

Colony Houses and Runs

Styles in architecture in poultry-houses, and systems of poultry runs are as varied as the tints of the leaves in an autumnal forest; but in basic principles they are all much alike. Good ventilation, roomy, freedom from draughts, and scratching facilities are the main considerations; add to these good sanitation, intelligent caretaking, wholesome feeding, and you have in the main enunciated conditions that stand for success in California poultry culture.

Our illustrations this week afford two excellent views of the rather extensive plant of R. B. Hayes, situated in the bottom lands of the Arroyo Seco, between Los Angeles and Pasadena. The upper view is of one of his colony-houses, capable of accommodating about thirty birds of the Mediterranean class. This consists of roosting quarters and scratching shed; the dimensions are about 8x12 feet. The entire structure is built of rough lumber at a cost of \$20. The lower view shows a series of connecting houses and runs, built with a capacity of about fifteen to twenty birds. The two breeds represented in the pictures are Single Comb White Leghorns and S. C. Rhode Island Reds.

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences and giving their successes as well as failures. The Editor will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer questions of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The Editor of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.


the margins had in several cases been rubbed away by constant use in ancient times. All the corners had become rounded as though the book had constantly been carried by its owner, either in a rough leather wallet or wrapped in cloth. The covers were formed of fragments of discarded papyrus documents, most of which seem to have been parts of an ancient ledger. For the purpose of making a copy it was necessary to take the volume to pieces, mounting each leaf separately between two sheets of glass.

Contents of the Codex.

Contained in this codex are the greater part of the text of the Book of Deuteronomy, the Book of Jonah, and nearly the whole of the Acts of the Apostles, while the opening part of a short composition, written in a cursive Greek hand, but in the Coptic language, is found on the two final folios. This concluding script is of considerable importance in fixing the date of the documents. To compute the age of the codex from a study of the body of the work would be an impossible task, since it is manifestly older than any other available Coptic manuscript, but the cursive writing at the end of the Acts can be compared with a large number of dated Greek papyri, and, in the opinion of Dr. Kenyon, it may be placed in the middle of the fourth century. The Biblical books were, therefore, copied at some date not later than the year 350, but no conclusive judgment can be given as to the period which may have elapsed before the addition of the script was made.

The cover of the volume also affords certain assistance in estimating the antiquity of the book. One

[751]




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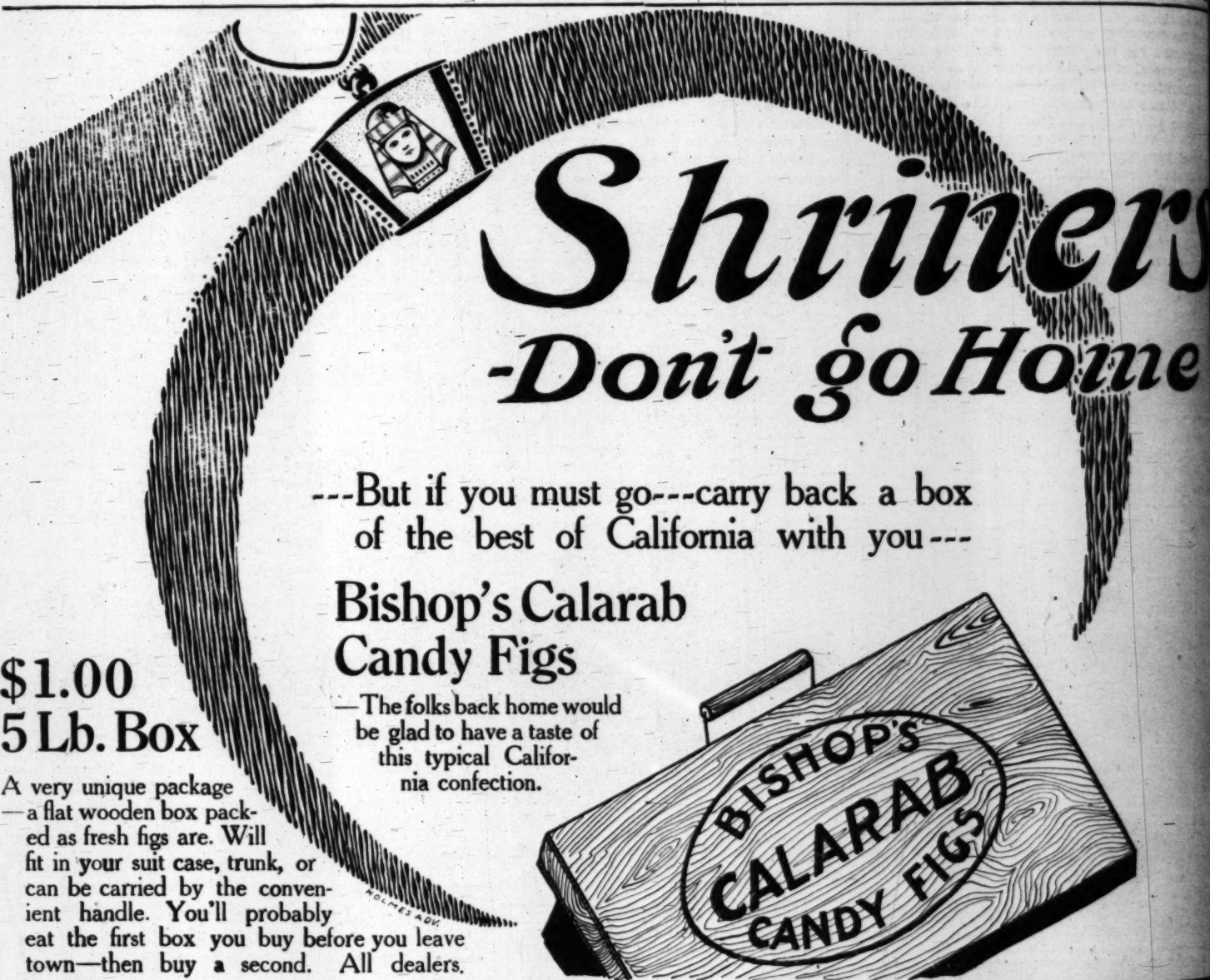


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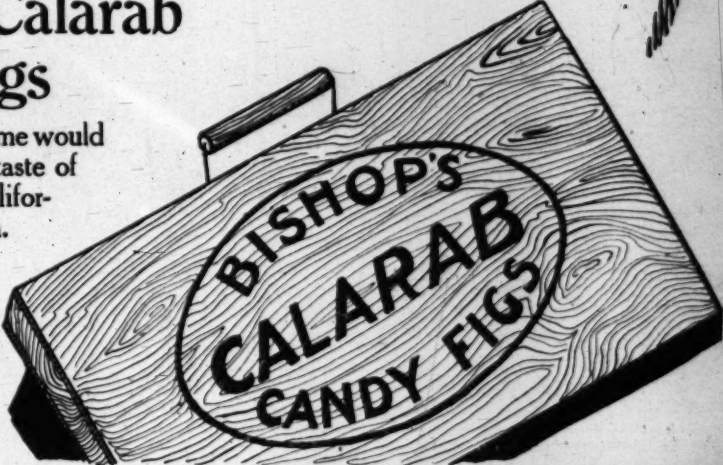
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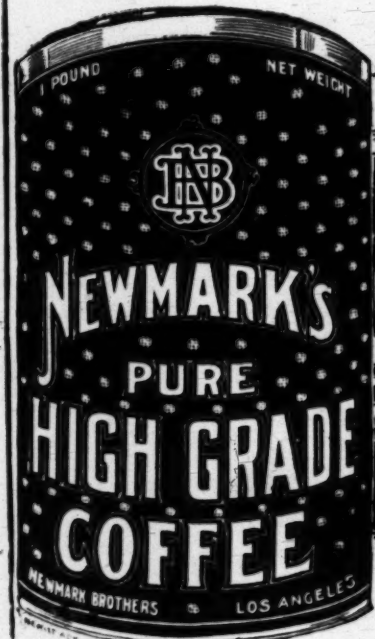
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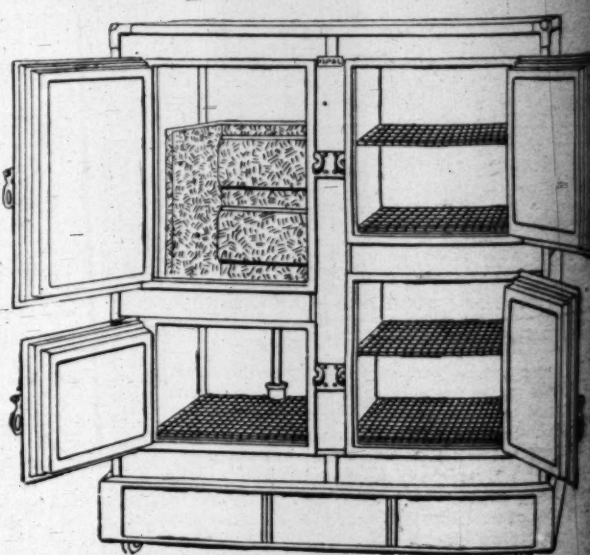
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